

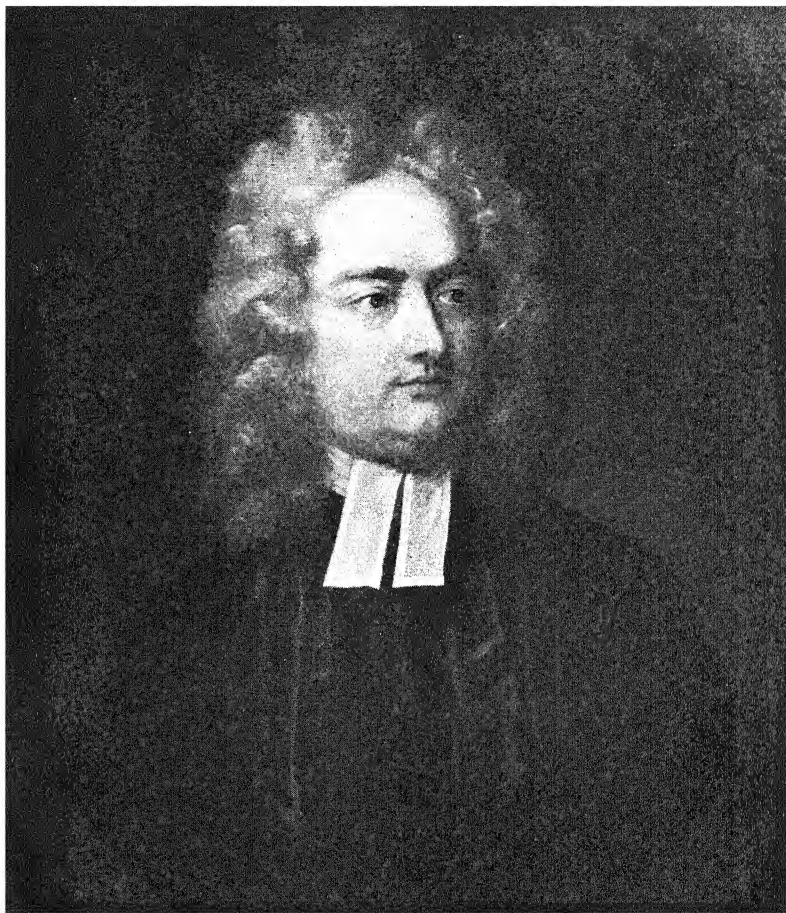
---

*JOURNAL*  
*TO*  
*STELLA*

---







JONATHAN SWIFT

*From the portrait by Charles Jervas in the Bodleian Library*

# *JOURNAL* *TO* *STELLA*

Edited by HAROLD WILLIAMS

*VOLUME I*



*OXFORD*  
AT THE CLARENDON PRESS  
MCMXLVIII

*Oxford University Press, Amen House, London E.C. 4*

EDINBURGH GLASGOW NEW YORK TORONTO MELBOURNE  
WELLINGTON BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS CAPE TOWN

*Geoffrey Cumberlege, Publisher to the University*

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS, OXFORD  
BY CHARLES BATEY, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

## P R E F A C E

*THE JOURNAL TO STELLA* has for over one hundred and fifty years been the accepted title of those letters addressed to Esther Johnson and Rebecca Dingley which Swift wrote between September 1710 and June 1713. All the original letters were still in being over fifty years later. In 1766 twenty-six of these letters, rigorously edited by John Hawkesworth, were published as part of Swift's general correspondence. Two years later Deane Swift, a cousin of the Dean of St. Patrick's, printed thirty-nine more letters, making a total of sixty-five, all that Swift wrote to the ladies during this period. The letters Deane Swift held in his hands have not been traced since he made use of them. We are therefore dependent upon his edited version for nearly three-quarters of the *Journal*. For letters II to XL the editor can but take his text from Deane Swift. The originals of the letters published by Hawkesworth, save for LIV which is missing, have survived. They are, in this edition, reproduced from Swift's holographs as exactly and as closely as is possible in printed form.

The historical importance of the letters which compose *The Journal to Stella* needs no emphasis; but Swift's allusions to contemporary events, to political moves, to pamphlet literature, to notabilities and lesser known people of the time, are not always obvious, and sometimes obscure. Justifiably apprehensive that his letters to the ladies in Dublin might be opened he was led, on occasion, to convey his meaning by distant hints. A commentary is essential to a full understanding. It is hoped that the annotation to the letters, as they appear in these volumes, provides the reader with a more complete and accurate illustration of the text than is to be found in previous editions of the *Journal*.

---

## Preface

---

I have many acknowledgements to make for courteous and generous assistance. I am indebted to the Duke of Portland, to the Marquess of Bath, to Lord Rothschild, to the Pierpont Morgan Library, and to the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, for access to, or photographs of, manuscripts and annotated volumes. The late Marquess of Crewes spared no pains in answering questions about manuscripts contained in his collections. I have also to thank the staff of the British Museum, where the surviving letters of the *Journal* are deposited.

Despite the claims upon his time I have never appealed to Professor D. Nichol Smith without a ready response. The proofs were passed on to him, oversights were noted and improvements suggested. My footnotes are the better for his careful scrutiny. It would be difficult to assess all that I owe to him.

I acknowledge gratefully the interest shown by many friends. I have received information or active help from Sir Shane Leslie, Dr. Herbert Davis, Professor James R. Sutherland, Professor John Robert Moore, Mr. John Hayward, Mr. E. S. de Beer, Mr. Francis Needham, Mr. John Newsom, Mr. T. Ulick Sadleir, and Mr. A. H. Scouten. Dr. Francis S. Bourke has answered many letters and proved himself a helpful informant.

My thanks are particularly due to Mr. Henry Mangan for contributing to these volumes his valuable essay (Appendix VII) on the portraits of Stella and Vanessa. Sir Henry Hake, Director of the National Portrait Gallery has answered questions, or, from the stores of his knowledge, offered criticism and advice which have been turned to good purpose in the general conclusions reached in Mr. Mangan's paper.

Miss Evelyn Hardy is responsible for the index, a difficult task, and I desire to record the sincere thanks I owe her.

---

## *Preface*

---

I am obliged to the publishers, Messrs. G. Bell & Sons, for allowing me to quote extensively from Dr. F. Elrington Ball's edition of Swift's *Correspondence*.

I am indebted to the Delegates of the Clarendon Press and their staff for patience and attention while these volumes were passing through the press.

H. W.

ASPENDEN,  
HERTFORDSHIRE,

*April 1947*



# CONTENTS

## VOLUME I

LIST OF PLATES . . . . .	viii
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	ix
ABBREVIATED TITLES . . . . .	lx
<i>JOURNAL TO STELLA</i> , LETTERS I-XXX . . . . .	I

## VOLUME II

<i>JOURNAL TO STELLA</i> , LETTERS XXXI-LXV . . . . .	369
---	-----

### APPENDIXES

I. Swift's Commission from the Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland . . . . .	675
II. Swift's Commission from Primate Marsh and Archbishop King . . . . .	676
III. Swift's Memorials to Robert Harley concerning the First-Fruits . . . . .	677
IV. Swift's Character of Robert Harley, Lord Oxford . . . . .	681
V. Swift's Drafts for the Address of the House of Lords to the Queen . . . . .	684
VI. Extracts from Swift's Correspondence Lists . . . . .	685
VII. Portraits of Stella and Vanessa. By Henry Mangan . . . . .	687
INDEX . . . . .	705



# LIST OF PLATES

## VOLUME I

- JONATHAN SWIFT. From the portrait by Charles Jervas in the Bodleian Library, by permission of the Curators . . . *frontispiece*
- FACSIMILE OF LETTER I. By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum . . . . . *facing p. 4*
- ESTHER JOHNSON (STELLA). Frontispiece to Volume XVII of Faulkner's edition of Swift's *Works*, published in Dublin in 1768. This engraving was reproduced from 'an Original Drawing' attributed to Dr. Thomas Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher . . . . . 160
- ESTHER JOHNSON (STELLA). From an oil picture by an unknown artist in the National Portrait Gallery of Ireland, by permission of the Board of Governors and Guardians . . . . . 288

## VOLUME II

- JONATHAN SWIFT. From the portrait by Charles Jervas in the National Portrait Gallery, London, by permission of the Trustees *frontispiece*
- ESTHER JOHNSON (STELLA). From an oil picture in the possession of Cecil H. Villiers Briscoe, Esq., Bellinter House, Co. Meath, Ireland. By permission . . . . . *facing p. 432*
- ESTHER JOHNSON (STELLA). From an oil picture, attributed to Charles Jervas, in the National Portrait Gallery of Ireland, by permission of the Board of Governors and Guardians . . . . . 576

## INTRODUCTION

### I

JONATHAN SWIFT wrote many letters, and to men and women in many stations of life, but he has revealed himself most intimately in two series, in that collection now known as *The Journal to Stella*, covering about three years, and in those familiar letters to his friend, Charles Ford, bridging, with wide intervals, nearly thirty years. The letters to Ford<sup>1</sup> sprang from an unbroken friendship with one who, if a good Latin scholar and a devotee of the opera, was neither wit nor notability. The letters of the *Journal* were written to the woman who then, and till her death, was most nearly linked with Swift's life. These letters we owe to the choice made by the bishops of Ireland when they sent Swift, with a signed commission, to London to plead the cause of the Irish clergy. That event brought to him the most brilliant part of his career; and it has given us *The Journal to Stella*.

When Swift, armed with his commission, reached London in September 1710, he came as a man better recognized there than in Dublin. He was known to the Whig grandees, a chief reason for his mission; and during his previous visit to England he had found his place with the wits and writers of the day. He was at home, and among friends or acquaintance. Within two or three days of reaching London he waited upon the Earl of Godolphin, Lord Treasurer, and Somers, the Lord President; Jervas, the famous painter, was anxious to 'retouch' the portrait of Swift on which he had made a beginning; and he 'sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele'. The great opportunity of his life, little as he guessed it, had come. He was to mingle with the great on equal terms, he was to be courted and solicited for the influence he had won, he was to make his name as the most trenchant and effective

<sup>1</sup> Edited by D. Nichol Smith, Clarendon Press, 1935.

of political pamphleteers; and almost daily, at night or early in the morning, often in bed, when he had cast off the social round, business of state, or pamphleteering for the Tory administration, he wrote in the form of a diary, never intended for the light of day, those letters to two spinster ladies in Dublin, which are now of greater human and historical interest than the formal tracts in which he narrated the events of the four last years of Queen Anne's reign.

2

It is noteworthy that, if these intimate letters were written without thought of publication, Swift was conscious, as he wrote, of the part he played in national events, of the value of his daily commentary on men and affairs. Further, he knew that one of the two ladies, reading these letters in her simple Dublin lodgings, would be interested and could understand.<sup>1</sup>

In 1710 Swift was not distinguished by outstanding social or ecclesiastical position. If we consider his great gifts he had been slow to make a name; he had failed to find the road to fortune; and he was fated through life to disappointment. But from early years he was acquainted with statesmen and the turn of public events, for he had lived with Sir William Temple, the retired diplomat. Then and later he met and conversed with men who played their part in the conduct of affairs. The letters which compose the *Journal* are not to be understood unless we keep Swift's youthful experience in mind and the value at which he rated his own comprehension of party and foreign politics. The age of Queen Anne was a period of bitter political partisanship. Factions divided Church and State, and severed friendships. The frequent references in the *Journal* to the chilling effect of party

<sup>1</sup> As early as 1703-4 (*Correspondence of Jonathan Swift*, ed. F. Elrington Ball, i. 40, subsequently cited as *Corresp.*), Swift speaks of writing to 'the ladies'. The practice of the *Journal* seems therefore to have begun early.

allegiance upon his friendship with Addison are evidence of the warmth of Swift's feelings, for he was conscious of the futility of it. 'Our friendship will go off by this damned business of party.'<sup>1</sup> But, in common with other churchmen of his time, Swift's leanings were to politics; and his recognized abilities as a pamphleteer swept him into the party machine. What he wrote was with conviction, even if, as the politician almost inevitably must, he cast about to score telling points. His wit, his brilliant irony, the natural bent of his mind, fitted him for the service in which his pen was enlisted by Harley and St. John, but he was not an untrained recruit. To understand the reason of his commission and of his sudden rise to social and political power it will be well to retrace the years.

3

When Swift, leaving Trinity College, Dublin, entered the household of Sir William Temple in 1689 he was in his twenty-second year and the retired statesman had just passed the age of sixty. Moreover it was twenty years since Temple had abandoned public business for the companionship of his books, for the sunlight and shadow of his gardens. Lady Giffard, in the 'Character' she wrote of her brother, Sir William, tells us that he took 'pleasure in making others easy and happy', that he 'converst with the meanest' of his servants, that he 'grew lazy, and easier in his humor as he grew older', and professed that 'there was nothing worth living for after' a man was past the age of sixty.<sup>2</sup> We can, therefore, believe that when Swift entered Temple's household he was received with kindness. As time went by he became more necessary to Temple, and, although they parted company twice,<sup>3</sup> he

<sup>1</sup> 14 Dec. 1710.

<sup>2</sup> *The Early Essays and Romances of Sir William Temple*, ed. G. C. Moore Smith, pp. 27-31.

<sup>3</sup> He was away (1) Summer of 1690 to the latter part of 1691; (2) May 1694 to May 1696.

returned to take up again his place at Moor Park, on each occasion with a better standing and an increased confidence in himself. At Moor Park, as compared with Ireland, he was in touch with culture and life; affairs of state were a subject of discussion; and from time to time the house was visited by persons of quality and importance.<sup>1</sup>

In 1693 King William's Dutch confidant, William Bentinck, Earl of Portland, was dispatched to Moor Park to take counsel with Temple about the Triennial Bill then before the House of Commons. 'The King', says Swift, 'who was a stranger to our constitution, was very averse' to it.<sup>2</sup> To enlighten the King Swift was sent to Kensington Palace with a written statement, and, further, he attempted himself, drawing upon his knowledge of English history, to persuade the King with 'a short account of the matter', and Portland with 'a more large one', that the bill was harmless. But all to no purpose, and as this 'was the first time that Mr. Swift had any converse with courts, . . . he told his friends it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity'.<sup>3</sup> Thus early, as frequently later, he learned to put not his trust in princes, their favourites, or chief ministers.

At Moor Park Swift met that tortuous politician, the second Earl of Sunderland.<sup>4</sup> On the death of Temple he felt himself sufficiently well acquainted with the handsome and profligate Henry Sidney, Earl of Romney, another of William's partisans, to solicit his interest with the King.<sup>5</sup> Nothing came of this; but Lord Berkeley, who was going to Ireland as a Lord-Justice, offered him a place as chaplain. He remained in Ireland with Berkeley for the best part of two years, and, although he never held his patron in much regard, he continued on friendly terms, and

<sup>1</sup> Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, pp. 59 ff.

<sup>2</sup> Op. cit., Appendix, p. 44.

<sup>3</sup> Loc. cit., pp. 45-6.

<sup>4</sup> *Prose Works*, i. 222; *Corresp.* i. 24.

<sup>5</sup> Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, Appendix, pp. 50-1.

visited the family seat at Cranford as a guest on several occasions. He formed also a lifelong friendship with the earl's daughter, Lady Betty Germain.

Swift returned to London in April 1701, at a moment of political ferment. In the February elections the Tories had greatly strengthened their position, and, seizing upon the unpopular Partition Treaty, they pressed for an impeachment of the Whig leaders, Lord Somers, the Earl of Portland, Lord Orford, and Lord Halifax. Thereupon Swift, as a Whig, published his first political pamphlet, *A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons in Athens and Rome*, recounting classical parallels to the events of the hour. An outcome of the studious days at Moor Park, it impressed contemporary readers as a work of 'much reading and great sincerity',<sup>1</sup> and it brought the author the friendship of Whig statesmen.<sup>2</sup> In the following years Swift passed backwards and forwards between England and Ireland, frequenting society at the Castle in Dublin during the Viceroyalties of the Duke of Ormonde and the Earl of Pembroke, thus keeping in touch with notabilities and the stir of events. He claimed, and with justification, that 'it hath come in my way to converse with persons of the first rank . . . more than is usual to men of my level'.<sup>3</sup> When he came to England in November 1707 he won recognition as a writer. He was known to be the author of the daring and original *Tale of a Tub*; and during these years (1707-9) his association with men of letters prompted him to take the lead in the Partridge hoax. Those unsurpassable verses about life below stairs, *Mrs. Harris's Petition*, written several years earlier, came out in a pirated publication, together with the revised version of *Baucis and Philemon*. The charming lines *To Mrs. Biddy Floyd*

<sup>1</sup> Viscount Weymouth to Robert Harley, 4 Nov. 1701, *Portland MSS.* iv. 25.

<sup>2</sup> *Prose Works*, v. 379-80.

<sup>3</sup> In a letter to the Rev. William Tisdall, 20 Apr. 1704. *Corresp.* i. 47.

---

## Introduction

---

appeared in Tonson's *Poetical Miscellanies*, and that effective piece of realism, *A Description of the Morning*, in *The Tailor*. It is therefore a mistake to imagine Swift as at this time a wholly unknown country clergyman from Ireland. He could count on the acquaintance of men of rank and position, and on their regard for his intellectual ability, and he had won a reputation on equal standing within the circle of the wits who graced the reign of Queen Anne.

### 4

In 1707 Swift was in London pleading the cause of the Irish clergy; and he came again on the same errand for that longer and more important visit, 1710-14, to which we owe *The Journal to Stella*.

Early in her reign Queen Anne had made public declaration that it would be her 'particular care to encourage and maintain the Church as by law established', and, to mark her birthday, 6 February 1704, she gave practical assurance of her expressed intention by a message to the House of Commons announcing 'that having taken into her serious consideration the mean and insufficient maintenance belonging to the clergy in divers parts of the kingdom, to give them some ease she had been pleased to remit the arrears of the tenths to the poor clergy, and for an augmentation of their maintenance she would make a grant of her whole revenue arising out of the first-fruits and tenths, as far as it should become free from incumbrances, to be applied to this purpose'.<sup>1</sup> The first-fruits, an impost levied by the Popes, represented the profits of the first year of every ecclesiastical benefice. By an act of Henry VIII these were annexed to the Crown; but the actual sums paid, based on a valuation of Pope Nicholas IV, were far from representing the value of livings in the early part of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless the benefit of Queen Anne's Bounty to the poorer clergy was

<sup>1</sup> *Journals of the House of Commons*, xiv. 325.

---

## Introduction

---

considerable; and the Church of Ireland soon began to look for a remission of the first-fruits and twentieth parts in its own favour. The value of both taken together Swift estimated (see Appendix III) at no more than £1,000 *per annum*, but many livings in Ireland were wretchedly poor, and the Queen, as Swift urged, would feel no loss in remitting so small a sum. Further, the Church in Ireland was anxious, as a matter of prestige, to receive equal recognition with the Church in England.

Swift himself had conceived the hope of gaining the Queen's favour through her Ministers as early as December 1704, and pressed his proposal upon the attention of William King, Archbishop of Dublin.<sup>1</sup> When next he visited England, in November 1707, it was still with the hope that he might be useful to this end, and he wrote to King offering his services with Somers and Sunderland.<sup>2</sup> He met, however, with a shock which he found it difficult 'to believe . . . think or reason upon'.<sup>3</sup> The Ministry was bent upon forcing a hard bargain, demanding, in return for the remission of the first-fruits, acquiescence in the repeal of the Test Act, a measure passed during the Viceroyalty of the Duke of Ormonde requiring reception of the sacrament according to the rites of the established church as a qualification for public office. The Whigs, who drew a large measure of support from the Dissenters, were anxious to afford them religious toleration. When at last, in June 1708, Swift succeeded in obtaining an interview with Godolphin, the Lord Treasurer, it became abundantly plain that the remission of the first-fruits was to be had if the clergy of Ireland accepted it as a bribe. Godolphin informed him that 'he would give his consent' to the remission if 'it should be well received with acknowledgments'. The nature of these acknowledgements Swift

<sup>1</sup> *Corresp.* i. 50.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* i. 61. In Feb. 1707-8 King forwarded an official authorization; *ibid.* i. 76-7.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* i. 67.



well understood to be consent to the repeal of the Test. On the evening of the same day, when he visited Pembroke, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, who had undertaken to use his influence on behalf of the Irish clergy, Swift was left with the conviction that he was not being frankly used, and that, for the time being, he had better turn aside to study his own chances of ecclesiastical preferment.<sup>1</sup>

In the redistribution of offices following upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, 28 October 1708, it became known that the Earl of Wharton was to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, an appointment of ill omen, for it was generally thought that Wharton's policy would be directed to the removal of the Test, a belief fully confirmed in Swift's mind after two interviews with the new Viceroy.<sup>2</sup> Although Swift counted himself a Whig in politics he was, in religion, a High Churchman, for he could not conceive, as he explained to Somers, 'how any one, who wore the habit of a clergyman, could be otherwise'.<sup>3</sup> Indignant with the Ministry, disappointed at the turn of events and the breakdown of the cause he came to plead, Swift published *A Letter from a Member of the House of Commons in Ireland to a Member of the House of Commons in England, concerning the Sacramental Test*<sup>4</sup> in which he made an onslaught upon the Presbyterians of Ireland and upheld the Test Act. It is hardly surprising that the pamphlet injured him in the eyes of the Whig leaders, for, though published anonymously, the authorship was soon guessed. *A Letter to a Member of Parliament in Ireland, upon the Choosing a New Speaker there*, written at this time though not published, was also an attack upon any attempt to repeal the Test.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Corresp.* i. 92-5, 104-5, 116-17. A later report that Pembroke had obtained the remission, *Corresp.* i. 126, 129, 137, 139-40, 147-50, proved to be unfounded.

<sup>2</sup> *Prose Works*, v. 381.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* v. 380.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* iv. 1.

<sup>5</sup> It first appeared in print in the volume (volumes) edited by Deane

---

## Introduction

---

No prospect remained of bringing his mission to a conclusion, his hope of advancement in the Church could only be deferred for a better season, and in the summer of 1709 Swift returned to Ireland, where he divided his time between Dublin and the retirement of his country parish. In Dublin he could enjoy the society of the castle and the companionship of Joseph Addison, who held the appointment of Viceroy's secretary.

We begin to learn more of Swift and the daily events of his life from letters written during the visit to England of 1707-9 than at any earlier period. More letters have been preserved to us, for the most part, it is true, the correspondence with Archbishop King; but there are other correspondents, Lords Pembroke, Halifax, and Berkeley, Primate Marsh, Dean Stearne, Archdeacon Walls, Addison, Ambrose Philips, Anthony Henley, Benjamin Tooke, and Colonel Robert Hunter. Unfortunately, there is one group of letters missing. As we have seen already<sup>1</sup> the practice of writing letters addressed jointly to Esther Johnson and Rebecca Dingley began as early as 1703-4; and later, in a letter to Archdeacon Walls, 9 November 1708, Swift speaks of 'one of my letters to Mrs. Dingley or Mrs. Johnson'.<sup>2</sup> Furthermore, in a list of letters to and from various correspondents preserved to us in one of Swift's tiny account-books,<sup>3</sup> we find that between 1 November 1708 and the end of the English visit fifteen letters were addressed to the ladies and eleven received from them. The list shows, further, that already the practice, later pursued in the *Journal*, of numbering letters to and from had been adopted; and that the symbol 'Md' was in use to indicate the ladies. The first of Swift's letters in this list is numbered '10', and the first from 'Md'

Swift in 1765. The original manuscript is in the Forster Collection, South Kensington.

<sup>1</sup> *Supra*, p. x n.

<sup>2</sup> *Corresp.* i. 119.

<sup>3</sup> Forster Collection, No. 506. Cf. *Corresp.* i 382.

---

## Introduction

---

is numbered '9'. When the list begins Swift had been in England for a year.<sup>1</sup>

Nothing remains of this earlier journal.

### 5

Swift still regarded himself as a Whig, disillusioned though he was by the indifference of the party leaders to the true interest, as he held, of religion and the Church. He looked to them for favour and influence. From Leicester, on his way to Ireland, he wrote to Lord Halifax, in a style formal and unnatural, soliciting a prebend of Westminster, should it fall vacant; and again from Dublin, five months later, in the same manner, suggesting as an alternative the Bishopric of Cork.<sup>2</sup> But in that very month, November 1709, occurred an event, which, gathering weight, was to bring full circle the downfall of the Whigs and a Tory triumph. Dr. Henry Sacheverell of St. Saviour's, Southwark, an extreme High Churchman, preached at St. Paul's his famous sermon on 'The Perils of False Brethren'. Godolphin, to whom the nickname of Volpone had attached itself, stung by a reference to 'the crafty insidiousness of such wily Volpones', was determined, against the advice of Somers, upon impeachment. This false step raised Sacheverell to the position of a popular hero, branded the Ministry as inimical to the Church, and roused throughout the country a storm which swept the Whigs from power. Even moderate Tories among the country gentlemen, clergy, and others, who firmly supported the Revolution settlement, who had no sympathy with the doctrine of passive obedience, as it was enunciated by Sacheverell, regarded him as a victim of

<sup>1</sup> Letters were not passing all the time, for Stella and Rebecca Dingley had been in England for their last visit to the country of which we have any record. A letter from Swift to Archdeacon Walls, 22 Jan. 1707-8, shows that already they must have been there for some time, and they had not returned to Ireland in the middle of April 1708. See *Corresp.* i. 71, 82, and notes; *et infra*, p. xxviii.

<sup>2</sup> *Corresp.* i. 157, 176-7.

---

## Introduction

---

intolerable Whig persecution and rallied to his side. The unanimity of feeling among all classes was remarkable.<sup>1</sup>

On 20 March 1710, after a trial lasting three weeks, the Lords were prepared to give their votes, and Sacheverell was found guilty by a majority of seventeen; but on the following day, when sentence was to be passed, it was carried by a majority of six only that he be prohibited from preaching for a period of three years. So light a sentence was regarded as a virtual defeat for the Ministry. On 5 April Parliament was prorogued. Within a few days the Queen, persuaded that the Church had been imperilled, took the first step towards a change of Ministry, dismissed the Marquis of Kent, Lord Chamberlain, and conferred the vacant office on the Duke of Shrewsbury. Bewildered by the swiftness of this move the Whig ministers nervously continued in office, wondering when and where the next blow would fall. On 13 June the Queen announced her intention of dismissing the Earl of Sunderland, Secretary of State. His place was given to Lord Dartmouth, a Tory and a High Churchman. On 8 August Godolphin received a letter from the Queen desiring him to break his staff. Such was the posture of affairs three weeks before *The Journal to Stella* began.

If Swift was to count on Whig favour the prospect was discouraging, for it is clear that he still looked in that direction for preferment; if, on the other hand, the Tories obtained office the Church could hope for a better hearing. On 22 August Swift wrote to tell Addison that Lord Wharton had asked him when he intended to cross to England. 'I said I had no business there now, since I suppose in a little time I should not have one friend left that had any credit; and his Excellency was of my opinion'.<sup>2</sup> The news of Godolphin's removal, though expected, had not yet reached Dublin when these words were penned. But the outlook was obscure, and, in the

<sup>1</sup> For a good account of the Sacheverell affair see *Political History of England*, vol. ix, I. S. Leadam, pp. 160-70.

<sup>2</sup> *Corresp.* i. 188.

---

## Introduction

---

same letter, Swift asked Addison whether it would be 'of any account' for him to come to England. Within a day or two the news of Godolphin's dismissal reached Ireland. On 28 August the Irish Parliament was prorogued, and Wharton, to look after his personal interests, hastened to depart for London. Swift, at the last moment, caught the yacht on which the Lord Lieutenant was crossing, 31 August 1710, and two days later the first letter of the *Journal* was written at Chester.

### 6

Swift came to England officially empowered to solicit on behalf of the Irish Church the remission of first-fruits and twentieth parts. His commission took the form of a letter addressed to the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe, who were then in London on the same business, informing them that the Irish prelates desired him to act with them, requesting, also, that if they were compelled to leave before they had 'brought the business to effect' they would hand him 'the papers relating to it'. He can have felt no regret to find, on reaching London, that they had left town. In consequence the Archbishops of Armagh and Dublin sent Swift a personal commission, dated 24 October 1710,<sup>1</sup> authorizing him 'to take the full management' of the business into his own hands.

The air was full of rumour and uncertainty. Swift had lost his faith in the Whigs, and they were now 'drowning men' who could do nothing for him. The 'short, dry, and morose'<sup>2</sup> reception Godolphin gave him roused his resentment and marked a further stage in the severance of his relations with the political party which he had hitherto supported. Swift's abandonment of his Whig allegiance at this time has been misrepresented. The abrupt transference of his friendship and service to the Tory side appeared to his contemporaries, as it has to later critics, a

<sup>1</sup> See Appendixes I and II for the text of the two commissions.

<sup>2</sup> *Corresp.* i. 194.

betrayal prompted by base motives of self-seeking. He was known to have been associated with the Whig leaders for years, and to have employed his pen in their interest. Then, as they fell from power, he became the friend of Harley and St. John, he attacked and lampooned Godolphin, Wharton, and Marlborough, he edited *The Examiner*, and he wrote pamphlets advocating Tory doctrines in Church and State and an early cessation of the war. It is easy to put the worst interpretation on Swift's change of front. But, if lesser men are led by simple and obvious motives, this is rarely true of larger natures. Swift, by upbringing and association, regarded himself as a Whig, and continued in that belief after it had ceased to be true in fact and meaning. By 1710 his ecclesiastical and political views had nothing in common with Whig doctrine. He was a High Churchman, he was intolerant of Dissent, he disliked the professional soldier, and he favoured negotiation for an early peace, suspecting the intention of those who advocated a continuance of the war. He honestly believed that England had nothing to gain and much to lose by carrying on the fight under pressure from Holland and to satisfy what he held to be the selfish ambitions of Marlborough. He was deserting no convictions when he took the opportunity which came to him under official recognition of the government. The beliefs to which he lent his superb gifts as a pamphleteer were his own. And Harley, to whom he chiefly looked, was not, it must be remembered, a high-flying Tory. He was a moderate man of Whig extraction, who was regarded with suspicion by country squires and the October Club.<sup>1</sup> Swift recognized, before he changed his allegiance, that neither he nor the principles for which he stood had anything in common with or had anything to gain from the Whig party.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See p. 194 n.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Swift's *Memoirs relating to that Change which happened in the Queen's Ministry* (*Prose Works*, v. 359-90) carries conviction if it be read as a defence of his conduct at this time.

---

## Introduction

---

There are three stages in the active life of Swift during the years covered by the *Journal*, overlapping but distinct—in the first instance the business of bringing to a successful issue his mission on behalf of the Irish Church, secondly pamphleteering for the Ministry, and thirdly his vain efforts to close the widening rift between Oxford and Bolingbroke. Incidentally, there was the hope of personal preferment, which he regarded, and with good reason, as a debt justly due to him. This was the great and brilliant period of his life, when he moved in the circle of those who governed England and guided her foreign policy, when he was credited with being in the secret counsels of the Ministry, when he was solicited for favour and the exercise of his influence with the great. How small a part of Swift's life it was, and how soon over! Within five weeks of his reaching London he was informed by Harley that the Queen 'consented to give the First-Fruits and Twentieth Parts',<sup>1</sup> and within five months the warrant was passed.<sup>2</sup> Four weeks after reaching London he was introduced to Harley<sup>3</sup> with whom he was soon on the easiest terms, constantly dining at his table. The shrewdness of Harley's judgement is shown by his immediate choice of Swift to take over the management and writing of *The Examiner* in which it was the editor's duty to justify the ways of the Ministry to the nation. The last of his political pamphlets under the Oxford-Bolingbroke Ministry appeared less than three and a half years later.<sup>4</sup> Long before this jealousy and suspicion between the two leaders had gone far to strain to breaking point the fabric of the Tory government. Differences arose almost from the beginning. Swift attributes 'the first misunderstanding'<sup>5</sup> to the stabbing of Harley by Guiscard in March 1711. St. John, he tells us, affected to believe that the blow was

<sup>1</sup> 15 Oct. 1710.

<sup>2</sup> 9 Feb. 1710-11.

<sup>3</sup> 4 Oct. 1710.

<sup>4</sup> *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*, 23 Feb. 1713-14.

<sup>5</sup> *Prose Works*, v. 389; *Memoirs relating to that Change*.

intended for him, whereas Harley got all the suffering, sympathy, and credit. By the summer of that year dissension had become an open secret: 'The Whigs whisper that our new Ministry differ among themselves.'<sup>1</sup> And from that time until the dissolution of the government on the death of the Queen increasing suspicion of each other by Oxford and Bolingbroke was a weight upon Swift's mind. Within little more than a year of the advent of the Tories to power we find him reminding St. John that 'all things depended' on unity and good-will between them.<sup>2</sup> A year later he was still endeavouring 'to keep people from breaking to pieces upon a hundred misunderstandings'.<sup>3</sup> But the breach grew wider and Swift's despair the deeper, despite the fact, recognized by others, that both men were ready to listen to his admonitions. It was this which prompted Erasmus Lewis to write urgently three times to Swift, when he was in Dublin for his installation as Dean of St. Patrick's, summoning him to return.<sup>4</sup> But it was then too late. The two were intriguing against each other; and Oxford had been in correspondence with Halifax and the Whigs.<sup>5</sup> In May 1714 Swift made a final attempt to reconcile the two statesmen, and then, abandoning his long-drawn endeavour, he retired to the country in expectancy, justified by the event, that the Ministry would 'be infallibly ruined in two months'.<sup>6</sup>

## 7

The letters written by Swift from London to Esther Johnson and Rebecca Dingley during the years 1710 to 1713 were first brought together in a single group by Sheridan in his edition of the Dean's *Works*, 1784, under

<sup>1</sup> 27 Aug. 1711.

<sup>2</sup> 20 Oct. 1711.

<sup>3</sup> 15 Sep. 1712.

<sup>4</sup> *Corresp.* ii. 55, 57, 62.

<sup>5</sup> *Portland MSS.*, v. *passim*; *Journal*, 21, 22 March 1713.

<sup>6</sup> *An Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's last Ministry* (*Prose Works*, v. 456). Cf. *Poems*, pp. 188-91.



## Introduction

the title *Dr. Swift's Journal to Stella*.<sup>1</sup> Swift, at the time he wrote these letters, had not begun to call Esther Johnson by the name of Stella. How soon it was adopted we cannot certainly know; but it was in use in 1719, when the first of the birthday poems addressed to her was written.<sup>2</sup> Its opening lines are,

Stella this Day is thirty four,  
(We won't dispute a Year or more)  
However Stella be not troubled,  
Although thy Size and Years are doubled,  
Since first I saw Thee at Sixteen  
The brightest Virgin of the Green.

Swift is rarely to be trusted in his references to years and dates. In 1719 Stella was thirty-eight, and he saw her for the first time long before she was sixteen. She was born 13 March 1681, and baptized in the parish church of Richmond, Surrey, on the twentieth of that month.<sup>3</sup> There is every reason to suppose that Swift first saw her in the spring of 1689, when he entered Sir William Temple's household, where Stella's mother was in the service of Lady Giffard. She would then be about eight.<sup>4</sup>

In the baptismal register Stella's Christian name is given as Hester; but she herself used the form Esther, and was thus known to her friends. Her father's name was Edward Johnson; and to him were born two more children, Anne in 1683, and Edward in 1688.<sup>5</sup> According to Swift Stella's father 'was a younger brother of a good family in Nottinghamshire, her mother of a lower degree; and indeed she had little to boast of her birth'.<sup>6</sup> Orrery

<sup>1</sup> On the title *Journal to Stella* see p. 1 and note. <sup>2</sup> *Poems*, p. 720.

<sup>3</sup> *Publications of the Surrey Parish Register Society*, i. 75.

<sup>4</sup> The point is of interest rather than of importance. In *On the Death of Mrs. Johnson* (*Prose Works*, xi. 127) Swift writes: 'I knew her from six years old'. But in 1687 he was, as far as we know, still a student at Trinity College, Dublin. Writing to Worrall, 15 July 1726, he places the duration of his friendship with Stella at thirty-five years, and in the same month, writing to Stopford, at thirty-three years (*Corresp.* iii. 317, 322).

<sup>5</sup> *Surrey Parish Registers*, i. 78, 85.

<sup>6</sup> *Prose Works*, xi. 127.

informs us that Edward Johnson was steward<sup>1</sup> to Temple, who was then resident at Richmond. We know that Mrs. Johnson married as her second husband a Ralph Mose, who was Temple's steward.<sup>2</sup> Beyond these facts, and the several references to Mrs. Johnson in the *Journal*, we know little of Stella's parents. The account given of them by a writer in *The Gentleman's Magazine* (Nov. 1757; xxvii. 487 ff.) is of dubious credit.<sup>3</sup> Edward Johnson was, according to this informant, master of a trading sloop, and died in Holland; and Mrs. Johnson is represented as a woman of culture endowed with 'surprizing genius'. This portrait of Stella's mother is further borne out by another account quoted by George-Monck Berkeley from a letter written by 'Mrs. Hearn niece to the celebrated Mrs. Johnson, and who now resides at Brighton near Alresford Hants'. According to Mrs. Hearn's story it was the 'uncommon endowments, both of body and mind', possessed by Mrs. Johnson, which gained her the friendship and esteem of Lady Giffard.<sup>4</sup> If this characterization appears to differ from that of Swift, the two are not wholly incompatible. Although of humble origin Mrs. Johnson may have been gifted in mind and bearing by nature, and perhaps we are entitled to believe that the endowments of the daughter were inherited from her. But the writer of the article in *The Gentleman's Magazine* offers another explanation of the traits which characterized Stella—that she was the natural daughter of Sir William Temple. Recently M. Émile Pons has developed the argument in favour of this belief.<sup>5</sup> The evidence adduced is the strong

<sup>1</sup> *Remarks*, 1752, p. 22.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 7 n.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Pons, *Swift: les années de jeunesse*, i. 147 n., is, however, prepared to enter a defence of *The Gentleman's Magazine*. According to Nichols, *Lit. Illustr.*, v. 380 n., the letter to *The Gentleman's Magazine* 'was probably communicated by Dr. Hawkesworth'.

<sup>4</sup> *Literary Relics*, 1789, p. xxix. Cf. Nichols, *Swift's Works*, 1801, xix. 223-4.

<sup>5</sup> Pons, *op. cit.*, pp. 150-4. For another theory, which supposes Stella to have been the natural daughter of Sir William Temple and Swift the

resemblance alleged to Temple himself, and to Lady Portland, Temple's niece, Stella's delicate health, which might be inherited from Temple, her refined tastes and tranquil temperament, the privileges which she enjoyed at Moor Park, the position as a gentlewoman which she occupied in the household, the care bestowed on her education, and the generous recognition she received under Temple's will. It is, perhaps, needless to labour the presumption against a story which appeared seventy-six years after Stella's birth. We know a great deal about the Temple household from letters and journals written by members of the family, by Temple, by his wife, his sister, and their correspondents, and there is no unguarded word betraying a suspicion on the part of any of the writers that there was a concealed relationship between Sir William Temple and a little girl reputed the legitimate daughter of a servant to his sister.<sup>1</sup> Nor is there any hint of such a suspicion on the part of Swift and his friends, with the possible exception of Delany.<sup>2</sup>

Scarcely anything is known of Stella's life at Moor Park, where she remained until Temple's death, 27 January 1699, and either there or at Farnham for over two years more. A cottage on the estate is said to have been inhabited by her mother,<sup>3</sup> but, according to local tradition, Swift also occupied it, and it is more probable that Mrs. Johnson, her daughter, and Swift were commonly resident in Temple's house. Swift tells us of Stella's early years that he 'had some share in her education, by directing

natural son of Sir William Temple's father, Sir John Temple, and thus uncle to Stella, see Denis Johnston, *Dublin Historical Record*, iii. 81-97; and, for replies, see Harold Williams, *Times Literary Supplement*, 29 Nov. 1941, p. 596, and Dr. Herbert Davis, *Stella*, pp. 1-8.

<sup>1</sup> The Temple MSS., which came into the possession of the Longe family, of Spixworth Park, have been sifted over by Julia Longe, by Professor G. C. Moore Smith, and by others. Nothing has been found in these MSS. to support a belief that Stella was a natural daughter of Temple.

<sup>2</sup> See p. xxvii n.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 2S. ix. 9.

what books she should read, and perpetually instructing her in the principles of honour and virtue; from which she never swerved in any one action or moment of her life. She was sickly from her childhood until about the age of fifteen; but then grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London, only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven, and every feature of her face in perfection. She lived generally in the country, with a family, where she contracted an intimate friendship with another lady of more advanced years.<sup>1</sup> From this account it would appear that from time to time Stella was in London, probably on the occasion of visits to town by Lady Giffard. The 'lady of more advanced years' was to become her lifelong companion. She was Rebecca Dingley, daughter of the second son of Sir John Dingley of the Isle of Wight, who had married Jane Hammond, elder sister of Mary Hammond, Sir William Temple's mother.<sup>2</sup> According to Deane Swift she was fifteen years older than Stella.<sup>3</sup>

At his death Sir William Temple bequeathed to Stella 'a lease of some lands I have in Morristown, in the county of Wicklow in Ireland', and Swift tells us that at this time her fortune 'was in all not above fifteen hundred pounds'.

<sup>1</sup> *Prose Works*, xi. 127-8.

<sup>2</sup> See G. C. Moore Smith, *Early Essays and Romances of Sir William Temple*, pp. xiv, 192, and Homer E. Woodbridge, *Sir William Temple*, pp. 2, 12. Delany, *Observations*, 1754, p. 54, has this comment: 'We are told (and I am satisfied by Swift himself) at the bottom of a letter to Dr. Sheridan, dated Sept. 2—1727, that Mrs. Johnston, and Mrs. Dingley were both relations to Sir William Temple, at whose house Swift became acquainted with them, after he left the University of *Dublin*. Mrs. Johnston then was not the daughter of Sir William's menial servant; at least if she was, that servant was his relation.' This letter (*Corresp.* iii. 416), printed by Faulkner in 1746 (viii. 422), and by Sheridan in 1784, contains nothing to justify Delany's deduction. The original is lost; and it is possible that something was omitted by Faulkner and Sheridan. This passage in Delany is denounced by Deane Swift, *Essay*, pp. 267-8.

<sup>3</sup> *Essay*, 1755, p. 86.

Her income appears to have been increased later by the investment of savings, and, possibly, by changes in the distribution of her capital. She possessed property at Trim,<sup>1</sup> and Lady Giffard held £400 for Stella upon which an annuity was regularly paid.<sup>2</sup> Swift tells us that he persuaded Stella and Rebecca Dingley to 'draw what money they had into Ireland', where they could look for interest at the rate of ten per cent. and make their money go twice as far as in England.<sup>3</sup> The move to Ireland took place either in 1700 or 1701. Swift says that Stella was then nineteen, but it is probable that he made arrangements for their journey during his visit to England from April to September 1701, when she would be just over twenty, for he speaks of continuing 'some time longer in England' after the ladies had left.

In a letter to Sheridan, 29 August 1727,<sup>4</sup> the duration of Stella's residence in Ireland is given as twenty-four years, but this is, as Dr. Ball has pointed out,<sup>5</sup> almost certainly short of the true time. The first of Swift's little account-books preserved to us,<sup>6</sup> covering twelve months from 1 November 1702, includes several payments made to 'Md' for small items, and it discloses a yearly allowance of £50 made to her. In the *Journal*, 23 December 1710, Swift shows his anxiety for the prompt and regular payment of this allowance. We have no certain evidence that Stella and Rebecca Dingley, after taking up their residence in Ireland, made more than one visit to England, and this in 1708.<sup>7</sup> Deane Swift<sup>8</sup> says that in 1705 Stella spent five or six months in England, 'but never crossed the channel afterwards to the end of her days'. It is probable that he was right in counting one visit only and mistaken in the year.

<sup>1</sup> *Notes and Queries*, 8S. ii. 302; *Corresp.* iv. 459.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 74 n.<sup>33</sup>

<sup>3</sup> *Prose Works*, xi. 128.

<sup>4</sup> *Corresp.* iii. 415.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* iv. 452.

<sup>6</sup> Forster Collection, 505.

<sup>7</sup> *Supra*, p. xviii n.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Essay*, 1755, p. 90.

We can understand that Stella and her companion would feel themselves ill at ease at first in the unaccustomed surroundings of Dublin, where they were complete strangers; and, further, it was only to be expected that the curious and unexplained relationship between a clergyman beneficed in the country and two ladies newly come from England should excite gossip. As Swift admits, people suspected 'a secret history in such a removal'; but Stella's 'excellent conduct', he avers, soon checked the scandalmongers.<sup>1</sup> At this time, and always, they both observed an almost exaggerated propriety. Whether at Dublin or Laracor the ladies were free of his lodgings, or house, only when Swift was away. In Dublin, upon his return, they removed elsewhere; or, when he was in the country, they found rooms in Trim, occupied a little cottage at Laracor, or were the guests of Dr. Raymond. Further, Swift hardly allowed himself at any time to be left alone in the same room with Stella. In 1726, when he was in London, and the ladies were making use of the Deanery in Dublin, he wrote to Tickell expressing surprise that he should expect to see Stella in the morning, 'which I, her oldest acquaintance, have not done these dozen years, except once or twice in a journey'.<sup>2</sup>

There was no pretence of concealment; all the world knew of the close friendship; and Swift was over sanguine in his belief, if he really entertained it, that all gossip had been allayed. Six years after the ladies arrived in Ireland Thomas Swift, the little parson-cousin, wrote to an unknown correspondent asking 'whether Jonathan, be married' or whether he had 'been able to resist the charms' directed to engage him.<sup>3</sup> The opening paragraph of a kindly letter from Archbishop King, 5 August 1713, can only be explained as a hint that Swift's marriage was to be expected.<sup>4</sup> It would have been strange if no

<sup>1</sup> *Prose Works*, xi. 128.

<sup>2</sup> *Corresp.* iii. 314.

<sup>3</sup> *Corresp.* 1. 59; Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, p. 87.

<sup>4</sup> *Corresp.* ii. 61.

comment had been aroused, and still further excited when, at a later date, another lady, Esther Vanhomrigh, evidently also well known to the Dean of St. Patrick's, took up her residence in Ireland. In *Gulliveriana*, 1728, a volume for which Dean Smedley was largely responsible, there are some scurrilous references to Stella and Vanessa and their relations with Swift. *Some Memoirs of the Amours and Intrigues of a Certain Irish Dean*, a pamphlet which appeared about a year after Stella's death, contained reflections which could not be mistaken. But within the circle of his acquaintance, and amongst those with whom in Ireland he was brought into contact officially, Swift gained acceptance of his unexplained relations with Stella and the discreet arrangements which governed their long and intimate friendship. In many instances, as Sheridan observes, he 'did not think himself bound to conform to the usual customs of the world'.<sup>1</sup> He had always been able to assume detachment, recognition, and respect, above the station to which he had been born, as the *Journal* unmistakably shows; and it is noteworthy that the powerful enemies he encountered in Dublin, as the years passed, refrained, so far as our evidence goes, from thrusting at what might be suspected for a weak joint in his armour. Stella, there is every reason to believe, save for unfulfilled desires which she probably succeeded in laying aside, was happy in their friendship during the broken period from 1701 to 1714 when Swift passed between Ireland and England, and later during the fourteen years which remained to her when he resided as Dean of St. Patrick's.

Deane Swift<sup>2</sup> would lead us to suppose that during her earlier years in Ireland Stella lived a retired life with Mrs. Dingley, almost 'wholly in the circle of books and men', seeing very little of general company; and only after Swift had established himself in the Deanery of St. Patrick's did her 'politeness and wit' win her the admiration of 'all those among the Doctor's acquaintance who had any

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, 1784, p. 324.

<sup>2</sup> *Essay*, 1755, pp. 90-1.

pretensions to either'. Swift himself tells us that her delicate health and natural disposition induced her to make few visits, but that 'from before twenty years old' she was frequently visited by 'persons of the graver sort'.<sup>1</sup> This statement seems to exaggerate the retiring nature of Stella's temper. In the years preceding Swift's installation as Dean there are many references in his letters and in the *Journal* to Stella's love of card-playing, and to her evenings spent with Dean Stearne, Archdeacon Walls and his wife, Alderman Stoyte, later Lord Mayor of Dublin, his wife, and her sister Catherine, Isaac Manley and his wife. In the country, she paid visits to the Raymonds at Trim, or stayed with Dillon Ashe at Ballygall. The truth seems to be that Stella enjoyed company, that she possessed social gifts, and that she was readily received in a good circle of Dublin acquaintance.

## 8

Further evidence that Stella, even from the earliest years of her residence in Dublin, did not lead the life of a secluded newcomer, and that she was well enough known to excite guesses and rumours, is provided by an incident which, for its interest, calls for separate mention. The particular importance of this event, furthermore, is the light it throws upon Swift's attitude of mind towards his relationship to Stella.

In 1703 the Rev. William Tisdall, a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, appears upon the scene as a recognized friend of Stella and Rebecca Dingley, who were then residing in William Street, Dublin. Swift had probably made his acquaintance a few years earlier at Kilroot near to which place Tisdall's father lived. Tisdall, if a man of

<sup>1</sup> *Prose Works*, xi. 134. Swift names among her visitors Primate Lindsay, Bishops Lloyd, Ashe, Brown, Stearne, and Pulleyn. Orrery tells us, in an annotated copy of his *Remarks* (*Harvard College Library*, MS. Eng. 218. 14), that Stella's 'wit and politeness recommended her to a large acquaintance in the best families' in Ireland. See Maxwell B. Gold, *Swift's Marriage to Stella*, p. 24.



some intellectual ability, mistook his gifts in rating himself a leading political pamphleteer,<sup>1</sup> and he seems to have been a tedious character. But, while Swift was in England, November 1703 to May 1704, he corresponded with Tisdall, and even sent messages by him to the ladies at their 'chamber in William Street'. Here Tisdall was a frequent visitor. At this time he was about thirty-five, two years younger than Swift, and unmarried, and Stella was in her twenty-third year. All that we have of the story, and its outcome, is to be read from one side only, in three letters written by Swift.<sup>2</sup> Tisdall's part in the correspondence is missing. The first letter is chiefly concerned with the rejection by the Lords of the bill against occasional conformity; the second scolds Tisdall, with no concealment of angry irritation, for his blunder in showing Swift's previous letter to Primate Marsh, and then passes to scornful comment on another topic: 'You seem to be mighty proud, as you have reason to be if it be true, of the part you have in the ladies' good graces, especially of her you call the *party*'. It is hardly to be wondered at that Tisdall found this letter 'unfriendly, unkind, and unaccountable'; but, whatever his reply, restraint was incumbent upon him, for he was committed to entreat a favour. He had proposed marriage to Stella, who had, as we gather, informed him that, before she gave an answer, she desired the consent of her mother and of Swift.

'I might with good pretence enough talk starchly', writes Swift, 'and affect ignorance of what you would be at; but my conjecture is, that you think I obstructed your insinuations, to please my own, and that my intentions were the same with yours; in answer to all which, I will, upon my conscience and honour, tell you the naked truth. First, I think I have said to you before, that, if my fortunes and humour served me to think of that state, I

<sup>1</sup> He published several controversial pamphlets, 1700 to 1715, when, with the Whig supremacy, he found it safer to remain silent.

<sup>2</sup> 16 Dec. 1703, 3 Feb., 20 Apr. 1704; *Corresp.* i. 37-47.

---

## *Introduction*

---

should certainly, among all persons on earth, make your choice; because I never saw that person whose conversation I entirely valued but hers; this was the utmost I ever gave way to. And, secondly, I must assure you sincerely that this regard of mine never once entered into my head to be an impediment to you: but I judged it would, perhaps, be a clog to your rising in the world; and I did not conceive that you were then rich enough to make yourself and her happy and easy. But that objection is now quite removed by what you have at present, and by the assurances of Eaton's livings.<sup>1</sup> I told you indeed, that your authority was not sufficient to make overtures to the mother, without the daughter's giving me leave, under her own or her friend's<sup>2</sup> hand; which, I think, was a right and prudent step. However, I told the mother immediately, and spoke with all the advantages you deserve. But, the objection of your fortune being removed, I declare I have no other; nor shall any consideration of my own misfortune of losing so good a friend and companion as her, prevail on me, against her interest and settlement in the world, since it is held so necessary and convenient a thing for ladies to marry; and that time takes off from the lustre of virgins in all other eyes but mine.

I appeal to my letters to herself, whether I was your friend or no in the whole concern; though the part I designed to act in it was purely passive, which is the utmost I will ever do in things of this nature, to avoid all reproach of any ill consequence, that may ensue in the variety of worldly accidents. Nay, I went so far both to her mother, herself, and I think to you, as to think it could not be decently broken; since I supposed the town had got it in their tongues, and therefore I thought it could not miscarry without some disadvantage to the lady's credit.'

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Richard Eaton, who held a living in co. Donegal, which was in the gift of Trinity College, Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> Rebecca Dingley.

---

## Introduction

---

Several interpretations of this ironic and curious letter are possible. Deane Swift professes himself at an utter loss to guess 'whether it was an artifice in Mrs. Johnson to rouse affections in the adamant heart of her admired object; or whether it was a reach of policy in Dr. Swift to acquaint Mrs. Johnson by such indirect means that he had no intention of engaging himself in a married life; or whether in truth there was any kind of artifice used on either side'.<sup>1</sup> Sheridan, contemptuous though he is of Deane Swift's story, asserting that the 'refusal came from Mrs. Johnson herself', is prepared to believe that she pretended hesitation in order to discover 'Swift's sentiments, and bring him to some explanation with regard to her'.<sup>2</sup> We need not hesitate, knowing what we do of Swift and Stella, to dismiss the discreditable suggestion that Tisdall was merely used as a sounding instrument. Dr. Johnson believed that Swift was determined to keep Stella 'in his power', and therefore 'hindered a match sufficiently advantageous by accumulating unreasonable demands and prescribing conditions that could not be performed'.<sup>3</sup> He refers to Deane Swift's fantastic embellishments of the story—Swift's demand that Tisdall should settle £100 a year on his wife as pin-money, and when this was agreed, an insistence that the couple should live in Dublin and keep a coach, terms which the prospective husband could not accept, and 'the match accordingly was broken off'.

Need we believe, however, that Swift was in any doubt of Stella's true mind? Can we suppose that he was really prepared to resign her to a man for whom he had little respect, even held in distaste, as the mordant irony of his letter clearly reveals? He was annoyed at Tisdall's intrusion. The rumoured engagement had become a subject of talk in Dublin; and more, this incident raised afresh the question of his own relationship to Stella. He knew that

<sup>1</sup> *Essay*, 1755, p. 87.

<sup>2</sup> *Life*, 1784, p. 301.

<sup>3</sup> *Lives of the English Poets*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, iii. 41.

---

## Introduction

---

marriage was expected of him; and for that he had no mind. By humour, as he told Tisdall plainly, he was disinclined 'to think of that state'. He had settled down to the prospect of an indefinite continuation of the close friendship to which he and Stella were accustomed. The importance of Swift's letter is his emphatic assertion, even when faced by the danger of losing his dearest friend, if that danger existed, that he had no intention of changing his estate. Whether, later, he was shaken from his resolution, and whether in 1716 he and Stella were secretly married, need not here be discussed. The continuation of the story lies outside the boundaries of the *Journal*, and the evidence, debated by many, is inconclusive.<sup>1</sup> The importance of the Tisdall correspondence is its revelation of Swift's settled disinclination to marry anyone, even Stella, whom he would have chosen 'among all persons on earth'.

If Swift ever wrote to Tisdall again the letters have been lost. At this stage, and not unnaturally, although some contact was maintained, friendship came to an end.<sup>2</sup> In 1706 Tisdall married Eleanor, daughter of Hugh Morgan of Cottlestown, co. Sligo.

About six years passed between the closure of the Tisdall incident and the writing of the first of the letters belonging to *The Journal to Stella*, of which four and a half years were spent by Swift in Ireland. We know little of events in Stella's life during these years. Her encounter with burglars occurred, so Swift tells us, when she was 'about four-and-twenty', probably therefore in 1705. The

<sup>1</sup> The evidence for and against the alleged marriage is admirably marshalled by Dr. Maxwell B. Gold in *Swift's Marriage to Stella*, 1937. See also Appendix IV to Craik's *Life of Swift*, and Dr. Bernard's discussion of 'The Relations between Swift and Stella' in Temple Scott's edition of Swift's *Prose Works*, xii. 85-106. Craik, Bernard, and Gold accept the marriage story, as did Swift's eighteenth-century biographers. In general, commentators from Monck Mason (1820) onwards are sceptical.

<sup>2</sup> See further, for Swift's attitude to Tisdall, the slighting references in the *Journal*; *Corresp* iv. 304-6; and *Poems*, pp. 1122-3.

## Introduction

Duke of Ormonde knew of that event, and he was in Ireland between 1703 and 1705.<sup>1</sup> This attempt upon their lodgings was probably made while the ladies were in William Street on the outskirts of Dublin. For better safety they seem to have moved shortly after that occurrence to a more thickly inhabited quarter near St. Mary's Church. Swift's account-books,<sup>2</sup> further, show that he and Stella saw much of each other during his stay in Ireland from July 1709 to the end of August 1710; but beyond this we know scarcely anything about Stella in the years immediately preceding the opening of the *Journal*.

### 9

The enigmatic relationship between Swift and Stella, which continued without change, and apparently without desire of change on either hand, for thirty years or more, has puzzled every inquirer. Even if these two went through a form of marriage nothing was changed, for nobody has suggested that it was more than an empty ceremony. Various reasons, physical and mental, have been advanced to explain Swift's reluctance to marriage. But what of Stella? She accepted the relationship, and, whatever her feelings may once have been, accepted it, from all the evidence we have, not merely as a resignation of vain hope. 'Stella's temperament, indeed,' as Lecky writes, 'was singularly serene, patient, and unimpassioned, admirably suited both for social life and for sustained friendship, but as far as we can judge too cold for real love; she appears to have always lived more from the head than from the heart, and to have acquiesced very placidly during her whole life in a kind of connexion which few women could have tolerated.'<sup>3</sup> This judicious characterization is borne out by all that Swift himself tells us. He dwells upon her 'gifts of the mind', which had been improved

<sup>1</sup> *Prose Works*, xi. 130.

<sup>2</sup> Forster Collection.

<sup>3</sup> *Prose Works*, i. lv.

'by reading and conversation' till her general knowledge 'was much more extensive than usually falls to the share of her sex'. He also emphasizes her gracefulness of person and manner, her social gifts, and her prudence. Orrery speaks of her 'elevated understanding', and remarks upon the prudence which governed her conversation and demeanour.<sup>1</sup> Although the statement calls for some qualification there is much truth in Scott's observation that Swift praises his female friends for distinctively masculine virtues.<sup>2</sup>

It is reasonable to suppose, however, that at the time when the *Journal* was written Stella may yet have nursed the hope that the tie between Swift and herself might one day be drawn closer. He had announced his unwillingness to marry until he was in possession of a competence which he thought sufficient. It is probable that this was no more than an ostensible reason for putting off a step he never intended to take. It is useless for us to surmise how Stella understood it, for we know virtually nothing of what passed between them. But the affectionate terms of the *Journal*, Swift's repeated expressions of happiness in Stella's companionship and his longing to return to her, the intimacy of the little language, all these would, were we to judge by nothing else, lead us to believe that the two were bound by ties of love drawing to a closer union. For the first four or five weeks after Swift's arrival in London his letters contain scarcely any expressions of warm friendship, but Deane Swift may, at the beginning, have blue-pencilled passages he was later prepared to pass. Soon the confessions of affection come often, and with an intimate naturalness. Stella's weak eyes and poor health are the grief of Swift's soul (26 Oct. 1710); a letter 'from a dear friend is a dear thing' (8 Nov.); he is going to bed to dream of 'Md' (8 Nov., 17, 27 Dec.); he hopes never to spend Christmas or New Year away from her again (21 Dec.);

<sup>1</sup> *Prose Works*, xi. 129-37; Orrery, *Remarks*, 1752, p. 23.

<sup>2</sup> *Memoirs of Swift*, 1814, p. 245.

and he hopes they may 'never be asunder again ten days together' (1 Jan., 5 April 1711). His happiest moments are when writing to her, for he 'has not had one happy day since he left' her (16 Jan.); but he rejoices on opening a letter to find her 'dear little, pretty, charming, . . . sweet hand' (28 Mar.). He prays God to bless them both and bring them together before long (24 Mar.). In April he suggests the possibility of the ladies visiting Bath, or visiting London, and begs them 'to think of it', for he will pay the expenses. On 23 May 1711 he tells Stella that he can hardly think of returning to Ireland without 'some mark of distinction' and 'somewhat richer'. He then adds: 'I will say no more, but beg you to be easy, 'till Fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy'. It is difficult to believe that Stella could have read these words in any sense but one. His want of sufficient fortune was a constant excuse Swift made for his reluctance to contemplate marriage. A longing for Stella's company and the peace of Ireland is very noticeable in the *Journal* during the summer, autumn, and winter of 1711. 'Faith, that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here have been dirt to those' (30 June). On the same day he assures her that he loves her better than ever, 'if possible'. He prays twice a day that they may be happy together. He loves her 'above all things ten million of times' (19 July). He can write no more but to tell her that he loves her dearly (29 July). He begins to feel that the Ministry have little further need of him, he will soon take his leave of them, and be back where 'there is peace and quiet . . . and nowhere else' (25 Aug.). He loves her 'more than his life a thousand times' (8 Sept.). He prays God to bless her, and, writing a line in the margin, adds, 'This little bit belongs to MD' (9 Oct.). When he is out walking he wonders whether she is also walking (25 Oct.). If it were not for her he would

not think of Ireland twice in a year (6 Nov.). He hopes to see her in that country soon after Christmas (15 Nov.). He loves her 'infinitely above all earthly things' (17 Nov.); and 'above all things a thousand times' (15 Dec.).

From the end of 1711 there is a weakening in the spontaneity and unaffected naturalness of the expressions of affection; and from 9 February 1711-12, when we have the advantage of the originals of Swift's letters, it is apparent that his greetings are, though affectionate, more stereotyped and perfunctory in character; and there are few passages comparable to those printed by Deane Swift in that part of the *Journal* edited by him. There are exceptions. On 18 February 1711-12 he regrets that he has no letter from 'Md'. On 8 March he calls the ladies 'deelest hearts & Souls'. On 18 September 1712 there is a return of the earlier fervour in his prayer for the preservation of their health and his own, that he 'may live far from the Envy and discontent' of courts. He asks for love, and declares that he 'loves Md above all things'. On 1 January 1712-13 he prays God to bless her and send her ever happy; and on 7 April avows that he loves her better than ever, if possible. But time and again, as he comes to the end of his day's journal, he bids the ladies good night in two or three words, addressing them as 'dear', or 'dearest Md', 'sollahs', 'logues', or 'dallars'.

Even if we avoid the temptation to exaggerate a contrast, it would be undiscerning to ignore it. Swift's letters to Stella from January 1712 to June 1713 exhibit, as compared with the earlier letters, a measure of preoccupation. The change synchronizes almost, but not quite, with the passage from that portion of the *Journal* for which we are dependent upon Deane Swift to that part which we can read in the original letters. Whatever Deane Swift's editorial methods, and we can gain some insight into them, it would be wildly fanciful to suppose that he foisted upon the letters affectionate passages of his own invention.



Sheridan,<sup>1</sup> asserting a change of temper in the *Journal* 'from March 1712 to the end', magnifies its character and degree. 'We no longer find there any of what he called, *the little language*, the playful sallies of an undisguised heart, to a bosom friend; no more expressions of tenderness, and cordial affection; no repinings at his long continued absence; nor ardent wishes for their speedy meeting again; but on the contrary, we see nothing but a dry *Journal* continued out of form.' Sheridan attributes this change to the growing intimacy of the friendship between Swift and Esther Vanhomrigh.<sup>2</sup> Scott<sup>3</sup> also discovers that the *Journal* 'in the course of its progress, becomes more and more cold and indifferent', and 'exhibits all the symptoms of waning affection'. He seems, however, without independent consideration, to tune his phrases directly from Sheridan.<sup>4</sup> It will be as well, therefore, to examine Sheridan's points. It is not true that we find no more of the little language. There is abundance of it. Sheridan was speaking from a garbled text. The playful sallies are more rare, but not altogether absent. The expressions of affection are shorter; none the less, each letter concludes with tender farewells. The 'ardent wishes for their speedy meeting' are certainly not so frequently to be found as in the letters of 1711; but on 26 March 1712 his heart turns back longingly to Laracor, and again on 31 May, when he promises that he will not journey straight to the country, but 'take Md in the way'. On 18 September, wearied with the business of the court, he cherishes the thought of a quiet life with Stella. Nevertheless, if Sheridan and Scott plunge into overstatement, the letters do, in fact, provide them with some justification. Are we

<sup>1</sup> *Life*, 1784, p. 314.

<sup>2</sup> For an account of Esther ('Vanessa') and the Vanhomrigh family see p. 64 n.

<sup>3</sup> *Memoirs of Swift*, 1814, pp. 231-2.

<sup>4</sup> Cf. Craik, *Life of Swift*, 2nd edition, i. 345.

to find the reason of the change, as they unhesitatingly propose, in Vanessa, or in some other cause?

For nearly eighteen months before March 1712, when, according to Sheridan and Scott, the *Journal* betrays a change, Swift was constantly visiting the Vanhomrighs in their lodgings, often dining there and spending the evening in their company, and this Stella knew. Much has been made of the fact that in the *Journal* he refers to Vanessa thrice only. But this was natural enough and we should not make too much of it, or draw the conclusion that his conscience was uneasy. Was it necessary to name her? Was he not justified in refraining from the mention of Vanessa if he felt that this might, quite needlessly, lead to surmise or give pain? As early as February 1710-11 Stella was evidently exercised about the Vanhomrighs, for on the 26th Swift wrote: 'You say they are of no consequence: why, they keep as good female company as I keep male.' But there is no evident reflection in the *Journal* that Stella, as some have suggested, harboured disquieting suspicions.

It is at this time, 1712, that we come upon the earliest portion of the correspondence between Swift and Vanessa which has been preserved to us. In July he went to Windsor. There are six letters, four written by Swift and two by Vanessa, during August and September,<sup>1</sup> although evidence available to us shows that at least eleven letters must have passed between them at this time. No reasonable interpretation of this fragmentary correspondence affords ground for suspicion of more than a young woman's pleasure in the friendship of a notable man much older than herself. No deductions of a compromising nature can be drawn from it. The 'secrets' mentioned in two letters probably refer to state affairs; and the letter of 28 September does not support the inference that Swift and Vanessa had been at Oxford together. Nevertheless, it is

<sup>1</sup> A. Martin Freeman, *Vanessa and her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift*, pp. 70-8.

evident that Swift had, months before this time, recognized the possible dangers of the friendship. On 18 December 1711 he asked Vanessa to forward a long letter addressed by him to Anne Long,<sup>1</sup> then living in retirement at King's Lynn. The motive of this procedure was that the letter should be read by Vanessa before it was sent on its way. Swift hoped that she would take to heart a warning paragraph in which he described to the older woman Vanessa's faults of character and indiscretions of conduct.<sup>2</sup> It would have been well if he had realized, for his own part, the need of greater caution before events went farther.

The correspondence broke off for a time when Swift returned from Windsor to London. It was resumed in May of the following year, 1713, when he set out for Dublin to be installed as Dean of St. Patrick's. Between May and July there are three letters from Swift, one addressed to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and four from Vanessa.<sup>3</sup> The earlier letters scarcely carry the story beyond the point it had reached in the autumn of the preceding year; but in her fourth letter Vanessa is no longer the girlish pupil, she has become the woman passionately anxious to win a response from the man she loves. She is hurt that he will not write, or even instruct Parvisol, his agent, to send news. And then comes a sentence most naturally to be interpreted as a jealous suspicion that Stella was the reason of his silence: 'If you are very happy it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.' Swift's reply to her 'spleenatic letter' must have stabbed and left an ache at heart. 'I told you when I left England, I would endeavour to forget everything there, and would write as seldom as I could.' For the rest he speaks only of his health and the small events of Laracor and Trim.

Here, again, there is another gap in the correspondence

<sup>1</sup> See p. 441 n.4

<sup>2</sup> Freeman, *op. cit.*, pp. 68-9.

<sup>3</sup> *Op. cit.*, 78-92.

---

## Introduction

---

with Vanessa; and we have already passed the date of the last letter in the *Journal to Stella*.

There is, however, one more important document belonging to the year 1713,<sup>1</sup> which bears upon the story of this strange friendship—*Cadenus and Vanessa*, the longest of Swift's poems. Embarrassed by the situation, but unwilling to end it, he found relief in penning this verse story, which, be it remembered, was meant for Vanessa, and not intended for publication. Differing interpretations of its meaning have been offered, but a direct and natural reading of the whole brings support to the letters—Swift's growing realization of Vanessa's passion, his attempts to school her within the bounds of a happy and enduring friendship, and his unwillingness to withdraw despite the dangers he foresaw. As the poem was originally intended for Vanessa's eyes only, we are entitled to read it as a true account of the friendship, not as a fanciful story set within a mythological framework. One passage which Swift cancelled, when, after the appearance of unauthorized versions, he gained control of the text in the Pope and Swift *Miscellanies* of 1727, betrays reminiscence of what really passed. These lines are not to be found in the poem as it has been reprinted for 200 years; but the hiatus in the ordinary text is apparent,<sup>2</sup> as is also the reason for the omission.

She wish'd her Tutor were her Lover;  
Resolv'd she would her Flame discover:  
And when Cadenus would expound  
Some Notion subtil or [and] profound,  
The Nymph would gently press his Hand,  
As if she seemed to understand;  
Or dext'rously dissembling [dissemble] Chance,  
Would Sigh, and steal a secret Glance.

Here we have, beyond doubt, a picture which Vanessa

<sup>1</sup> For a discussion of the date of composition see H. Williams, *Poems of Jonathan Swift*, pp. 684-5. In the main the poem was probably written at Windsor in the autumn of 1713.

<sup>2</sup> *Poems*, p. 704

recognized. It tells us more than the oft-debated lines beginning 'But what success Vanessa met', which have been read as a confession of illicit intercourse, an interpretation quite needless and forcibly thrust upon the passage. The eight lines which Swift saw fit to cancel explain all that need be understood; and they show how matters were between Swift and Vanessa during the years 1711-14. The happiness he had found, twenty years earlier, in guiding the studies of Esther Johnson was revived in the 'innocent Delight he took' as he leaned over Vanessa at 'her Book'. But it was then that Cupid

Took Aim, and shot with all his Strength  
A Dart of such prodigious Length,  
It pierc'd the feeble Volume thro',  
And deep transfix'd her Bosom too.

Swift discovered that his

... Lessons found the weakest Part,  
Aim'd at the Head, but reach'd the Heart;

and Vanessa found, as Stella knew, that an attempt to reverse the roles and assume the part of tutor was a vain endeavour.

Sheridan's hasty assertion that during these years in London Vanessa was displacing Swift's affection for Stella finds no real justification in the *Journal*, nor in his letters to the younger woman, nor in *Cadenus and Vanessa*. Nevertheless, there is a preoccupation of mind, a measure of detachment from insistent memories of Ireland, noticeable in the latter part of the *Journal*; and very obvious reasons, which have nothing to do with Vanessa, are discoverable.

I I

During a large part of the fourteen months, from March 1712 to the date of his departure for Ireland to be installed as Dean of St. Patrick's, Swift was in poor health. For weeks he was prostrated by an extremely acute and painful attack of what appears to have been shingles, the

effects of which remained with him for three or four months; and for a long time he abandoned the diary form of his letters, writing to Stella much more briefly. His illness was followed by severe attacks of that giddiness which afflicted him throughout life. In the autumn and winter months of 1712-13 he was dosing himself with physic in the hope of finding relief.

During the latter part of the period covered by the *Journal* Swift was, therefore, physically depressed, and his health was further impaired by political anxieties and personal disappointments. The negotiations for peace often seemed in danger of a complete breakdown, and by its ability to carry these to an acceptable conclusion the Ministry would sink or swim. He was oppressed by doubts, the news was not good, the Dutch were obstinate, Oxford would not exert himself, the Whigs were using all their guile to undermine confidence, and he even went in fear of his personal safety. In February 1712-13 he could write: 'It is a most ticklish juncture of Affairs; We are always driving to an Inch. I am weary of it.' For more than a year this was the mood in which he surveyed the situation both at home and abroad.

Another anxiety was the Queen's uncertain health, about which, from time to time, alarming reports were spread. If the worst happened the Tory interest knew that all would be at stake, whereas the Whigs, looking to the Hanoverian succession, expected an immediate return of their ascendancy.

We may, furthermore, find reason for some change in the character of the *Journal* if we look to Swift's personal affairs, as distinct from his physical well-being. By the early spring of 1711-12 he was in doubt whether the Ministry would have much further use for him, and he even began his packing as 'a beginning towards a Removall'.<sup>1</sup> He had ceased to conduct *The Examiner*; *The Conduct of the Allies*, his *Advice to Members of the October*

<sup>1</sup> 28 Feb. 1711-12.

---

## Introduction

---

*Club*, *New Journey to Paris*, and *Remarks on the Barrier Treaty*, had just been published; and perhaps he regarded the representation to the Queen, which he was composing for Sir Thomas Hanmer in February 1711-12, as the last employment of his pen on behalf of the government. But the peace negotiations were to drag for many weary months, a continual harassment of spirit for Swift; he published more pamphlets; and, from September 1712, when he was at Windsor, to May 1713, he spent a large part of his time upon the composition of a work to which he bent himself very seriously—a full-length history of contemporary affairs intended as a defence of the Ministry. His friends, however, questioned the advisability of publication, and *The History of the Four Last Years of the Queen*, on which he had set his heart, was not to appear till years after his death.<sup>1</sup>

On 3 September 1712 Swift wrote from Windsor to tell Vanessa<sup>2</sup> that he was 'full of business and ill humour'. His business, to which thereafter for months there are frequent references, was the writing of his *History*; his 'ill humour' sprang from delay in that preferment which he considered his due in recognition for his services to the government. This 'ill humour', coupled with ill health, political anxiety, and hard work on the *History*, is an additional explanation of some change in the character and tone of the latter part of the *Journal*. Successive disappointments may be traced in the letters, sometimes in comment on Stella's eager anticipations. In February 1711-12 he tells her that he is as likely to succeed the Duke of Marlborough 'as to become Bishop of Gloucester'.<sup>3</sup> In the following month he has to deny a report which had gone abroad that he was to receive the Deanery of Wells.<sup>4</sup> We know, however, that he hoped for this appointment,

<sup>1</sup> See 'Jonathan Swift and the *Four Last Years of the Queen*' in *The Library*, 1935-6, xvi. 61-90, 343-6.

<sup>2</sup> Freeman, *Vanessa and her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift*, p. 76.

<sup>3</sup> 8 Feb. 1711-12, p. 483.

<sup>4</sup> 21 Mar. 1711-12, p. 518.

and suffered in spirit when he realized that his claims would be rejected. He was annoyed when Stella, as late as August, returned to the rumour as if an accomplished fact, which for anything he knew, was 'further from being done than ever'.<sup>1</sup> The Deaneries of Ely and Lichfield also fell vacant, but only to embitter Swift's injured feelings. On 13 April 1713 Erasmus Lewis showed him 'an Order for a Warrant for the 3 vacant Deaneries', but none for him; and on the same day Swift told Lord Oxford that he 'could not with any Reputation stay longer' in England.<sup>2</sup> Meanwhile, other rumours ran that Swift was to be Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, or Master of the Savoy.<sup>3</sup> Lord Oxford was anxious that he should accept a prebendal chair at Windsor, and thus perplexed 'things';<sup>4</sup> but on 18 April he learned that he was to have St. Patrick's. On the 23rd warrants for the three English deaneries and the Bishopric of Dromore, also vacant, were signed, and the Duke of Ormonde, in whose gift lay the Deanery of St. Patrick's, had agreed to send over an order appointing Swift.<sup>5</sup>

Five weeks later Swift set out for Dublin, and, on his way, wrote from Chester the last letter of the *Journal*.

12

The text of one letter only from Swift to Stella, in addition to those forming the *Journal*, has been preserved.<sup>6</sup> The number of missing letters must be large. As we have seen, the practice of writing to Stella and Rebecca Dingley jointly began as early as 1703-4 at least.<sup>7</sup> And two of Swift's tiny account books, 1708-10,<sup>8</sup> containing lists of letters written and received by him, show that when he

<sup>1</sup> 7 Aug. 1711-12, p. 552.

<sup>2</sup> p. 660.

<sup>3</sup> pp. 633, 641.

<sup>4</sup> p. 662.

<sup>5</sup> p. 664.

<sup>6</sup> 30 Apr. 1721. Printed by Deane Swift in 1768. Cf. *Corresp.* iii. 79. It is possible, but very doubtful, that another letter, *Corresp.* i. 21, was addressed to Stella.

<sup>7</sup> *Supra*, p. xn.

<sup>8</sup> Forster Collection, 506, 507.



---

## Introduction

---

was out of Ireland there was constant correspondence with 'Md'. Regret for the loss of these letters is tempered by the reflection that the letters to Stella which have been saved belong to the most interesting years of Swift's life.

In Sir Walter Scott's library at Abbotsford is preserved a manuscript 'Catalogue of Books belonging to Dr. Swift taken about Octbr 6th 1742—and compared June 2d 1744—', drawn for the most part in the hand of the Rev. John Lyon, who was appointed guardian of Swift's person in 1742, when the Dean was adjudged incapable of managing his own affairs.<sup>1</sup> Among manuscripts 'found in the Dean's Study', noted by the compiler, were

Another Volume of Miscellaneous letters, 227 in Number, collected & pasted together since ye Dean's Insanity, in order to preserve them from being lost—

Four Letters to Mrs E: J: with some more to Mrs Dingley.

Mem: Most of ye latter were found among Mrs Dingley's Papers by her Executor—<sup>2</sup>

More letters to ye same lent to Mrs Whiteway.

It seems probable that here we have a substantial part of the collection used in 1766 for a London trade edition of Swift's correspondence. Hawkesworth's preface tells us that the letters 'were obtained of Dr. *Lyon* by Mr. *Thomas Wilkes*, of Dublin, and of Mr. *Wilkes* by the booksellers for whom they are published'. This collection, which was presented by the booksellers to the British Museum,<sup>3</sup> contains twenty-five of the letters now forming part of *The Journal to Stella*, namely, I and XLI-LXV, with the exception of LIV. The missing LIV (making

<sup>1</sup> H. Williams, *Dean Swift's Library*, pp. 10-13, 25-30.

<sup>2</sup> Mrs. Dingley's executor was Dr. Lyon. Her will was dated 25 Aug. 1739. She died in July 1743.

<sup>3</sup> Add. MSS. 4804-6. Deane Swift asserted, in a letter to John Nichols, 25 Apr. 1778, that to him was due the preservation of any part of the *Journal*. 'I was the person, who about the year 1740 saved all that part of the Journal from the flames, which was published by Hawkesworth' (Nichols, *Lit. Illustr.* v. 375). Is the date correct, and from whose destructive intent did he save the papers, from Swift's, or from Lyon's?

twenty-six in all) was originally, however, with the other papers, for it was printed in 1766. Lyon's entry, 'Four Letters to Mrs E: J: with some more to Mrs Dingley', probably describes this part of the *Journal*, or a portion of it. In 1766 five letters were printed as addressed to 'Mrs. Johnson', and twenty-two as addressed to 'Mrs. Dingley'. The total of twenty-seven was reached by dividing LXI into two separate letters. For this division there is no justification whatever in the original.

But before the appearance of Hawkesworth's publication Deane Swift printed extracts from letters belonging to the earlier part of the *Journal* in his *Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character, of Dr. Jonathan Swift*, 1755. In a long footnote on p. 258 of the *Essay* he tells us that these letters were 'lent' to him 'by a lady,<sup>1</sup> who found them accidentally about half a year ago among a parcel of papers given to her by the Doctor in the year 1738'. The note continues: 'The rest of them, which are supposed to be about twice as many, are in all probability still in the hands of those, who are in possession of the Doctor's effects. But, Mr. Swift, although he has frequently solicited the favour . . . never could get a sight of them; notwithstanding that he himself was the person, who saved them from being utterly destroyed in the year 1741.' There are several mistakes in this footnote. The number of the letters to Stella found by Mrs. Whiteway was thirty-nine, and the remainder numbered twenty-six, not 'twice as many'. These letters were in the hands of Dr. Lyon and not in the possession of Swift's executors. It will be observed, further, that Deane Swift names 1741 explicitly as the year in which he saved the papers from destruction, whereas in 1778 (*supra*, p. xlviii n.<sup>3</sup>) he wrote 'about the year 1740'.

<sup>1</sup> The 'lady' was Mrs. Whiteway, a cousin of the Dean's. Her daughter Mary, by her first husband, the Rev. Theophilus Harrison, married Deane Swift in 1739. It is curious that for sixteen or seventeen years Mrs. Whiteway took so little interest in the contents of the 'parcel of papers'.

In 1768, two years after the appearance of the Hawkesworth volumes, Deane Swift extended the London trade edition of the *Works* with a further selection of Swift's correspondence and a few small additional pieces. The new volumes contained letters I–XL of the *Journal*. Thus I was printed by both Hawkesworth and Deane Swift; but the latter took his text from Hawkesworth's version, which it follows almost word for word, omitting the identical sentences of the original. There can hardly be a doubt that the letters he held in his hands were II–XL. Why the first letter should have been attached to the later part of the *Journal* passed by Wilkes to the booksellers remains unexplained.<sup>1</sup>

The two separated groups of letters were first brought together in 1784 by Sheridan, who gave to the whole the title of *Dr. Swift's Journal to Stella*.<sup>2</sup> Before this, however, the industrious John Nichols had noticed the difference in editorial method exhibited by the two portions of the *Journal*, 'That part . . . which was published by Dr. Hawkesworth, appearing abundantly *more polished* than the other given to the world by Mr. Deane Swift'. This led him to an examination of the originals; and in his

<sup>1</sup> The fate of that part of the *Journal* held by Deane Swift may be explained by a letter which he addressed to John Nichols in 1778, in which he speaks of the possibility of his presenting 'Original Papers' of Swift to the British Museum, but adds, 'in the recesses of my own mind I think it would be the best way to burn all manuscripts after a book is once printed' (*Lit. Illustr.* v. 376). It is possible, nevertheless, that the letters used by Deane Swift, or some of them, are still extant. I am indebted to Sir Shane Leslie, Bart., for drawing my attention to an exciting entry in the *English Note-Books* of Nathaniel Hawthorne. On 11 July 1856 Hawthorne breakfasted with Monckton Milnes, later Lord Houghton, and was afterwards shown a collection of autographs in 'two or three large volumes'. He recollected seeing 'a leaf from Swift's "Journal to Stella"'. 'This leaf, if ever in the collection, is, I was assured by the late Marquess of Crewe, no longer there. Hawthorne's memory may have been at fault, or the leaf, discovered to be spurious, may have been discarded.

<sup>2</sup> Nichols uses the title '*Journal to Stella*' in the 1779 *Supplement*, 18mo, xxvi. 237. Credit for the title must therefore be awarded to him.

---

## Introduction

---

*Supplement to Dr. Swift's Works*, 1779, he printed a list of 'Omissions and principal Corrections' in which he noted the deliberate excisions of the 1766 edition, and he also supplied much of the little language, if not always with great success. For example, he reads (14 Feb. 1711-12), 'Note my dullest lines', for 'Nite my deepest lives'; and in the same letter (20 Feb.) he corrects Hawkesworth's 'hourly busy' to 'terribly busy'. Swift wrote 'horrible busy'. The little language itself is largely normalized; and Nichols made no very strenuous endeavour to decipher the obliterations. Furthermore, his collations were careless, and he overlooked many omissions and misreadings in the printed text.

Sheridan's use of Nichols's work on the original letters has every appearance of having been left to the printer. The little language is very partially supplied, and the larger omissions noted by Nichols are ignored. No conscientious attempt is made to mend the text, which remains substantially that of Hawkesworth. Indeed, the editor's carelessness is incredible. The fifteenth volume, which professed to contain the '*Journal to Stella concluded*', omitted altogether the last letter, that written from Chester, 6 June 1713, and the numbering is chaotic. The error of Deane Swift's printers in numbering letter XVIII as XIV is not corrected, but the real confusion begins with XLI, which is numbered LVIII, as this was the number in Hawkesworth's edition before the letters to Stella were gathered into a single group. Hawkesworth's numbers are then followed to LXXII inclusive. Thereafter the sequence is broken in Hawkesworth's edition by letters interspersed from several correspondents, and Sheridan's enumeration is sometimes that of Hawkesworth, sometimes that of his own printer. His last number, LXXXVII, would lead the unsuspecting reader to suppose that this was the number of letters contained in the *Journal*.

Deane Swift's footnotes were taken over by Sheridan without material alteration and with little omission. He

was at no pains to make the changes demanded by the passage of time. In a note on letter X, for example, the words 'these eight or ten years past' were slavishly copied nearly twenty years after they were written; and in a note on XXVI the reader was told that Marmaduke Coghill died 'about thirty years ago'.<sup>1</sup> For some reason, perhaps another hand at work, Hawkesworth's footnotes were, by comparison, cut to a minimum.

It would be difficult to conceive more indolent editorial method than that exhibited by Sheridan's presentation of *The Journal to Stella*.

Nichols's edition of Swift's *Works*, published in 1801, showed a real advance. He embodied in the *Journal* the corrections and additions which he had printed in 1779, and since that time he had evidently turned once again to decipher the original letters. On the other hand, the reproduction of his earlier notes was neither verbally accurate nor faithful to the original. But, for the first time, the letters appeared in a form which made some approximation to the manuscript, although there were serious omissions, and spelling and punctuation were normalized. He also added a large number of footnotes, especially to that part of the *Journal* printed by Deane Swift, and he altered many others.

Scott, in 1814, very considerably amplified and added to the annotation of the *Journal*, but he was content to take his text directly from Nichols.

Not for nearly one hundred years after John Nichols had studied the original letters to Stella was a serious attempt again made to decipher the obliterated passages, correct mistakes of reading, note omissions, and interpret the little language. In 1875 John Forster published the first and only volume of his *Life of Swift*. In an appendix (pp. 409-59) he set out, letter by letter, Scott's text and his own reading of 'Unprinted and Misprinted Journals'. He succeeded in restoring much that Nichols had over-

<sup>1</sup> He died in 1739.

looked, or resigned as illegible; but he was carried away by unwillingness to admit defeat, and a number of his readings are either sheer guesswork or demonstrably wrong.

Three modern editions of the *Journal*, that of Frederick Ryland, 1897, that of G. A. Aitken, 1901, and that of J. K. Moorhead, 1924, draw their texts from the original letters, so far as these are preserved. Both Ryland and Aitken, however, conventionalize Swift's spelling, pointing, and use of capital letters, and print his abbreviations in full, although the former gives two letters, I and XLI, approximately as they appear in the holographs. Moorhead, on the other hand, tries to give the reader a reproduction of the original, 'As well as an ordinary fount of type permits'. Moorhead's work was patient, competent, and exact; and he avoided Forster's temptation to read by guesswork through heavy obliterations. The crowded, minute handwriting, the constant practice of abbreviation, the frequent scorings and blottings, often leave the true reading open to difference of opinion.

A later, ingenious, and interesting contribution to the reading of the manuscript is the theory developed by M. Émile Pons that the erasures and blottings are as much a part of the original script as the written words.<sup>1</sup> These obliterations, it is argued, conveyed a hidden meaning which Stella could divine. They are not a later attempt, by Swift or another, to hide intimate phrases and the little language. Ryland, Aitken, and Moorhead presume that the erasures were either made by Swift, when he consulted the letters at a later date, or by an editorial hand.<sup>2</sup> M. Pons believes that the scribbled obliterations were made by Swift when he wrote the letters, and that the full implication of the little language can only be understood if it be realized that the erasures are to be read as a secret

<sup>1</sup> *Du nouveau sur le 'Journal à Stella'*; first printed in *Études anglaises*, May, 1937.

<sup>2</sup> Ryland, pp. xvii-xviii; Aitken, p. v; Moorhead, p. xxiv.

code: 'Les ratures de Swift sont une écriture de Swift.'<sup>1</sup> Swift's cancels and scorings are not dictated by motives of discretion. If this were their purpose we should expect criticism of great persons or outspoken comment on affairs of state to be effaced, but this we do not find. The spirals and strokes of his pen, which run over the tender greetings and farewells of the little language, in the belief of M. Pons, guard a secret enclosure of thought and meaning known only to Stella and to Swift. At the end of an entry covering 31 March and 1-8 April 1712, when Swift was ill and in pain, he wrote 'so adieu deeleast Md Md Md FW FW Me Me Me Lele I can say lele yet oo see—Fais I dont conceal a bitt. as hope savd'. Here the little language is not struck through, and particular attention is called to the fact: 'I dont conceal a bitt.' Again, 19 January 1712-13, after blotting out almost a whole line, he writes, 'that blot is a Blundr'. These two passages M. Pons regards as irrefutable evidence that the obliterations were deliberate, part of Swift's script, and that they were so read by Stella.

This belief leads M. Pons to the prime objective of his inquiry, the discovery, to his own satisfaction, that on two occasions in these letters Swift addresses Stella by the intimate name of 'wife'. He admits that this was not their true relationship, but he holds that Swift, writing from a distance, was moved 'par un affectueux élan, par un besoin intense de prévenir ou réparer le mal dont il se sentait la cause, par un désir de dépasser les promesses qu'il eût dû faire, mais que, presque certainement, il n'avait pas faites'.<sup>2</sup> This superstructure is, however, borne on flimsy supports. On 14 February 1711-12 Swift ends his journal with 'Nite my deeleast lives', and on 1 March with the words 'Nite my two deeleast Rives Md'. On neither occasion is the pen struck through the words. On 23 February of the same year he writes 'Farewell mine deeleast rife', the last three words obliterated but legible. If in the first two instances the word is 'lives', and applicable to both Stella

<sup>1</sup> Pons, *op. cit.*, p. 6.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 20.

and Rebecca Dingley, M. Pons is confident that in the singular, and with an 'f' in place of 'v', the word 'rife' stands for 'wife'. Further, he succeeds, on 17 February 1711-12, in reading through heavy ink-scorings, but with entire conviction, 'deepest rife MD'. No one else, however, who has examined the manuscript, can trace these words; and, in any event, attractively as M. Pons states his case, it is more probable that on the one occasion (or two occasions) on which it occurs, the word 'rife' should be understood as 'life'. These letters were read by Rebecca Dingley as well as by Stella. How would she read the word? What assurance have we that Stella, for long years accustomed to a friendship governed by the utmost discretion, would divine that she was being addressed by a name reserved for a relationship which had been denied to her? Are we justified in assuming that Swift, deeply as he felt the separation, would, impelled by a passing emotion, allow his pen a sudden and unwonted freedom? Such an assumption is unwarranted by all that we know of the story of this lifelong friendship.

13

In the little language of his journal Swift found happiness and refreshment of spirit as he turned from the business and vexations of the day. If we dismiss it as a rather absurd foible on the part of a middle-aged lover writing to a younger woman we fail in understanding. Together with the little language, which is akin to the prattle of the nursery, Swift delighted in the use of alphabetical symbols as fond tokens of farewell at the end of his letters; or he used them to denote himself, Stella, or Rebecca Dingley. Is anything more natural, or frequent, between lovers than the use of pet names? Yet, by a strange caprice, Ryland surmises that the 'use of these, and the oddities of handwriting, suggest a mental twist likely to lead to insanity'.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Journal*, p. xix n.



---

## Introduction

---

For the reader who calls to mind the lisping transmutations of children, first learning to form words, the little language will present small difficulty. 'When I am writing in our language', says Swift, 'I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it.'<sup>1</sup> If it be remembered that, as a rule, *l* is substituted for *r*, and *r* for *l*, we can guess at once that 'vely' is 'very', 'flom' is 'from', 'rove' is 'love', 'rettle' is 'letter', 'deeleast logues' is 'dearest rogues', and, not so obvious, 'sollahs' is 'sirrahs'. The less frequent substitution of *g* for *d* produces more arbitrary and less intelligible forms like 'dallars' for 'gals', or 'girls', and 'givar' for 'devil'. Similarly 'richar' is 'little', a translation confirmed by Swift's reference (11 Mar. 1711-12) to 'ourrichar Gangridge', or 'our little language'.<sup>2</sup> 'Lele', which comes often, and in strings of repetition at the end of letters, is a puzzling word. Forster, Ryland, and Aitken interpret it in general for 'there, there', which is not very satisfactory in many of the passages in which it occurs. Pons,<sup>3</sup> noting its conjunction with 'Me', and its alternative form, 'Lole' (17 June 1712), takes it to signify 'beloved', 'beloved mine'. If it be understood to mean no more than 'there' it seems pointless that Swift should call special attention to the word when writing in physical pain (8 April 1712): 'I can say lele yet oo see'; and it is apparently an adjective in 'lele logues both' (7 Aug. 1712).

In conjunction with the little language Swift used odd combinations of letters both as terms of endearment and as personal designations. 'MD', or 'Md', My dear, or My dears, may either be Stella alone or denote both the ladies. Stella herself is 'Ppt', Poppet, or Poor Pretty Thing. This symbol sometimes looks more like 'Tpt'. 'D', or 'Dd', is Dingley, and she is sometimes indicated by 'Me', which may be Madam Elderly. Swift himself is

<sup>1</sup> 7 Mar. 1710-11.

<sup>2</sup> Forster misreads this as 'oor is char gangridge'; and he goes astray over 'richar' in suggesting the sense of 'charming' (*Life*, p. 410 n.).

<sup>3</sup> Op. cit., p. 15 n.

---

## Introduction

---

'Pdfr', pronounced 'Podefar', perhaps Poor Dear Foolish Rogue, or a slurred Poor Dear Fellow. 'FW' seems to serve both for Farewell and Foolish Wench.

Hawkesworth, believing it to be the proper duty of an editor to present familiar correspondence in decorous attire, carefully brushed away the little language. Nothing was left to annoy fastidious readers. He was at least consistent in method, or nearly so. It was, however, necessary for him to distinguish between passages addressed to Stella or to Rebecca Dingley, and he therefore permitted himself the use of the symbol '*Ppt*' on about twenty occasions, explaining that it meant 'Mrs. *Johnson*', and less often of '*D. D.*', for Rebecca Dingley.<sup>1</sup> With these slight concessions Hawkesworth was satisfied. He sacrificed, without compunction, all the playfulness and intimacy of the original letters.

It must be said for Deane Swift, whatever his shortcomings, that he gave to that part of the *Journal* which he edited a character and intonation more in keeping with that portion of the *Journal* which has been saved. It is true that he either omitted, or translated, the little language, save for one example of a few lines and a few words elsewhere. Under 7 March 1710-11 he reproduces the passage, 'and zoo must cly Lele, and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate *pdfr*, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.'<sup>2</sup> In a footnote he apologizes for this specimen of Swift's 'way of writing to *Stella* in these journals', in little doubt that the reader will excuse its omission 'in all other places where it occurs'. Under 9 February 1710-11, where he prints in the text the words, 'good morrow, little sirrahs', he explains that in the original they were 'good mallows, little sollahs', in accordance with Swift's constant habit of writing 'll' for 'rr'. Under the 24th of the same month he has a footnote

<sup>1</sup> On 23 Jan. 1712-13 he prints '*M*' for '*Md*' of the original.

<sup>2</sup> It is doubtful, from what we know of Swift's usual formations, whether Deane Swift deciphered the manuscript quite accurately.

against the words, 'There, There, There', to say that in 'his Cypher way of writing to *Stella*, he writes the word *There, Lele*'. At the end of Letter XVII, where he cannot avoid it, 'lele' appears in the text. Strangely enough, on the other hand, he invented substitute names for those which appear in the original. In Letter II we come upon '*Presto*' used to designate Swift, and in a note it is explained that: 'In these letters *pdfr*, stands for Dr. *Swift*; *Ppt*, for *Stella*; *D.* for *Dingley*; *D.D.* generally for *Dingley*, but sometimes for both *Stella* and *Dingley*; and *MD* generally stands for both these ladies; yet sometimes only for *Stella*. But, to avoid perplexing the reader, it was thought more adviseable to use the word *Presto* for *Swift*, which is borrowed from the duchess of *Shrewsbury*, who, not recollecting the Dr.'s name, called him Dr. *Presto*, (which is *Italian* for *Swift*) . . . instead of *Ppt*. *Stella* is used for Mrs. *Johnson*, and so for *D. Dingley*; but as *MD* stands for both *Dingley* and *Stella*, it was thought more convenient to let it remain a cypher in its original state.' He even proceeds to use little words of his own devising. 'Stellakins' is a plain example, and 'Sluttikins' is probably also an invention. But the playful forms of address, 'sirrah', 'naughty girls', 'saucy rogue', 'saucy jades', 'slut', 'nautinautideargirls', are Swift's, or near renderings of what he wrote. All these words, in varying combinations, appear in the manuscript letters. 'Sirrahs' ('sollahs'), 'girls' ('dallars'), 'rogues' ('logues'), are frequent forms of address; 'naughty' ('nauti'), and 'saucy' ('sawci'), are favourite adjectives.

Forster's (*Life of Swift*, pp. 406-7), Ryland's (*Journal*, p. xviii), and Aitken's (*Journal*, p. vi) indictments of Deane Swift's editorial methods are not justified. There can be little doubt that his text is nearer to the original letters than is that of Hawkesworth. For a full discussion see 'Deane Swift, Hawkesworth, and *The Journal to Stella*', by Harold Williams, in *Essays on the Eighteenth Century presented to David Nichol Smith*, 1945, pp. 33-48.

For the text of Letters II to XL we are dependent on Deane Swift. These letters are here reprinted from his edition, save for the silent correction of printers' errors. The italics used for proper names have not been retained.

We have the originals of I and XLI to LXV (with the exception of LIV), and, save for modifications noted below, these letters are exactly printed from the manuscripts. Letter LIV, of necessity, follows Hawkesworth's text.

In these days, when the art of photography has been enlisted in the student's service, the attempt to reproduce in print insignificant orthographical peculiarities has less meaning than once it had. The result can never be wholly faithful. It may only repel or distract the reader. This would be especially true of an attempt to reproduce with unfailing rigour the minute, hurried, and close script of the letters Swift sent to Stella. Uniform exactness would be impossible. For example, Swift sometimes writes 'the' in full, but more frequently 'th' or 'te', and sometimes it is difficult to say what letters the twirl of the pen denotes. Nothing would be gained by copying these and two or three further meaningless variations. In the letters as here printed, therefore, 'th' and 'te' become 'the'; 'y' and 'yo' become 'you'; 'yr' and 'yrs' become 'your' and 'yours'. With these exceptions Swift's spellings and contractions are followed.

The little language is reproduced as closely as it can be deciphered without any expansions or modifications in favour of uniformity.

Superior letters have been brought down to the line.

Half-brackets, 「 」, are used to indicate that words are blotted or scored through; and . . . means that a word, words, or a passage cannot be deciphered.

Swift dated the entries in his journal, but without naming the days of the week. As a further guide to the reader the day of the week is shown, in square brackets, above the first entry of each letter.

## ABBREVIATED TITLES

### USED IN THE FOOTNOTES

- |                                    |   |
|------------------------------------|---|
| Aitken, <i>Arbuthnot</i> .         | <i>The Life and Works of John Arbuthnot</i> By George A. Aitken, 1892.  |
| Aitken, <i>Steele</i> .            | <i>The Life of Richard Steele</i> . By George A. Aitken, 2 vols., 1889.   |
| Aitken, <i>Tatler</i> .            | <i>The Tatler</i> . With Introduction and Notes. Ed. G. A. Aitken, 4 vols., 1898-9.   |
| <i>Alum. Dubl.</i>                 | <i>Alumni Dublinenses</i> . Ed. G. D. Burtchaell and T. U. Sadleir, 1924.   |
| Ball, <i>Judges in Ireland</i> .   | <i>The Judges in Ireland, 1221-1921</i> . By F. Elrington Ball, 2 vols., 1926.  |
| <i>Bath MSS.</i>                   | <i>Historical Manuscripts Commission. Calendar of the Manuscripts of the Marquis of Bath, Preserved at Longleat, Wiltshire</i> , 3 vols., 1904-8. |
| Betham's <i>Baronetage</i> .       | <i>The Baronetage of England</i> . By the Rev. William Betham, 5 vols., 1801-5.   |
| Bolingbroke's <i>Letters</i> .     | <i>Letters and Correspondence, Public and Private during the Time he was Secretary of State to Queen Anne</i> . Ed. G. Parke, 2 vols., 4to, 1798. |
| Boyer, <i>Political State</i> .    | <i>The Political State of Great Britain</i> , 60 vols., 1711-40. By Abel Boyer, 1711-29.  |
| Burnet, <i>Own Time</i> .          | <i>Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time</i> . Ed. M. J. Routh, 6 vols., 1823.  |
| Collins, <i>Peerage of England</i> | <i>Collins's Peerage of England</i> . Ed. Sir Egerton Brydges, 9 vols., 1812.   |
| <i>Complete Baronetage</i> .       | <i>The Complete Baronetage</i> . G. E. Cokayne, 6 vols., 1900-9.  |
| <i>Complete Peerage</i> .          | <i>The Complete Peerage</i> . G. E. Cokayne; revised by Vicary Gibbs <i>et al.</i> , 1910-.   |
| <i>Corresp.</i>                    | <i>The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift, D.D.</i> Ed. F. Elrington Ball, 6 vols., 1910-14.  |
| Craik, <i>Life</i> .               | <i>The Life of Jonathan Swift</i> . By Henry Craik, 2 vols., 1894.  |
| Dalton's <i>Army Lists</i> .       | <i>English Army Lists and Commission Registers, 1661-1714</i> . Charles Dalton, 6 vols., 1892-1904.   |
|                                    | <i>George the First's Army, 1714-1727</i> . Charles Dalton, 2 vols., 1910-12.   |
| Deane Swift, <i>Essay</i> .        | <i>Essay upon the Life, Writings, and Character, of Dr. Jonathan Swift</i> . By Deane Swift, 1755.  |

## Abbreviated Titles

Delany, <i>Observations.</i>	<i>Observations upon Lord Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift</i> , 1754.
<i>D.N.B.</i>	<i>Dictionary of National Biography.</i>
<i>Fasti Eccl. Hib.</i>	<i>Fasti Ecclesiae Hibernicae.</i> By Henry Cotton, 4 vols., 1848-51.
<i>Forster Collection</i>	<i>Forster Collection of Books and Manuscripts</i> , Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, London.
Forster, <i>Life.</i>	<i>The Life of Jonathan Swift.</i> By John Forster, 1875.
Freeman, <i>Vanessa and Swift.</i>	<i>Vanessa and her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift.</i> Ed. A. Martin Freeman, 1921.
Gilbert, <i>History of Dublin.</i>	<i>A History of the City of Dublin.</i> Sir J. T. Gilbert, 3 vols., 1859.
Hearne's <i>Collections.</i>	<i>Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne.</i> Ed. C. E. Doble et al., 11 vols., 1885-1921.
Howell, <i>State Trials.</i>	<i>A Complete Collection of State Trials.</i> Ed. W. Cobbett, T. B. and T. J. Howell, 34 vols., 1809-28.
King's <i>Works.</i>	<i>The Original Works of William King, L.L.D.,</i> 3 vols., 1776. [Ed. by John Nichols, assisted by Isaac Reed.]
Lady Cowper's <i>Diary.</i>	<i>Diary of Mary Countess Cowper . . . 1714-1720,</i> [Ed. S. Cowper], 1864.
Leslie, <i>Armagh Clergy.</i>	<i>Armagh Clergy and Parishes: being an Account of . . . the diocese of Armagh.</i> James Blennerhassett Leslie, 1911.
Lodge, <i>Peerage of Ireland.</i>	<i>The Peerage of Ireland.</i> By John Lodge; revised by Mervyn Archdall, 7 vols., 1789.
Longe, <i>Martha Lady Giffard.</i>	<i>Martha Lady Giffard: Life and Letters.</i> J. G. Longe, 1911.
Lord Hervey's <i>Memoirs.</i>	<i>Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second.</i> By John, Lord Hervey. Ed. J. W. Croker, 2 vols., 1848.
Luttrell, <i>Brief Relation</i>	<i>A Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs from September 1678 to April 1714.</i> Narcissus Luttrell, 6 vols., 1857.
Macky's <i>Characters.</i>	<i>Memoirs of the Secret Services of John Macky, Esq.</i> As attested by his Son Spring Macky, Esq., 1733.
Nichols, <i>Lit. Anec.</i>	<i>Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century.</i> By John Nichols, 9 vols., 1812-16.
Nichols, <i>Lit. Illustr.</i>	<i>Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century.</i> By John Nichols, 8 vols.,

## Abbreviated Titles

- 1817-58. [Vols. VII and VIII by John Bowyer Nichols.]
- Nichols, *Select Collection*. *A Select Collection of Poems*, 8 vols., 1780-2. [Ed. John Nichols, assisted by Joseph Warton, Thomas Percy, and Robert Lowth.]
- Nichols, *Supplement*, 1779. *A Supplement to Dr. Swift's Works*. [Ed. John Nichols], 1779. [One vol. 4to; 2 vols. large 8vo; 3 vols. sm. 8vo and 18mo.]
- Nichols, *Works*. *The Works of the Rev. Jonathan Swift, D.D.* Ed. John Nichols, 19 vols., 1801.
- O.E.D. *New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*. Ed. Sir James A. H. Murray, Oxford, 14 vols., 1888-1933.
- Orrery, *Remarks*. *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift*. By John Earl of Orrery, 1752.
- Poems*. *The Poems of Jonathan Swift*. Ed. Harold Williams, 3 vols., 1937.
- Pons *Du Nouveau sur le 'Journal à Stella'*, Émile Pons, 1937.
- Portland MSS. *Historical Manuscripts Commission. Manuscripts of the Duke of Portland, Preserved at Welbeck Abbey*, 10 vols., 1891-1931.
- Prose Works*. *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D.* Ed. Temple Scott, 12 vols., 1897-1908.
- Prose Works*, ed. H. Davis. *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift*. Ed. Herbert Davis, 1939-.
- Reliquiae Hearnianae*. *Reliquiae Hearnianae: The Remains of Thomas Hearne*. Ed. P. Bliss, 3 vols., 1869.
- Scott, *Works*. *The Works of Jonathan Swift, D.D.* Ed. Walter Scott, 19 vols., 1814.
- Sheridan, *Life*. *Life of the Rev. Dr. Jonathan Swift*. Thomas Sheridan, 1784.
- Spence, *Anecdotes*. *Anecdotes, Observations, and Characters, of Books and Men*. By the Rev. Joseph Spence. Ed. S. W. Singer, 1820.
- Stanhope's *Queen Anne*. *History of England, Comprising the Reign of Queen Anne*. By Earl Stanhope, 2 vols., 1889.
- Wentworth Papers*. *The Wentworth Papers, 1705-39*. Ed. J. J. Cartwright, 1883.
- Wotton's *Baronetage*. *The English Baronetage*. Tho. Wotton. 4 vols., 1741.

*The many other works referred to are sufficiently described for identification.*

# THE JOURNAL to STELLA

---

## LETTER I

[SATURDAY]

Chester    Sept. 2. 1710

Jo<sup>1</sup> will give you an Account of me till I got into the Boat, after which the Rogues made a new bargain & forced me to give them 2 Crowns, and talkt as if we should not be able to overtake any Ship; but in half an Hour we got to the Yatcht;<sup>2</sup> for the Ships lay by wait for My Ld Lt's Steward. We made our Voyage in 15 hours just; last night I came to this Town, and shall leave it I believe on Monday. The first man I mett in Chestr was Dr Raymd,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Joseph Beaumont, a linen-draper and also, apparently, general dealer of Trim. He is frequently mentioned in the *Journal* and in Swift's letters. According to Deane Swift he was 'a venerable, handsome, grey-headed man, of quick and various natural abilities'. He developed a taste for mathematics and abstract learning. His slaying tables, for use in the weaving of linen, were recognized by a government award. Researches into the problem of the longitude deranged him 'about the year 1718' according to Deane Swift, but as early as 1715 he began to give his friends anxiety (*Corresp.* ii. 295, 367, 368, 380). In 1722, after a temporary recovery, he became hopelessly mad (*Corresp.* iii. 129). A few years later he committed suicide. Swift held him in friendly regard and lent him money when he was in financial difficulties (*Corresp.* iii. 253; v. 72).

<sup>2</sup> A government vessel at the service of the Lord Lieutenant and the officials of Dublin Castle.

<sup>3</sup> The Rev. Anthony Raymond succeeded John Stearne as rector of Trim in 1705, on the promotion of the latter to the Deanery of St. Patrick's; and, thereupon, he resigned his fellowship at Trinity College, Dublin. Three miles to the south of Trim lay Swift's living of Laracor. Despite his eccentricity, vanity, and improvidence, Raymond succeeded in retaining Swift's friendship. He held the living of Trim till his death in 1726. In 1713 he also received the small Crown living of Moymet, within two miles of Trim (*post*, p. 671 and n.<sup>3</sup>). Shortly before his death he issued the prospectus of a 'History of Ireland', but the work was never



He & Mrs Raymd were come here about levying a Fine in order to have Power to sell their Estate. They have found every Thing answer very well. They both desire to present their humble services to You: They do not think of Ireld till next Year.<sup>4</sup> I got a fall off my Horse<sup>5</sup> riding here from Parkgate;<sup>6</sup> but no Hurt, the Horse understanding falls very well, and lying quite till I got up. My Duty to the Bp of Cl.<sup>7</sup> I saw him returning from Dunlary,<sup>8</sup> but he saw not me I take it ill He was not at Convocation, & that I have not His Name to My Powers.<sup>9</sup>

published (*Corresp.* i. 120 n.<sup>2</sup>). Deane Swift (*Essay*, 1755, p. 90) says that Raymond enjoyed 'the advantage of a tall handsome and graceful person'.

<sup>4</sup> Raymond returned to Ireland in May 1711 (*post*, pp. 262, 288).

<sup>5</sup> In a letter to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, 6 June 1713, also written from Chester, Swift speaks of his horse falling under him (*Corresp.* ii. 45). After 'Horse' the word 'but' has been struck out.

<sup>6</sup> Parkgate on the river Dee, about twelve miles from Chester, was largely used in the eighteenth century for passenger traffic between England and Ireland in order to avoid the mountain ways of North Wales. Letters were commonly sent by Holyhead. Cf. *Notes and Queries*, clxxx. 426, 461; clxxxi. 68, 94, 194; clxxxiii. 54; cxc. 127, 153; cxci. 40. When returning to Ireland in 1713 Swift feared that the journey from Chester to Holyhead, about eighty miles, would take him three days (*post*, pp. 670-1).

<sup>7</sup> St. George Ashe, who was Swift's tutor at Trinity College, Dublin, became Provost in 1692. He was successively Bishop of Cloyne, 1695; of Clogher, 1697; and of Derry, 1717. He is said secretly to have married Swift and Stella at Clogher in 1716. He died 27 Feb. 1717-18.

<sup>8</sup> Dun Laoghaire, the ancient name of Kingstown. It was renamed on the occasion of George IV's visit in 1821; but the older name has now been restored. Swift, while on the water, may have seen the Bishop riding on the strand. Presumably he took boat at Ringsend, which was much nearer to Dublin than Dun Laoghaire, and the chief place, at that time, for embarking and disembarking passengers. In a little book of private expenses (Forster Collection, South Kensington, 507) Swift has written in his accounts for the fourth week of August 1710: 'Boat to ship. 10s-10d'.

<sup>9</sup> Swift's commission to solicit the remission of first-fruits and twentieth parts, addressed to the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe, who had preceded him to London, was signed by the Archbishops of Armagh, Dublin, and Cashel, and the Bishops of Meath, Kildare, and Killala. The commission was dated 31 Aug. 1710, and the signatories were the only prelates who attended for the adjournment of Convocation on that day.

I beg you will hold your Resolution of going to Trim, and riding there as much as You can. Let the Bp of Cloghr remind the Bp of Killala<sup>10</sup> to send me a Letter with one inclosed to the Bp of Lichfield<sup>11</sup> Let all who write to me inclose to Richd Steele<sup>12</sup> Esqr. at his Office at the Cockpitt, near Whitehall. But not Md, I will pay for their Lettrs. at St. James's Coffee house,<sup>13</sup> that I may have them the sooner—My Ld Mountjoy<sup>14</sup> is now in the humr that we should begin our Journey this afternoon, so that I have stole here again to finish this Lettr wch must be short or long accordingly. I write this Post to Mrs Wesley,<sup>15</sup> and

See Appendix I. On reaching London Swift missed the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe, who had left town (*Corresp.* i. 192-3).

<sup>10</sup> William Lloyd, a Welshman, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was elected a fellow, 11 Aug. 1684. In the same year he became Precentor of Killala and Dean of Achonry. In 1691 he was consecrated Bishop of Killala. He died in 1716, and was buried in his cathedral. *Fasts Eccl. Hib.* iv. 73.

<sup>11</sup> John Hough, 1651-1743, famous for his ejection by James II from the Presidency of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1687, was successively Bishop of Oxford, 1690-9; of Lichfield and Coventry, 1699-1717; and of Worcester, 1717-43. He refused the primacy in 1715. Charles Jervas, writing to Swift in 1734 (*Corresp.* v. 111), refers with admiration to Hough's vigour at the age of 'eighty-three-four'. See *Life* by John Wilmot, 1812; and J. R. Bloxam's *Magdalen College and King James II*, 1886. His character is drawn by Lord Lyttelton in No. 57 of his *Persian Letters* (*Works*, 1775, p. 201).

<sup>12</sup> At this time Steele was Gazetteer, a place which he was not to hold much longer (*post.* p. 57 n.<sup>29</sup>), and occupied an office in the Cockpit, a part of Whitehall used for various government purposes.

<sup>13</sup> See p. 11 n.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>14</sup> William Stewart, second Viscount Mountjoy in the peerage of Ireland, succeeded to the title in 1692 on the death of his father, who was killed at the battle of Steinkirk. He served in the army and was promoted Lieut.-General in 1709. From 1714 to his death, 10 Jan. 1727-8, he was Master General of the Ordnance.

<sup>15</sup> She was Catherine, daughter of Maurice Keating of Narraghmore, co. Kildare. Her husband, Garret Wesley, resided at Dangan in Swift's parish of Laracor. He represented successively the borough of Trim and the county of Meath in the Irish Parliament. On his death without issue in 1728 the property passed by will to a cousin, Richard Colley, who was

will tell her that I have taken care she may have her Bill of 15<sup>ll</sup> whenever she pleases to send for it, and in that Case I desire you will send it her inclosed & sealed; and have it ready so in Case she should send for it otherwise keep it. I will say no more till I hear whethr I go to day or no, if I do the Lettr is almost at an end. My Cozn Abigail<sup>16</sup> is grown prodigiously old—God almighty bless poodeerichar Md, & for Gds sake be merry, and gett ee health—I am perfectly resolv'd to return as soon as I hav done my Commission whethr it succeeds or no I neer went to Engd with so little desire in my Life. If Mrs Curry makes any difficulty about the Lodgings;<sup>17</sup> I will quitt them, and pay her from July. 9. last, and Mrs Brent<sup>18</sup> must write to Parvisol<sup>19</sup> with orders accordingly. The Post is come

created Baron Mornington in 1746. He was grandfather to the Duke of Wellington, who was the fourth son of Garret Wesley, second Baron and first Earl of Mornington.

<sup>16</sup> Presumably a relation on the maternal side. Abigail Erick was the maiden name of Swift's mother. He refers to this cousin again in a letter to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, 6 June 1713, also written at Chester: 'I had a charming handsome cousin here twenty years ago. I was to see her to-night, and, in my conscience, she is not handsome at all' (*Corresp.* ii. 46).

<sup>17</sup> When Stella and Rebecca Dingley first came to Ireland they lodged in William Street, then newly built on the outskirts of the city. Later, probably 1704–5, they moved to rooms near Capel Street let by a Mrs. De Caudres. In 1710 Swift occupied lodgings near the ladies 'at Mr. Curry's House over against the Ram in Capel-street'. As the address of this letter shows the ladies moved to Swift's lodgings immediately upon his departure for England. But five months later they returned to Mrs. De Caudres.

<sup>18</sup> Mrs. Brent had acted as Swift's housekeeper since the early days when he was prebendary of Kilroot. She died in 1735, and was succeeded in office by her daughter Anne, who married Ridgeway, a cabinet maker. There are many references to Mrs. Brent in Swift's letters. See *Corresp.* iv. 30 n.<sup>1</sup>; *Poems*, pp. 742 n., 755.

<sup>19</sup> Isaiah Parvisol, Swift's steward and tithe-collector, is frequently mentioned in letters from 1708 onwards. The references nearly always display dissatisfaction; and for a time he seems to have been dismissed (*Corresp.* ii. 164–6, 179, 182, 203, 271). In 1718 he died in Swift's service. Cf. *Poems*, p. 174.

XXVII

Sept. 2. 1710

34

So will give you an Account of me till I get into the Boat, when  
 with the Surge made a new bargain & found me to give them 2  
 Crowns, and told us if we should not be able to discharge any  
 ship's Out or half in Hour we got to be quiet, for the Ship's way  
 wait for my 10 £ Reward. We made our Voyage in 10 hours just  
 last night I came to this town, and shall leave it I believe on Monday.  
 The first man I met in Chester was J. Layard, he & your Lady were  
 some hours about buying a Fine in order to have seen to sell their estate  
 they were found every thing upon very well. They both desire to present  
 their humble service to you: They do not think of going till next year.  
 I got a letter from my horse ~~last~~ riding here from Rushy, but no horse,  
 the horse understanding fully very well, and being quickly told I got up,  
 my dog to be top of C. I saw him returning from Rushy, but he saw not  
 me I take it ill he was not at Concoration & that I hear not the name to  
 my power. I say I will take of resolution of going to him, and rising there  
 much of I can. Let to Dr of Poplar remind to the of Hillside to send me a letter  
 with one indite to be top of Lichfield. But not so, I will pay for their letter.  
 Mr. at his Office at the Lockport, near Whitehall. But not so, I will pay for their letter.  
 I have not here again to finish this letter we must be short or long.  
 anxiously. I write this Post to Mrs. Wray, and will tell her that I have  
 taken care this may have her Bill of 110<sup>0</sup> whenever she chooses to send for  
 it, and in that case I desire you will send it her in time & feeling and  
 have it ready to in case she should send her it otherwise keep it. I will  
 say no more till I hear whether I go to day or no, if I do the letter is  
 almost at an end. My Lady St. John is grown prodigiously old - You strongly  
 keep her health. I go to get her to marry, and get her health - I am perfectly  
 content to return as soon as I have done my Commission whether it succeed or no  
 I mean what the King will do little more in my life. I am sure made.  
 say, I shall send to Lodging, I will quit them, and pay her from July. 9  
 best, and Mrs. Broad must write to Perisod with orders accordingly. The last  
 is now from London and just going out, so I have not time to give it to the post  
 with me. I am sure

FACSIMILE OF LETTER I



from London ad just going out; so I have only time to pray Gd to bress poor richr Md FW FW Md Md Me Me Me.

*Address:* To Mrs. Dingley, at Mr.  
Curry's House over against  
the Ram in Capel-street  
Ireland Dublin

*Endorsements by* (1) *Above address:* Sepr. 9th. Receiv'd  
*Esther Johnson:* (2) *To right, on fold:* 1st.

MD Recd. this Sepr. 9.<sup>20</sup>

## LETTER II

[SATURDAY]

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

I GOT here last Thursday<sup>1</sup> after five days travelling, weary the first, almost dead the second, tolerable the third, and well enough the rest; and am now glad of the fatigue, which has served for exercise; and I am at present well enough. The Whigs were ravished to see me, and would lay hold on me as a twig while they are drowning, and the great men making me their clumsy apologies, &c.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Above Stella's first endorsement is written in another hand, 'Sepr. 2.' Above the second endorsement Swift wrote, and then scrawled out, two lines. The first word appears to be 'Parkgate'. This is followed by the date, in Swift's hand, 'Augst. <sup>31.</sup> 1710'. Below the second endorsement Swift has written, 'Letters to Irel'd from Sepr. 1710 began soon after the change of Ministry. Nothing in this'.

<sup>1</sup> In the Forster Collection, South Kensington, there is a small book (507) of private accounts in Swift's hand. At the foot of a page showing his expenses for 1710 he has written: 'Sett out for Engl Aug. 31st on Thursday, 10 at night: landed | at Parkgate Friday 1. at noon. Septbr. 1st. 1710. came to | London. Thursday at noon. Sepbr. 7th. with Ld Mountjoy &c.' On the next page, under accounts for the first week in September he has written: '[Memd. Ld Mountjoy bore my Expences from Chester to London]'.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter of the same date to Archbishop King Swift uses almost similar words. 'Upon my arrival here I found myself equally caressed by both parties, by one as a sort of bough for drowning men to lay hold of; and by the other as one discontented with the late men in power' (*Corresp.* i.

Wharton<sup>5</sup> was ridiculing it t'other day; so I have lost a friend there. I have not yet seen her, nor intend it; but I will contrive to see Stella's mother<sup>6</sup> some other way. I writ to the bishop of Clogher from Chester; and I now write to the archbishop of Dublin.<sup>7</sup> Every thing is turning upside down; every Whig in great office will, to a man, be infallibly put out; and we shall have such a winter as hath not been seen in England. Every body asks me, how I came to be so long in Ireland, as naturally as if here were my *Being*; but no soul offers to make it so: and I protest I shall return to Dublin,

pp. 243-9, is prejudiced in favour of Lady Giffard; but she is doubtless right in suggesting that the chief reason for objection to publication was the disparagement of Arthur Capel, first Earl of Essex, whose widow was one of Lady Giffard's close friends. Cf. H. E. Woodbridge, *Sir William Temple*, pp. 327-8.

<sup>5</sup> Lucy, daughter and heir of Viscount Lisburn, married in 1692 Thomas Wharton (p. 10 n.<sup>21</sup>), who succeeded his father in the barony in 1696, and was created Earl of Wharton in 1706. She brought her husband a large fortune. Swift's allusion to her 'Gallantries' (*Prose Works*, v. 10) was not unjustified. She died 5 Feb. 1716, about nine months after the death of her husband.

<sup>6</sup> Her Christian name was Bridget, and she married as her first husband Edward Johnson (*Publications of the Surrey Parish Register Society*, i. 75, 78, 85, 117) who was, according to Orrery (*Remarks*, 1752, p. 22), Sir William Temple's steward. Swift tells us that 'she had little to boast of her birth' (*Prose Works*, xi. 127). Later she married Ralph Mose, also steward to Temple. On his death, 1699, Temple left her £20. For many years she served as waiting-woman to Lady Giffard, who, in 1722, bequeathed her £20, together with a silver cup and cover. Mrs. Mose died in 1745. The account given of her by a contributor (possibly John Hawkesworth) to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Nov. 1757, xxvii. 487 ff., must be accepted with caution.

<sup>7</sup> William King, 1650-1729, was an outstanding figure in Irish Church life and politics; and his *De Origine Mali* displayed scholarly thought. He became Bishop of Derry in 1691, and Archbishop of Dublin in 1703. He was a strong Whig and upholder of the principles of the revolution. This led to an estrangement when Swift joined the Tories; but King's opposition to the scheme for a national bank, 1720-1, and to Wood's coinage, 1724-5, revived their friendship. See *D.N.B.*; *Corresp.* and *Prose Works passim*; *Poems*, pp. 242, 339, 1117.

and the Canal at Laracor,<sup>8</sup> with more satisfaction than ever I did in my life. The Tatler<sup>9</sup> expects every day to be turned out of his employment; and the duke of Ormond,<sup>10</sup> they say, will be lieutenant of Ireland. I hope you are now peaceably in Presto's<sup>11</sup> lodgings; but I resolve to turn you out by Christmas; in which time I shall either do my business, or find it not to be done. Pray be at Trim by the time this letter comes to you, and ride little Johnson,<sup>12</sup> who must needs be now in good case. I have begun this letter unusually, on the post-night, and have already written to the archbishop;<sup>13</sup> and cannot lengthen this. Henceforth I will write something every day to MD, and make it a sort of journal; and when it is full, I will send it whether MD writes or no; and so that will be pretty: and I shall always be in conversation with MD, and MD with

<sup>8</sup> On 16 Feb. 1699-1700 Swift was presented to the livings of Laracor, Agher, and Rathbeggan, worth in all rather over £200 a year. Laracor is in co. Meath, about two miles from the town of Trim. He found both parsonage and church dilapidated. Among improvements, inspired probably by the memory of Moor Park, he cleared the bed of a small stream bounding his garden and planted willows by its course. See Forster, *Life*, p. 121.

<sup>9</sup> Steele's *Tatler* had been appearing thrice weekly since 12 Apr. 1709. He lost the Gazetteership in October 1710. See p. 57.

<sup>10</sup> James Butler, second Duke of Ormonde, 1665-1745, was, on 26 Oct., appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for a second term of office. After the dismissal of Marlborough (see p. 452) he was, in 1712, appointed commander-in-chief and captain-general. He was impeached of high treason, 21 June 1715, and fled to France. He was attainted, his estates forfeited, and he died in exile in 1745.

<sup>11</sup> Presto. See Introduction, p. lviii.

<sup>12</sup> Stella was fond of riding, and Swift, who was a good horseman, urged her to ride for her health. There are several references to her horses and riding in the *Journal*. Swift is anxious to know if she rides, and rides often; he offers her the present of a horse in place of an unsatisfactory animal; he is glad to learn that she is riding, and pretends astonishment that she has ridden nine miles. As late as 1725 he wrote to Sheridan about a horse with 'a terrible hitch in his pace', which Stella found 'uneasy' (*Corresp.* iii. 257-8). It is possible, by that time, that Stella's discomfort was really due to her state of health.

<sup>13</sup> *Corresp.* i. 192.



Presto. Pray make Parvisol pay you the ten pounds immediately; so I ordered him. They tell me I am grown fatter, and look better; and, on Monday, Jervas<sup>14</sup> is to retouch my picture, I thought I saw Jack Temple<sup>15</sup> and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family. Tell the provost<sup>16</sup> I have obeyed his commands to the duke of Ormond; or let it alone, if you please. I saw Jemmy Leigh<sup>17</sup> just now at the Coffee-house, who asked after you

<sup>14</sup> Swift sat to Charles Jervas (1675?-1739) for his portrait during his previous visit to London. When he left in May 1709 the portrait was unfinished. Jervas now began again, and two days later gave the picture 'quite another turn' (p. 14). This portrait is almost certainly that presented to the University of Oxford in 1739 by Alderman Barber, and now in the Bodleian Library. It was engraved by Vertue in 1716. See Forster's *Life*, pp. 226-7, 278 n.; and the essay on 'The Portraits of Swift', *Prose Works*, xii. 5-12. This portrait is reproduced as a frontispiece to Forster's *Life* and in vol. ix of the *Prose Works*. It is an attractive portrait representing Swift in the prime of his powers.

<sup>15</sup> A nephew of Sir William Temple, the second son of Sir William's younger brother, Sir John Temple, Speaker of the House of Commons of Ireland, who died in 1704. John Temple married Elizabeth, elder daughter of Sir William's last surviving son, John, who committed suicide in 1689, and he thus acquired the estate of Moor Park. In 1706 Swift was on sufficiently good terms with John Temple to receive an invitation to stay at Moor Park, which, however, he declined (*Corresp.* i. 57). Although, writing to Stella, Swift speaks curtly of John Temple, and could only exchange 'two or three careless words' with him on a chance meeting three months later, he seems to have disliked him less than he did Lady Giffard and Henry Temple, later Viscount Palmerston. In 1737 he presented John Temple with a portrait of Lady Giffard, and courteously requested some assistance for Rebecca Dingley, who was a relation (*Corresp.* v. 416-18).

<sup>16</sup> Benjamin Pratt, a man of considerable fortune and cultivated tastes, became Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1710. In 1717 he was appointed Dean of Down. Although Swift was on friendly terms with him he satirized his marriage with Philippa, daughter of the sixth Earl of Abercorn, in a poem written shortly after Pratt's death in Dec. 1721. See *Poems*, p. 289.

<sup>17</sup> Two brothers, James and Tom Leigh, receive frequent mention in the *Journal*. James, who was on friendly terms with Stella, was an Irish landowner, seated at Walterstown, near Dundalk, but very much of an

with great kindness: he talks of going in a fortnight to Ireland. My service to the dean,<sup>18</sup> and Mrs. Walls and her archdeacon.<sup>19</sup> Will Frankland's<sup>20</sup> wife is near bringing to-bed, and I have promised to christen the child. I fancy you had my Chester letter the Tuesday after I writ. I presented Dr. Raymond to lord Wharton<sup>21</sup> at Chester.

absentee, with a liking for London life. The Rev. Thomas Leigh, whose formal ways annoyed Swift, held several preferments in the diocese of Armagh. See Leslie, *Armagh Clergy*, p. 309; *Fasts Eccl. Hib.*, iii. 59, 298; *Poems*, pp. 217 n., 968 n.

<sup>18</sup> John Stearne, or Sterne, 1660-1745, preceded Swift as Dean of St. Patrick's, 1702-12. He was appointed Bishop of Dromore in 1713, and succeeded St. George Ashe, Swift's former tutor, in the bishopric of Clogher, whither Swift accompanied him for his enthronement (*Corresp.* ii. 383). Stearne was distinguished in his benefactions, but had a reputation for plain hospitality (*Poems*, 261 n.).

<sup>19</sup> The Rev. Thomas Walls, after leaving Trinity College, Dublin, became master of a school attached to St. Patrick's Cathedral, a post which he held in conjunction with the Archdeaconry of Achonry. Later he resigned his schoolmastership and became incumbent of Castleknock, near Dublin. In 1710, before he crossed over to England, Swift had written a poem ridiculing the diminutive vestry of Castleknock church (*Poems*, p. 125). In later life Walls seems to have fallen out of favour with Swift (*Corresp.* v. 355). He and his wife, Dorothy, whose maiden name was Newman, were on exceedingly friendly terms with Stella and Mrs. Dingley, who seem to have lived with them for a great part of the years 1714-17. See *Corresp. passim*.

<sup>20</sup> William Frankland, second son of Sir Thomas Frankland, Postmaster-General (for whom see p. 12 n.5), was Comptroller of the Inland Office at the Post Office. Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, vi. 333, 31 July 1708, states that he was made Treasurer of the Stamp Office.

<sup>21</sup> Thomas Wharton, 1648-1715, the son of a puritanical father, became a notorious profligate. He was, however, a man of character and ability, who, throughout a long and active public career, remained a consistent Whig. He was dismissed from his posts on the accession of Queen Anne; but in 1706 he was created Earl of Wharton; and in 1708 he was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The news of Godolphin's dismissal hastened Wharton's departure for England (*Prose Works*, v. 378). He and Swift had crossed from Dublin on the same day. The reference to Wharton in this letter, and the tenor of his letter to Addison of 22 Aug. (*Corresp.* i. 188 and note) suggest that, much as he disliked Wharton's government of Ireland and his desire to repeal the Test Act, Swift had not

Pray let me know when Joe gets his money.<sup>22</sup> It is near ten, and I hate to send by the bell-man.<sup>23</sup> MD shall have a longer letter in a week, but I send this only to tell I am safe in London; and so farewell, &c.

### LETTER III

[SATURDAY]

London, Sept. 9, 1710.

AFTER seeing the duke of Ormond, dining with Dr. Cockburn,<sup>1</sup> passing some part of the afternoon with sir Matthew Dudley<sup>2</sup> and Will Frankland, the rest at St. James's Coffee-house,<sup>3</sup> I came home and writ to the archbishop of Dublin and MD, and am going to bed. I forgot to tell you, that I begged Will Frankland to stand Manley's<sup>4</sup>

yet conceived the contempt and hatred which inspired his attack, on 30 Nov. in *The Examiner*, No. 18. St. John wrote of Wharton: 'His administration in Ireland was in many respects scandalous, but his corruption was perhaps greater than any you ever heard of' (*Bolingbroke's Letters*, 1798, i. 36; 5 Jan. 1710-11).

<sup>22</sup> The money was the reward the Government had promised Beaumont for his mathematical slaying tables. See p. 1 n.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>23</sup> The night-watchman.

<sup>1</sup> William Cockburn, 1669-1739, Swift's physician, received his medical education at Leyden. He invented a specific for dysentery, and made a considerable fortune by practice in London. He published a number of pamphlets on medical topics. See *D.N.B.*

<sup>2</sup> Sir Matthew Dudley, of Clapton, Northamptonshire, succeeded as second baronet in 1670. He was M.P. for Northampton, 1703-5, for Huntingdonshire, 1713-15, and, as a Whig in politics, his place as Commissioner of the Customs, to which he was appointed in 1706, was now in some danger. He was not, however, dismissed till 1712 (*post*, p. 484). He was reappointed to the office after the accession of George I, and held it till his death in 1721 (*Complete Baronetage*, iii. 101).

<sup>3</sup> St. James's Coffee-house stood at the lower end of St. James's Street and looked along Pall Mall. It was kept by a Mrs. Elliot, and sometimes went by the name of 'Dame Elliot's' (*Poems*, p. 1120 n.). The St. James's was a resort of the Whigs, and according to an Irish visitor, writing in 1708, a 'rendezvous of our countrymen' (*Corresp.* i. 101 n.). See also *Memorials of St. James's Street*, E. Beresford Chancellor, pp. 170-5.

<sup>4</sup> Isaac Manley, William Frankland's predecessor in the London office (p. 10 n.<sup>20</sup>), was appointed Postmaster-General in Ireland in 1703 (Luttrell,

friend with his father in this shaking season for places. He told me his father<sup>5</sup> was in danger to be out; that several were now soliciting for Manley's place; that he was accused of opening letters;<sup>6</sup> that sir Thomas Frankland would sacrifice every thing to save himself; and in that I fear Manley is undone, &c.

10. To-day I dined with lord Mountjoy at Kensington; saw my mistress, Ophy Butler's<sup>7</sup> wife, who is grown a little charmless. I sat till ten in the evening with Addison<sup>8</sup>

*Brief Relation*, v. 333). At the time Swift was writing Manley was in fear lest, as a Whig, he should be dismissed his post. But he retained his place until superannuated, and died in Dublin in 1735. His house was often visited by Stella for a game of cards.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Thomas Frankland succeeded his father as second baronet in 1697. He was joint Postmaster-General in England from 1690 to 1715, a Commissioner of the Customs, 1715-18, and died in 1726. His conduct of the business of the Post Office was marked by great ability. In Macky's *Characters* he is described as 'a Gentleman of a very sweet, easy, affable Disposition, of good Sense, extreme zealous for the Constitution of his Country'. Against this Swift wrote: 'A fair Character' (*Prose Works*, x. 281).

<sup>6</sup> The Tories feared that Manley would intercept and open official correspondence. In 1714 Shrewsbury, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, suspected that letters from Oxford had been stopped (*Bath MSS.* i. 244-5). For several years Manley tampered with Swift's correspondence (*Corresp.* ii. 262, 423-4; iii. 12, 139, 228). See p. 29.

<sup>7</sup> Theophilus Butler, a contemporary of Swift's at Trinity College, Dublin, and eldest son of Francis Butler of Belturbet, co. Cavan, was M.P. for co. Cavan, 1703-13, and for Belturbet, 1713-14. He was created Baron of Newtown-Butler in 1715. In Apr. 1702 he married Emily, daughter of James Stopford of Tara Hill, co. Meath. She appears to have died in 1721. Her husband died in 1724 and they were both buried in St. Anne's Church, Dublin (Lodge, *Peerage of Ireland*, ii. 395 ff.; *Complete Peerage*, ix. 557-8; *Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. Nichol Smith, p. 92 n.<sup>3</sup>). Lord Newtown-Butler was responsible for the important manuscript collection of verse, *The Whimsical Medley*, now in the library of Trinity College, Dublin (*Poems*, p. xlviii).

<sup>8</sup> Swift appears to have made the acquaintance of Addison during his previous visit to England, probably early in 1708, for an invitation to dinner from Addison, dated 29 Feb. 1707-8 (*Corresp.* i. 79-80) suggests that they had not known each other long. The introduction may have been due to Philip Frowde, for whom see p. 81 n.<sup>16</sup>; or, possibly, Sir Andrew Fountaine may have brought them together (*Poems*, pp. 89-90).

and Steele: Steele will certainly lose his Gazetteer's place, all the world detesting his engaging in parties.<sup>9</sup> At ten I went to the Coffee-house, hoping to find lord Radnor,<sup>10</sup> whom I had not seen. He was there; for an hour and a half we talked treason heartily against the Whigs, their baseness and ingratitude. And I am come home rolling resentments in my mind, and framing schemes of revenge: full of which (having written down some hints) I go to bed. I am afraid MD dined at home, because it is Sunday; and there was the little half-pint of wine: for God's sake be good girls, and all will be well. Ben Tooke<sup>11</sup> was with me this morning.

11. Seven morning. I am rising to go to Jervas to finish my picture, and 'tis shaving day, so good morrow MD; but don't keep me now, for I can't stay; and pray dine with the dean,<sup>12</sup> but don't lose your money. I long to hear from you, &c.—Ten at night. I sat four hours

<sup>9</sup> As editor of the *London Gazette* Steele should have refrained from party politics, but in *The Tatler*, No. 193, 4 July 1710, a letter appeared satirizing Harley and his new ministry. The letter has been attributed to Anthony Henley and Temple Stanyan. In *The Guardian*, No. 53, Steele disavowed authorship. See Aitken's edition of *The Tatler*, iii. 406 n.<sup>3</sup>, where the matter is discussed; *Journal*, 22 Oct. 1710; *Prose Works*, v. 288; and Rae Blanchard, *Correspondence of Richard Steele*, p. 43 n.

<sup>10</sup> Charles Bodvile Robartes, second Earl of Radnor, born in 1660, succeeded to the title in 1685. In 1688 he took up arms for the Prince of Orange. He was Lord Lieutenant of Cornwall, 1696–1705; and again 1714–23. He died in 1723.

<sup>11</sup> Benjamin Tooke, originally a printer in Dublin, combined this business with bookselling in London, where he made a beginning about 1669. His place of business was at the Middle Temple Gate, Fleet Street. He published for Swift the third part of Temple's *Miscellanea*, 1701, the third part of Temple's *Memoirs*, 1709, arranged for the publication of the fifth edition of *A Tale of a Tub*, 1710, and the *Miscellanies* of 1711 (*Corresp.* i. 185–6). Later references in the *Journal* show that he assisted Swift in money transactions. See also Bodleian MS. Montagu d. 1. 152. In July 1711 he was, through Swift's influence, appointed printer of the *Gazette*. He died in 1716, and was succeeded by his son, also Benjamin. See Plomer's *Dictionary of Booksellers and Printers, 1668–1725*.

<sup>12</sup> John Stearne, Dean of St. Patrick's, for whom see p. 10 n.<sup>18</sup>

this morning to Jervas, who has given my picture quite another turn, and now approves it entirely; but we must have the approbation of the town. If I were rich enough, I would get a copy of it and bring it over. Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening; and I am now come home to write an hour. Patrick<sup>13</sup> observes that the rabble here are much more inquisitive in politicks, than in Ireland. Every day we expect changes, and the Parliament to be dissolved. Lord Wharton<sup>14</sup> expects every day to be out: he is working like a horse for elections; and, in short, I never saw so great a ferment among all sorts of people. I had a miserable letter from Joe last Saturday, telling me Mr. Pratt<sup>15</sup> refuses payment of his money. I have told it Mr. Addison, and will to lord Wharton; but I fear with no success. However, I will do all I can.

<sup>13</sup> Swift's servant, against whom we meet with many complaints in the *Journal* for drunkenness and irregular habits; but he must have had redeeming qualities, for he came to Swift a second time on 9 Feb. 1709-10, as Swift noted in his 'Account of Expences From Novbr. 1. 1709 to Novbr. 1. 1710' (Forster, 507). He left Swift finally in Apr. 1712 (p. 529 n.<sup>37</sup>).

<sup>14</sup> As noted above, p. 10 n.<sup>21</sup>, Wharton had crossed to England to use his political influence in stemming the tide which was setting against the Whigs. See *Corresp.* i. 198 n.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Captain John Pratt was Deputy Vice-Treasurer of Ireland and Constable of Dublin Castle, a position he owed to the influence of the Duke of Ormonde. Swift was on friendly terms with him for a number of years and entrusted him with money affairs. Unfortunately, in 1725, Pratt was adjudged guilty of defalcations in the public accounts and committed to prison (*Corresp.* iii. 241 n.<sup>3</sup>; *Poems*, p. 773 n.). Dr. Ball was of opinion that Swift owed the facts used by him in *A Short Character of Wharton* to John Pratt and Sir Richard Levinge (for whom see p. 93 n.<sup>13</sup>). After his downfall Pratt took to exploiting coal and manufacturing glass in Ireland; and, at this period, he was bitterly satirized by William King in *The Toast*, 1732 and 1736. His elder brother, Benjamin Pratt (for whom see p. 9 n.<sup>16</sup>), was Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. John Pratt may be identical with the Adjutant of the same name, who was, in 1693, in Brig.-Gen. Thomas Erle's Regiment of Foot. In 1694 he was appointed a Lieutenant in Erle's other regiment. He became a Captain in 1703; but was out of the regiment in 1706. Dalton's *English Army Lists*, iii. 332; v. 280, 281, 282, 290, 292.

12. To-day I presented Mr. Ford<sup>16</sup> to the duke of Ormond; and paid my first visit to lord-president,<sup>17</sup> with whom I had much discourse; but put him always off when he began to talk of lord Wharton in relation to me, till he urged it: then I said, he knew I never expected any thing from lord Wharton, and that lord Wharton knew that I understood it so. He said that he had written twice to lord Wharton about me, who both times said nothing at all to that part of his letter.<sup>18</sup> I am advised not to meddle in the affair of the First-Fruits, till this hurry is a little over,

The money which John Pratt refused to pay Beaumont was a government award. See p. 1 n.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Charles Ford, son of Edward Ford, or Forth, and grandson of Sir Robert Forth, was born in Dublin on 31 Jan. 1681-2. He was left with a moderate fortune and the small estate of Woodpark, co. Meath. He became one of Swift's most trusted friends, and is frequently mentioned in the *Journal*. In 1712 Swift procured for him the office of Gazetteer, see p. 543. He was an absentee landlord who spent most of his time in London, where he died in 1741. Swift wrote to him a series of intimate letters. For the best account of Ford see *Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. D. Nichol Smith, 1935. See also *Corresp. passim*; *Poems*, pp. 309-10, 720.

<sup>17</sup> John, Lord Somers, born in 1651, the son of a country attorney, raised himself to high position by singular ability. He won distinction as one of the counsel for the seven bishops in 1688. He asserted the abdication of James II, was in favour with William III, and, after holding office as Solicitor General and Lord Keeper, he became Lord Chancellor in 1697, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Somers of Evesham. In 1700 he surrendered the great seal; and he was one of the four Whig lords impeached in 1701 for their share in the partition treaties. But in 1708 he was sworn Lord President of the Council. Swift's *Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons*, 1701, defended Somers under the name of Aristides. This led to friendly relations between the two; and *A Tale of a Tub* was dedicated to him. Swift's secession to the Tories led to estrangement, and in later life he described Somers as possessed of 'all excellent qualifications except virtue' (*Prose Works*, x. 275). In his *Enquiry into the Behaviour of the Queen's Last Ministry* (*Prose Works*, v. 438) Swift tells us that the Queen had the highest personal regard, 'her nature was capable of admitting', for Somers.

<sup>18</sup> In his *Character* Swift charges Wharton with never refusing a promise or intending to keep it; and he gives examples of bad faith, except upon a bargain, 'for he will be sure to keep the latter, when he has had the fairest Offer'.

which still depends, and we are all in the dark. Lord-president told me he expects every day to be out, and has done so these two months. I protest upon my life, I am heartily weary of this town, and wish I had never stirred.

13. I went this morning to the city to see Mr. Stratford<sup>19</sup> the Hamburgh merchant, my old school-fellow; but called at Bull's<sup>20</sup> on Ludgate-hill, he forced me to his house at Hampstead to dinner among a great deal of ill company; among the rest Mr. Hoadley,<sup>21</sup> the whig clergyman, so famous for acting the contrary part to Sacheverell:<sup>22</sup>

<sup>19</sup> Francis Stratford and Swift were together at the grammar school of Kilkenny, a foundation of the Ormonde family. Two other schoolfellows were his cousin, Thomas Swift, and William Congreve. (Forster, *Life of Swift*, p. 26.) Stratford and Swift went up to Trinity College, Dublin, in the same year, 1682 (*Alumni Dublinenses*). It has generally been supposed that Budgell had Swift and Stratford in mind, when, in *The Spectator*, No. 353, he contrasted 'two persons who were formerly school-fellows', of whom one, a man of genius 'is at present buried in a country parsonage of eight-score pounds a-year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds'. But Swift was not at the time, nor had for long been 'buried' in the country; Stratford does not seem to have lacked ability, and when Budgell's paper appeared, 15 Apr. 1712, he had been bankrupt for about three months. See p. 462. The illustration may have been imaginary.

<sup>20</sup> A Whig haberdasher, according to Aitken. Ryland adds that he was a relation of Bishop Bull, for whom see p. 23 n<sup>45</sup>.

<sup>21</sup> Benjamin Hoadly, at this time a London incumbent, was an ardent Whig, and had been engaged in controversy with Tory Churchmen, including Atterbury and Sacheverell. He became a hero of the Whigs, and in 1715 was advanced to the see of Bangor. His famous sermon on the text, 'My kingdom is not of this world', delivered in 1717, led to the Bangorian controversy.

<sup>22</sup> Henry Sacheverell, who became preacher of St. Saviour's, Southwark, in 1705, quickly gained popular reputation as an orator. On 5 Nov. 1709 he delivered a sermon at St. Paul's, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, upon 'The Perils of false Brethren', asserting high Tory principles and the doctrine of non-resistance. This was a repetition of a sermon he had preached at Oxford, 23 Dec. 1705 (*Reliquiae Hearnianae*, 1869, i. 87, 169-70). He was impeached before the House of Lords, and, on 23 Mar. 1710, by a majority of seventeen, judgement of suspension for three years was pronounced. But Sacheverell had become a popular hero, the sense of the country was against the government, and the High Church



but to-morrow I design again to see Stratford. I was glad, however, to be at Hampstead, where I saw lady Lucy<sup>23</sup> and Moll Stanhope. I hear very unfortunate news of Mrs. Long;<sup>24</sup> she and her comrade<sup>25</sup> have broke up house, and

party had won a virtual victory. Swift was accustomed to attribute the downfall of the Whig ministry to the result of the trial. See p. 342; *Memoirs Relating to that Change in the Queen's Ministry, Prose Works*, v. 364-5, 386; *The Four Last Years of the Queen, Prose Works*, x. 24, 53.

<sup>23</sup> Catherine, daughter of Charles Cotton, Isaac Walton's friend, was married to Sir Berkeley Lucy, Bart., of Facombe and Netley, in Hampshire. Sir Berkeley Lucy's mother was Theophila, second daughter of George, first Earl of Berkeley, and it seems probable, therefore, that Swift made the acquaintance of the Lucys through the Berkeleys. Lady Lucy died in 1740. Her husband died at the age of 87 in 1759, when the baronetcy became extinct (*Complete Baronetage*, i. 114). Lady Lucy's elder sister, Olive, married George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury (p. 313 n.<sup>24</sup>), and her daughter, Mary, Swift's 'Moll Stanhope', a noted beauty, married in 1712 William Burnet, a son of the Bishop of Salisbury.

<sup>24</sup> Miss Anne Long was a sister of Sir James Long, Bart., of Draycot, Wiltshire, who was born about 1682, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1697 (*Complete Baronetage*, iii. 259). Swift became acquainted with her through the Vanhomrighs to whom she was related. She was a celebrated beauty, and a toast of the Kit-Cat Club. In Dec. 1707 or Jan. 1708 (*Corresp.* iii. 457) Swift drew up 'A Decree for Concluding the Treaty between Dr. Swift and Mrs. Long', which was printed by Curll in a miscellany collection entitled *Letters, Poems, and Tales: Amorous, Satyrical, and Gallant. Which passed between Several Persons of Distinction*, 1718. Her pecuniary difficulties were in part due to her own imprudence and in part to the harshness of relations (*post*, p. 445). She retired to King's Lynn, where she died on 22 Dec. 1711. See Nichols's edition of Swift's *Works*, 1801, viii. 372 n.; *Prose Works*, xi. 383-6; *Corresp.* i. 143 n.<sup>3</sup>, 299 n., 305 n., 307-9; *Portland MSS.* vii. 284; *Poems*, pp. 913 n., 1069-70.

<sup>25</sup> Miss Long's comrade is said to have been Catherine Barton, niece to Sir Isaac Newton. The statement that she was the widow of Colonel Barton (for whom see p. 380 n.<sup>2</sup>) is a mistake, for her maiden name was Barton. She was a beautiful woman, and her relations with Lord Halifax aroused comment. In 1717 she married John Conduitt, who succeeded Newton as Master of the Mint. It seems unlikely that Catherine Barton was Miss Long's companion in retirement, for Swift often speaks of her as in London during 1710-11. See also *Works*, ed. Nichols, 1801, xii. 342 n., xiv. 201 n.; *Corresp.* i. 144 n.<sup>1</sup>; iv. 146 n.<sup>1</sup> For discussions of her relations with Lord Halifax see Professor De Morgan in *Notes and Queries*,

she is broke for good and all, and is gone to the country: I should be extremely sorry if this be true.

14. To-day I saw Patty Rolt,<sup>26</sup> who heard I was in town; and I dined with Stratford at a merchant's in the city, where I drank the first Tockay wine I ever saw; and it is admirable, yet not to the degree I expected. Stratford is worth a plumb,<sup>27</sup> and is now lending the Government forty thousand pounds; yet we were educated together at the same school and university. We hear the chancellor<sup>28</sup> is to be suddenly out, and sir Simon Harcourt to succeed him.<sup>29</sup> I am come early home, not caring for the Coffee-house.

15. To-day Mr. Addison, colonel Freind<sup>30</sup> and I went

1S. viii. 429, and others, viii. 258, 543, 590; and Col. J. L. Chester, *Westminster Abbey Registers (Publications of the Harleian Society)*, p. 354.

<sup>26</sup> The exact relationship of Patty Rolt to Swift cannot be traced. She was a favourite with him, and is frequently mentioned in his letters and in the *Journal*. She had been deserted by her first husband, who appears to have found it advisable to live abroad. In indigent circumstances she moved from one cheap lodging to another, attempting, so Swift says (p. 321), to live on eighteen pounds a year. She married, as her second husband, a servant of the Earl of Sussex called Lancelot. But Swift was still giving her financial assistance in 1735 (*Corresp.* v. 254). The William Lancelot of New Bond Street, whose death is recorded in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Aug. 1743, xiii. 443, may have been her husband. On Swift's cousins see further p. 72 n.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>27</sup> £100,000.

<sup>28</sup> William Cowper, a pronounced Whig, succeeded his father as second baronet in 1706, and in December of the same year he was created Baron Cowper. In the following May he became Lord Chancellor in the Godolphin Ministry. In 1710 he presided at the trial of Sacheverell. He was again Lord Chancellor under George I, 1714-18. On retirement from office he was created an earl. He died in 1723. In *The Four Last Years of the Queen* Swift gives a sketch of his character (*Prose Works*, x. 28-9).

<sup>29</sup> Simon Harcourt, a skilful barrister, successively represented several constituencies in the Tory interest. In 1701 he was chosen by the House of Commons to direct the impeachment of Somers. He was Attorney-General, 1707-8. At the trial of Sacheverell he conducted the defence. He was the most accomplished speaker of his day (Burnet's *Own Time*, 1833, v. 427 n.). In *The Faggot* (1714) Swift calls him 'trimming Harcourt' (*Poems*, p. 190 and n.).

<sup>30</sup> Possibly a relation of Dr. John Freind (p. 91 n.<sup>4</sup>), although no officer

to see the million lottery drawn at Guildhall.<sup>31</sup> The jackanapes of blue-coat boys gave themselves such airs in pulling out the tickets, and shewed white hands open to the company, to let us see there was no cheat. We dined at a country-house near Chelsea, where Mr. Addison often retires; and to-night, at the Coffee-house, we hear sir Simon Harcourt is made lord-keeper;<sup>32</sup> so that now we expect every moment the Parliament will be dissolved; but I forgot that this letter will not go in three or four days, and that my news will be stale, which I should therefore put in the last paragraph. Shall I send this letter before I hear from MD, or shall I keep it to lengthen? I have not yet seen Stella's mother, because I will not see lady Giffard; but I will contrive to go there when lady Giffard is abroad. I forgot to mark my two former letters; but I remember this is Number 3, and I have not yet had Number 1 from MD; but I shall by Monday,<sup>33</sup> which I reckon will be just a fortnight after you had my first. I am resolved to

named 'Freind', or 'Friend' appears in Dalton's *Army Lists*. The suggestion that Swift wrote 'Froud', and that he should be identified with the 'Colonel Proud', or 'Froud', mentioned by him on 4 Nov. 1710, is also a possibility. See p. 81 n.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>31</sup> State lotteries as a means of raising revenue, discarded in 1699, were now revived, and were not discontinued till 1823. See *Wentworth Papers*, ed. J. J. Cartwright, pp. 116, 126, 127, 129, 130, 148, 165, and *The Diary of John Hervey, First Earl of Bristol*, p. 52, for references to the lottery of 1710. The mania for gambling excited by lotteries was satirized by Steele in *The Tatler*, Nos. 124, 170, 203, and by Addison in *The Spectator*, No. 191. See Bolingbroke's *Letters*, 1798, i. 62-4; Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, i. 114; Lecky's *Hist. of England in the Eighteenth Century*, 1. 522-3; and Cecil L'Estrange Ewen, *Lotteries and Sweepstakes*, 1932.

<sup>32</sup> The Great Seal was put into commission. Harcourt was, in the first instance, restored to place as Attorney General, but on 9 Oct. 1710, before the next meeting of Parliament, he was named Lord Keeper and sworn of the Privy Council.

<sup>33</sup> See p. 5. Swift's first letter was endorsed by Stella as received on 9 Sept., a Saturday. The Monday on which Swift hoped to receive Stella's letter would be the 18th. He did not receive it till Thursday the 21st. See p. 21 and n.<sup>38</sup>

bring over a great deal of china.<sup>34</sup> I loved it mightily to-day. What shall I bring?

16. Morning. Sir John Holland, comptroller of the household,<sup>35</sup> has sent to desire my acquaintance: I have a mind to refuse him because he is a Whig, and will, I suppose, be out among the rest; but he is a man of worth and learning. Tell me, do you like this journal way of writing? Is it not tedious and dull?

Night. I dined to-day with a cousin, a printer,<sup>36</sup> where Patty Rolt lodges, and then came home, after a visit or two; and it has been a very insipid day. Mrs. Long's misfortune is confirmed to me; bailiffs were in her house; she retired to private lodgings; thence to the country, nobody knows where; her friends leave letters at some inn, and they are carried to her; and she writes answers without dating them from any place. I swear it grieves me to the soul.

17. To-day I dined six miles out of town, with Will Pate the learned woollen-draper;<sup>37</sup> Mr. Stratford went with me: six miles here is nothing: we left Pate after sun-

<sup>34</sup> Stella was fond of china (*post*, p. 310), and for a time seems to have communicated her passion to Swift, but he outgrew it (*post*, pp. 43, 72).

<sup>35</sup> Sir John Holland, grandson and heir of Sir John Holland, the first baronet of Quidenham, co. Norfolk, succeeded to the baronetcy in 1701. He was M.P. for Norfolk, 1701-10. In 1709 he was named of the Privy Council, and was Comptroller of the Household, 1709-11. He died about 1724.

<sup>36</sup> Dryden Leach. See p. 72 n.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>37</sup> William Pate is first mentioned by Swift in a letter to Robert Hunter, 12 Jan. 1709, as 'both a *bel esprit* and a woollen-draper' (*Corresp.* i. 134). He was born in 1666, entered business as a woollen-draper, and lived opposite the Royal Exchange. He was known as 'the learned tradesman', and was on friendly terms with Swift, Arbuthnot, Steele, and other men of letters. In 1734 he was one of the sheriffs of London. He died in 1746, and was buried at Lee in Kent where he had lived for many years. His epitaph, in view of the year of his death, is hardly likely to have been composed by Swift as has been stated. See further *D.N.B.*; Nichols, *Lit. Anec.* i. 98 n.; *Works*, 1801, xviii. 463-4; *Tale of a Tub*, ed. Guthkelch and Nichol Smith, pp. lxi-lxii; and Aitken, *Arbuthnot*, p. 7 n.<sup>2</sup> Pate was probably the original of the woollen-draper described in *The Guardian*, No. 141, 22 Aug. 1713.

set, and were here before it was dark. This letter shall go on Tuesday,<sup>38</sup> whether I hear from MD or no. My health continues pretty well; pray God Stella may give me a good account of hers: and I hope you are now at Trim,<sup>39</sup> or soon designing it. I was disappointed to-night: the fellow gave me a letter, and I hoped to see little MD's hand; and it was only to invite me to a venison pasty to-day: so I lost my pasty into the bargain. Pox on these declining courtiers! Here is Mr. Brydges<sup>40</sup> the paymaster-general desiring my acquaintance; but I hear the queen sent lord Shrewsbury<sup>41</sup> to assure him he may keep his place; and he

<sup>38</sup> Deane Swift has 'Tuesday'. Sheridan, 1784, who was followed by later editors, including Ryland, altered this to 'Thursday'. Aitken restored 'Tuesday', which is almost certainly what Swift wrote, for on Monday he is 'resolved this letter shall go to-night'. He expected Stella's first letter on Monday the 18th of September (see p. 19 n.<sup>33</sup>). It failed to arrive, and, on second thoughts, he did not dispatch his own letter, but held it over till Thursday the 21st, the day on which he received Stella's letter.

<sup>39</sup> Stella, with Mrs. Dingley, used to visit Trim, within three miles of which lay Swift's living of Laracor, for the sake of the country air and riding. Raymond (p. 1 n.<sup>3</sup>) was rector of and Beaumont lived at Trim. Stella also possessed property there (*Notes and Queries*, 8S. ii. 302; *Corresp.* iv. 459).

<sup>40</sup> James Brydges, M.P. for Hereford, 1698-1714, was paymaster of the forces abroad 1707-12. He succeeded as ninth Baron Chandos, and was created Earl of Carnarvon in 1714. In 1719 he was created Duke of Chandos. Swift's verses 'The Dean and Duke' (*Poems*, pp. 677-8) attacked Chandos for failing to answer a civil request. He was satirized by Pope, *Moral Essays*, iv. 99 ff.

<sup>41</sup> Charles Talbot, twelfth Earl and only Duke of Shrewsbury, was born in 1660. In 1679 he renounced Roman Catholicism for the Protestant religion; and, although he had held office under James II, he was an active supporter of the revolution and of William III. In 1694 he was created Duke of Shrewsbury. In 1700 he retired from public affairs; but when, in Apr. 1710, the Queen dismissed the Marquis of Kent and appointed Shrewsbury Lord Chamberlain in his stead, the event marked the first step in her move to replace the Whig government. Although Swift regarded him as 'timorous' (*Corresp.* i. 326) he acted courageously in support of William and he assured the Hanoverian succession at Anne's death. But he understood his own limitations (*Bath MSS.* i. 198). St. John said of Shrewsbury: 'I never knew a man so formed to please, and to gain upon the affection whilst he challenges the esteem' (Bolingbroke's *Letters*, i. 132-3).

promises me great assistance in the affair of the First-Fruits. Well, I must turn over this leaf to-night, though the side would hold another line; but pray consider this is a whole sheet; it holds a plaguy deal, and you must be content to be weary; but I'll do so no more. Sir Simon Harcourt is made attorney-general, and not lord-keeper.

18. To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea; then came to town; got home early, and begun a letter to the *Tatler* about the corruptions of style and writing, &c.<sup>42</sup> and having not heard from you, am resolved this letter shall go to-night. Lord Wharton was sent for to town in mighty haste, by the duke of Devonshire:<sup>43</sup> they have some project in hand; but it will not do, for every hour we expect a thorough revolution, and that the Parliament will be dissolved. When you see Joe, tell him lord Wharton is too busy to mind any of his affairs; but I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison, and will write to-day to Mr. Pratt; and bid Joe not to be discouraged, for I am confident he will get the money under any government; but he must have patience.

19. I have been scribbling this morning, and I believe shall hardly fill this side to-day, but send it as it is; and it is good enough for naughty girls that won't write to a body, and to a good boy like Presto. I thought to have sent this to-night, but was kept by company, and could not; and, to say the truth, I had a little mind to expect one post more for a letter from MD. Yesterday at noon died the earl of Anglesey,<sup>44</sup> the great support of the Tories; so

<sup>42</sup> See No. 230, the issue for 28 Sept.; and, for further references, *infra*, 23, 29 Sept., 1, 14 Oct.

<sup>43</sup> William Cavendish, 1673-1729, second Duke of Devonshire, a strong Whig, who succeeded to the title in 1707, had been Lord Steward of the Household since 8 Sept. 1707. He was again Lord Steward, 1714-16.

<sup>44</sup> John Annesley, fourth Earl of Anglesey, at this time aged about thirty-four, had only recently been appointed Joint Vice-Treasurer, Receiver-General and Paymaster of the Forces in Ireland. He was buried at Farnborough, Hants.

that employment of vice-treasurer of Ireland is again vacant. We were to have been great friends, and I could hardly have a loss that could grieve me more. The bishop of Durham<sup>45</sup> died the same day. The Duke of Ormond's daughter<sup>46</sup> was to visit me to-day at a third place by way of advance,<sup>47</sup> and I am to return it to-morrow. I have had a letter from lady Berkeley, begging me for charity to come to Berkeley-castle, for company to my lord,<sup>48</sup> who has been ill of a dropsy; but I cannot go, and must send my excuse to-morrow. I am told, that in a few hours there will be more removals.

20. To day I returned my visits to the duke's daughters,

<sup>45</sup> Nichols (*Works*, 1801, xiv. 204 n.) says: 'It was not the bishop of Durham, but of St. David's, Dr. George Bull, who died that day.' But, as Aitken pointed out, Dr. Bull died early in the year, 17 Feb. 1710; and Swift was merely repeating a rumour of the death of Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham. Aitken quotes Luttrell (*Brief Relation*, vi. 630, 633), who says, 19 Sept., 'The Lord Crewe . . . died lately'; but on the 23rd he corrects himself: 'The Bishop of Durham is not dead as reported.'

<sup>46</sup> Lady Elizabeth Butler, a friend of the Vanhomrighs. She died unmarried in 1750. She and her sister Mary, who married Lord Ashburnham (see p. 65), were the only daughters of the Duke of Ormonde who survived infancy.

<sup>47</sup> In the *Decree for Concluding the Treaty between Dr. Swift and Mrs. Long* (1707-8), for which see p. 17 n.<sup>24</sup>, it was affirmed that, 'Dr. Swift, upon the Score of his Merit, and extraordinary Qualities, doth claim the sole and undoubted Right, That all Persons whatsoever, shall make such Advances to him, as he pleases to demand; any Law, Claim, Custom, Privilege of Sex, Beauty, Fortune, or Quality, to the contrary notwithstanding'. See also *Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. D. Nichol Smith, p. 123; and *Corresp.* v. 70.

<sup>48</sup> Charles, second Earl of Berkeley, went to Ireland as a Lord Justice in 1699 taking Swift with him as a chaplain. He returned to England in Apr. 1701, and took little further part in public life. Following the illness mentioned by Swift he died at Berkeley Castle in Gloucestershire, 24 Sept. 1710. He married Elizabeth, daughter of Baptist Noel, third Viscount Campden. She died 30 July 1719. Although Swift was never cordial to Berkeley, and in later life described him as 'Intolerably lazy and indolent and somewhat covetous' (*Prose Works*, x. 279), he remained on terms with him and his family; and his daughter, Lady Betty Germain, was a lifelong friend. See further *Poems*, pp. 62 n., 68, 74.

the insolent drabs came up to my very mouth to salute me; then I heard the report confirmed of removals; my lord-president Somers; the duke of Devonshire, lord-steward; and Mr. Boyle,<sup>49</sup> secretary of state, are all turned out to-day. I never remember such bold steps taken by a Court: I am almost shocked at it, though I did not care if they were all hanged. We are astonished why the Parliament is not yet dissolved, and why they keep a matter of that importance to the last. We shall have a strange Winter here between the struggles of a cunning provoked discredited party, and the triumphs of one in power; of both which I shall be an indifferent spectator, and return very peaceably to Ireland, when I have done my part in the affair I am entrusted with, whether it succeeds or no. To-morrow I change my lodgings in Pall-mall for one in Bury-street,<sup>50</sup> where I suppose I shall continue while I stay in London. If any thing happens to-morrow I will add it.—Robin's Coffee-house.<sup>51</sup> We have great news just now from Spain; Madrid taken, and Pampeluna. I am here ever interrupted.

<sup>49</sup> Henry Boyle, the youngest son of Lord Clifford of Lanesborough, had been Principal Secretary of State for the Northern Department since 1708. Swift, writing to Archbishop King (9 Sept. 1710; *Corresp.* i. 194-5), says that when, following the dismissal of Godolphin, other Whig ministers were determined to cling to their posts, Boyle was 'resolved to give up'. He had evidently been persuaded to stay. In 1714 he was created Baron Carleton of Carleton, co. York. He was Lord President of the Council from 25 June 1721 to his death, 14 Mar. 1725. See *Prose Works*, x. 281; *Poems*, p. 163 n.

<sup>50</sup> Mrs. Vanhomrigh and her daughters were living in Bury Street, St. James's, 'but five doors off' as Swift himself tells us (13 Mar. 1710-11; cf. Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, p. 259 n.). He again took lodgings in the same street on his visit to England in 1726 (*Pope's Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, viii. 222). Here Steele lived from 1707 to 1712. See also *Memorials of St. James's*, E. Beresford Chancellor, pp. 64-5.

<sup>51</sup> There were three celebrated coffee-houses in Exchange Alley, Garraway's, Robin's, and Jonathan's. The first two were frequented by wealthier citizens and men-of-business, Jonathan's by dealers in stock. Robin's is mentioned in *The Spectator*, No. 454.



21. I have just received your letter,<sup>52</sup> which I will not answer now; God be thanked all things are so well. I find you have not yet had my second: I had a letter from Parvisol, who tells me he gave Mrs. Walls a bill of twenty pounds for me, to be given to you; but you have not sent it. This night the Parliament is dissolved:<sup>53</sup> great news from Spain;<sup>54</sup> king Charles<sup>55</sup> and Stanhope<sup>56</sup> are at Madrid, and count Staremburg<sup>57</sup> has taken Pempeluna. Farewel. This is from St. James's Coffee-house. I will begin my answer to your letter to-night; but not send it this week. Pray tell me whether you like this journal way of writing.—I don't like your reasons for not going to Trim. Parvisol tells me he can sell your horse; sell it with a pox? Pray let him know that he shall sell his soul as soon. What? sell any thing that Stella loves, and may sometimes ride? It is hers, and let her do as she pleases: pray let him know this by the first that you know goes to Trim. Let him sell my grey, and be hanged.

<sup>52</sup> See Appendix VI.

<sup>53</sup> Parliament was dissolved by proclamation on 21 Sept.; the writs were issued five days later; and the new Parliament summoned for 25 Nov.

<sup>54</sup> The news had travelled well, for the allies only reached Madrid on 21 Sept. N.S.

<sup>55</sup> Archduke Charles, son of Leopold, Emperor of Austria, and claimant to the Spanish throne as Charles III.

<sup>56</sup> James Stanhope, a grandson of Philip Stanhope, first Earl of Chesterfield, had served with Marlborough. In 1708 he was appointed commander of the British forces in Spain; and it was almost wholly due to his initiative that the allies captured Madrid.

<sup>57</sup> Count Guidobald von Starhemberg, 1657–1737, who had been appointed in 1708 to command the Austrian forces in Spain, had distinguished himself in the Turkish wars, and in 1704 had been raised to the rank of Field Marshal. His cautious policy was a constant vexation to Stanhope (*Wentworth Papers*, p. 281).

## LETTER IV

[THURSDAY]

London, Sept. 21, 1710.

HERE must I begin another letter, on a whole sheet, for fear sawcy little MD should be angry, and think *much* that the paper is too *little*. I had your letter this night, as I told you just and no more in my last; for this must be taken up in answering yours, saucebox. I believe I told you where I dined to-day; and to-morrow I go out of town for two days to dine with the same company on Sunday; Molesworth the Florence envoy,<sup>1</sup> Stratford, and some others. I heard to-day that a gentlewoman from lady Giffard's house had been at the Coffee-house to enquire for me. It was Stella's mother, I suppose. I shall send her a penny-post letter<sup>2</sup> to-morrow, and contrive to see her without hazarding seeing lady Giffard, which I will not do until she begs my pardon.

22. I dined to-day at Hampstead with lady Lucy, &c. and when I got home found a letter from Joe, with one inclosed to lord Wharton, which I will send to his excellency, and second it as well as I can; but to talk of getting the queen's order, is a jest. Things are in such a combustion here, that I am advised not to meddle yet in the affair

<sup>1</sup> John Molesworth, 1679-1726, was the son of Robert, first Viscount Molesworth (1719), to whom in 1724 Swift was to address the fifth Drapier's Letter (*Drapier's Letters*, ed. H. Davis, pp. 287-9). John Molesworth was envoy extraordinary to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, 1710; Commissioner of Trade and Plantations, 1715-20; Envoy to Turin, 1720-5. He succeeded to the title on the death of his father, 23 May 1725, and died on 17 Feb. in the following year.

<sup>2</sup> In 1683 William Dockwra organized a penny postage system for London and the suburbs. Collections were made hourly, and there were frequent deliveries. One penny within the city, payable by the addressee, covered a letter, or parcel not exceeding sixteen ounces, and carried insurance up to £10. Dockwra's private venture was regarded as an infringement of its rights and taken over by the government; but he was granted a pension, and in 1697 he was appointed comptroller of the penny post. In 1700 he was dismissed from this position. See E. T. Crutchley, *G.P.O.*, pp. 40-1.

I am upon, which concerns the clergy of a whole kingdom; and does he think any body will trouble the queen about Joe? We shall, I hope, get a recommendation from the lord lieutenant to the trustees for the linen business, and I hope that will do; and so I will write to him in a few days, and he must have patience. This is an answer to part of your letter as well as his.<sup>3</sup> I lied, it is to-morrow I go to the country, and I won't answer a bit more of your letter yet.

23. Here is such a stir and bustle with this little MD of ours; I must be writing every night; I can't go to-bed without a word to them; I can't put out my candle till I have bid them good night: O Lord, O Lord! Well, I dined the first time, to-day, with Will Frankland and his Fortune: she is not very handsome.<sup>4</sup> Did I not say I would go out of town to-day; I hate lying abroad and clutter; I go to-morrow in Frankland's chariot, and come back at night. Lady Berkeley has invited me to Berkeley-castle, and lady Betty Germain<sup>5</sup> to Drayton in Northamptonshire, and I'll go to neither. Let me alone, I must finish my pamphlet.<sup>6</sup> I have sent a long letter to Bickerstaff:<sup>7</sup> let the bishop of Clogher smook<sup>8</sup> it if he can. Well, I'll

<sup>3</sup> A further reference to the government reward which Beaumont was impatiently awaiting.

<sup>4</sup> William Frankland married twice, first Margaret Ascough, and secondly Elizabeth Bawdowin (Betham's *Baronetage*, 1801-4, ii. 186).

<sup>5</sup> Lady Elizabeth German, 1680-1769, the second daughter of Charles, second Earl of Berkeley. In 1706 she married, as his second wife, Sir John Germain, a soldier of fortune, reputed to be the son of William II, Prince of Orange. He died in 1718, and she lived a widow for over fifty years. Sir John Germain inherited the Drayton property in Northamptonshire from his first wife, Lady Mary Mordaunt, sister of Lord Peterborough, whom he married in 1701. She died in 1705. Lady Betty Germain was a lifelong friend and correspondent of Swift. See especially *Corresp.*, vols. iv. and v *passim*; also *Poems*, p. 76; and *D.N.B.*

<sup>6</sup> The allusion is uncertain. It may, but very doubtfully, be a reference to the *Short Character of Wharion* (p. 115 n.<sup>39</sup>).

<sup>7</sup> *The Tatler*, No. 230. See p. 22 n.<sup>42</sup>

<sup>8</sup> To smell, observe, suspect. A word often used by Swift. See *Poems*, p. 322 n.

write to the bishop of Killala,<sup>9</sup> but you might have told him how sudden and unexpected my journey was though. Deuce take lady S——; and if I know D——y,<sup>10</sup> he is a rawboned-faced fellow, not handsome, nor visibly so young as you say: she sacrifices two thousand pounds a year, and keeps only six hundred. Well, you have had all my land journey in my second letter, and so much for that. So you have got into Presto's lodgings;<sup>11</sup> very fine, truly! We have had a fortnight of the most glorious weather on earth, and still continues: I hope you have made the best of it. Ballygall<sup>12</sup> will be a pure<sup>13</sup> good place for air, if Mrs. Ashe makes good her promise. Stella writes like an emperor: I am afraid it hurts your eyes; take care of that pray, pray Mrs. Stella. Can't you do what you will with your own horse? Pray don't let that puppy Parvisol sell him. Patrick is drunk about three times a week, and I bear it, and he has got the better of me; but one of these days I will positively turn him off to the wide world, when

<sup>9</sup> This letter is lost.

<sup>10</sup> These two are mentioned again on 1 Jan. 1710-11, when Swift tells us that Lady S—— had 'died with grief'. It is possible that the reference may be to Lady Strode. She was married first to Sir William Cholmley, Bart., of Whitby in Yorkshire, and after his death to Sir Nicholas Strode, Kt., of Westerham in Kent. She died between Oct. and Dec. 1710. See Le Neve, *Monumenta*, 1700-15, p. 209; *Pedigrees of the Knights*, pp. 83-4.

<sup>11</sup> See p. 4 n.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>12</sup> The living of Finglas, about three miles to the north of Dublin, was held by the Rev. Dillon Ashe, who had been with Swift at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1704 he was made Archdeacon of Clogher; and in 1706 became Chancellor of Armagh (*Fasti Eccl. Hib.* iii. 40, 91, 95; iv. 92; Ball, *Hist. of County Dublin*, Pt. vi, 121-2. His elder brother, St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, had been Swift's college tutor, and is reputed to have married Swift and Stella in or about 1716. The eldest brother, Thomas Ashe, a man of property, resided from time to time at Ballygall, a place in the parish of Finglas, and here Stella was entertained by him. Both Thomas and Dillon Ashe were inveterate punsters. See *Corresp.* i. 42 n.<sup>2</sup>, 70 n.<sup>2</sup>, 155 n.<sup>1</sup>, 168 n.<sup>2</sup>, 181 n.<sup>3</sup>, 375 n.<sup>3</sup>, 376 n.<sup>4</sup>; *The Ash MSS.*, ed. E. T. Martin, 1890.

<sup>13</sup> Excellent, fine. A colloquial use during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. See *O.E.D.*; and cf. p. 36 n.<sup>6</sup>

none of you are by to intercede for him.—Stuff—how can I get her husband into the Charter-house? get, a — into the Charter-house.—Write constantly! Why, sirrah, don't I write every day, and sometimes twice a day to MD? Now I have answered all your letter, and the rest must be as it can be: send me my bill. Tell Mrs. Brent what I say of the Charter-house. I think this enough for one night; and so farewell till this time to-morrow.

24. To-day I dined six miles out of town at Will Pate's, with Stratford, Frankland, and the Molesworth's,<sup>14</sup> and came home at night, and was weary and lazy. I can say no more now, but good night.

25. I was so lazy to-day that I dined at next door,<sup>15</sup> and have sat at home since six, writing to the bishop of Clogher, dean Sterne, and Mr. Manley: the last, because I am in fear for him about his place, and have sent him my opinion, what I and his other friends here think he ought to do. I hope he will take it well. My advice was, To keep as much in favour as possible with sir Thomas Frankland, his master here.

26. Smoak how I widen the margin by lying in bed when I write. My bed lies on the wrong side for me, so that I am forced often to write when I am up. Manley you must know has had people putting in for his place already; and has been complained of for opening letters.<sup>16</sup> Remember that last Sunday, September 24, 1710, was as hot as Midsummer. This was written in the morning; 'tis now night, and Presto in bed. Here's a clutter, I have gotten MD's second letter,<sup>17</sup> and I must answer it here. I gave the bill to Tooke, and so—Well, I dined to-day with sir

<sup>14</sup> John Molesworth (for whom see p. 26 n.<sup>1</sup>) and, probably, his brother Richard, who in 1726 succeeded as third Viscount Molesworth. As Captain 'Dick' Molesworth the younger brother saved Marlborough's life at the battle of Ramillies. He became a colonel in 1710; and in the year before his death, in 1758, was raised to the rank of field-marshal.

<sup>15</sup> Deane Swift notes, 'This must have been at Mrs. *Vanhomrigh's*.'

<sup>16</sup> See p. 12 n.<sup>6</sup>

<sup>17</sup> Received the day before. See Appendix VI.

John Holland the comptroller,<sup>18</sup> and sat with him till eight; then came home and sent my letters, and writ a part of a lampoon,<sup>19</sup> which goes on very slow, and now I am writing to sawcy MD; no wonder, indeed, good boys must write to naughty girls. I han't seen your mother yet; my penny-post letter,<sup>20</sup> I suppose, miscarried: I will write another. Mr. S—— came to see me; and said M——<sup>21</sup> was going to the country next morning with her husband (who I find is a surly brute) so I could only desire my service to her.

27. To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's, with Steele and Addison too. This is the first rainy day since I came to town; I can't afford to answer your letter yet. Morgan,<sup>22</sup> the puppy, writ me a long letter to desire I would recommend him for purse-bearer or secretary to the next lord-chancellor that would come with the next

<sup>18</sup> In a letter of the same date to Dean Stearne Swift mentions his dinner with 'the Controller, who tells me, he drinks the Queen's wine to-day' (*Corresp.* i. 199).

<sup>19</sup> *The Virtues of Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod*, a satire on Godolphin, which was sent to the printer on the 4th of October, and appeared as a half-sheet. See *Poems*, pp. 131-5.

<sup>20</sup> See p. 26 n.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>21</sup> Not identified. The lady is again mentioned 9 Feb. 1710-11. She was then in the country; and her husband is described as 'a surly ill-natured brute'. Presumably 'Madamers' (10 May 1712), who had retired to the country with the 'Beast her Husband' was the same lady.

<sup>22</sup> Aitken identifies this Morgan with 'Mr. Morgan of Kingstrobe', referred to in a letter of 12 Aug. 1713, professing to be addressed by Swift to the Duke of Montagu (*MSS. of the Duke of Buccleuch*, i. 359). But this and two other letters in the Buccleuch Collection, which have been attributed to Swift, are spurious (*Corresp.* i. xxii; ii. 409-13), and there is no reason to identify the two Morgans. Nor is the Morgan mentioned in the *Journal* likely to have been Marcus Antonius Morgan, with whom Swift does not appear to have been acquainted till late in life. He incurred Swift's enmity in 1736 as chairman of a committee of the House of Commons of Ireland which reported adversely to the clergy on a question of tithe; and he was satirized in *The Legion Club* (*Poems*, pp. 828, 837 n.; *Corresp.* v. 322 n.<sup>2</sup>). Nor is there any evidence to identify him with the Morgan who was steward to Thomas Lindsay, Archbishop of Armagh (*Corresp.* iii. 158, 199).

governor. I will not answer him; but beg you will say these words to his father Raymond,<sup>23</sup> or any body that will tell him: That Dr. Swift has received his letter, and would be very ready to serve him, but cannot do it in what he desires, because he has no sort of interest in the persons to be applied to. These words you may write, and let Joe, or Mr. Warburton,<sup>24</sup> give them to him: a pox on him! However, 'tis by these sort of ways that fools get preferment. I must not end yet, because I can't say good night without losing a line, and then MD would scold; but now, good night.

28. I have the finest piece of Brazil tobacco for Dingley that ever was born.<sup>25</sup> You talk of Leigh; why he won't be in Dublin these two months: he goes to the country, then returns to London, to see how the world goes here in Parliament. Good night, sirrahs; no, no, not night; I writ this in the morning, and looking carelessly I thought it had been of last night. I dined to day with Mrs. Barton alone at her lodgings, where she told me for certain that lady S——<sup>26</sup> was with child when she was last in England, and pretended a tympany, and saw every body; then disappeared for three weeks, her tympany was gone, and she looked like a ghost, &c. No wonder she married when she was so ill at containing. Conolly is out,<sup>27</sup> and

<sup>23</sup> Deane Swift has a footnote: 'Dr. *Raymond* is only called his father, because he espoused Mr. *Morgan's* interest with all his power.'

<sup>24</sup> The Rev. Thomas Warburton was Swift's curate at Laracor. In 1716-17 he both married and obtained the living of Magherafelt in the Diocese of Armagh. He held the living until his death in 1736. See Leslie, *Armagh Clergy*, p. 364.

<sup>25</sup> The tobacco was for use as snuff, not for smoking. Women as well as men were, at this time, addicted to snuff, which was often made at home by grating roll tobacco. See p. 288 n.<sup>25</sup> Stella also took snuff (p. 254). Cf. *Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. Nichol Smith, pp. 104, 109. The correct handling of the snuff-box was a social accomplishment. See *The Spectator*, No. 138.

<sup>26</sup> p. 28 n.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>27</sup> William Conolly, a man of humble origin, raised himself to influential position and great wealth. In his *Short Character of Wharton* Swift accuses the Lord Lieutenant of having sold the places of Privy Councillor and

Mr. Roberts in his place, who loses a better here, but was formerly a commissioner in Ireland. That employment cost Conolly three thousand pounds to lord Wharton; so he has made one ill bargain in his life.

29. I wish MD a merry Michaelmas. I dined with Mr. Addison, and Jervas the painter, at Addison's country place;<sup>28</sup> and then came home, and writ more to my lampoon.<sup>29</sup> I made a *Tatler* since I came: guess which it is, and whether the bishop of Clogher smoaks it. I saw Mr. Sterne<sup>30</sup> to-day: he will do as you order, and I will give him chocolate for Stella's health. He goes not these three weeks. I wish I could send it some other way. So now to your letter, brave boys. I don't like your way of saving shillings: nothing vexes me but that it does not make Stella a coward in a coach.<sup>31</sup> I don't think any lady's advice about my ear<sup>32</sup> signifies two-pence: however I will,

Commissioner of the Revenue to Conolly (*Prose Works*, v. 27). In 1715 he was chosen Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, an office he held till his death, 1729. He was ten times a Lord Justice of Ireland. In 1724-5 he became very unpopular as a supporter of Wood's patent (*Drapier's Letters*, ed. H. Davis, *passim*). Swift gives an unfavourable character of him (*Corresp.* iv. 259). See also *Poems*, p. 436 n. Francis Robarts, formerly a Commissioner of the Revenue in Ireland, had been a Teller of the Exchequer in England since 1704. He was now appointed to Conolly's place as a Commissioner; but in 1714 Conolly was reinstated.

<sup>28</sup> A retirement near Chelsea, which Addison used at this time.

<sup>29</sup> See p. 30 n.<sup>19</sup>

<sup>30</sup> Enoch Stearne, a cousin of the Dean of St. Patrick's (p. 10 n.<sup>18</sup>), was Collector of Wicklow and Clerk to the Irish House of Lords. He appears later to have taken to loose courses. See pp. 385, 420.

<sup>31</sup> In his reflections *On the Death of Mrs. Johnson* Swift wrote: 'She was never known to cry out, or discover any fear, in a coach or on horseback.' The meaning of the passage above is not clear. It may refer to words used by Stella in her letter.

<sup>32</sup> The attacks of deafness and giddiness from which Swift suffered throughout a large part of his life were symptoms of the *labyrinthine vertigo*, or Ménière's disease, possibly the cause of a final paralysis of the brain. See J. C. Bucknill, 'Dean Swift's Disease', in *Brain*, 1882, iv. 493-506; and T. G. Wilson, 'Swift's Deafness and his Last Illness', in the *Irish Journal of Medical Science*, June 1939.



in compliance to you, ask Dr. Cockburn. Radcliffe<sup>33</sup> I know not, and Bernard<sup>34</sup> I never see. Walls will certainly be stingier for seven years, upon pretence of his robbery. So Stella puns<sup>35</sup> again; why, 'tis well enough; but I'll not second it, though I could make a dozen: I never thought of a pun since I left Ireland.—Bishop of Clogher's bill? Why, he paid it me; do you think I was such a fool to go without it? As for the four shillings, I will give you a bill on Parvisol for it on t'other side this paper; and pray tear off the two letters I shall write to him and Joe, or let Dingley transcribe and send them; though that to Parvisol, I believe, he must have my hand for. No, no, I'll eat no grapes; I ate about six t'other day at sir John Holland's; but would not give six-pence for a thousand, they are so bad this year. Yes, faith, I hope in God Presto and MD will be together this time twelvemonth: What then? Last year I suppose I was at Laracor; but next I hope to eat my Michaelmas goose at my two little geese's lodgings. I drink no *aile* (I suppose you mean *ale*)<sup>36</sup> but yet good wine every day, of five and six shillings a bottle. O Lord, how much Stella writes: pray don't carry that too far, young women, but be temperate to hold out. To-morrow I go

<sup>33</sup> John Radcliffe, 1650–1714, the eminent physician, founder of the Radcliffe Infirmary and Observatory, Oxford. He afterwards treated Swift (*post*, pp. 187, 248).

<sup>34</sup> Charles Bernard, who became Serjeant-Surgeon to the Queen in 1702 and Master of the Barber Surgeons' Company in the following year, died 12 Oct. 1710 (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, vi. 640). His large and valuable library was sold by auction from 22 Mar. 1711 onward (*Dean Swift's Library*, H. Williams, pp. 5–6). Swift bought a few of his books (*post*, pp. 219, 227, 240, 242).

<sup>35</sup> There are further references in the *Journal* to Stella's habit of punning, and also in Swift's letters (*Corresp.* i. 42, 71, 121).

<sup>36</sup> There are also further references in the *Journal* to Stella's bad spelling. From early years Swift had been Stella's self-appointed tutor, and there is still preserved, in the possession of Lord Harmsworth, a manuscript vocabulary in Stella's hand running to over 1,900 words, undoubtedly copied from a list drawn up by Swift (*The Times Literary Supplement*, 5 June 1930, p. 477).

to Mr. Harley.<sup>37</sup> Why; small hopes from the duke of Ormond: he loves me very well, I believe, and would, in my turn, give me something to make me easy; and I have good interest among his best friends. But I don't think of any thing further than the business I am upon: you see I writ to Manley before I had your letter, and I fear he will be out. Yes, Mrs. Owl, Blighe's corpse<sup>38</sup> came to Chester when I was there, and I told you so in my letter, or forgot it. I lodge in Bury-street, where I removed a week ago. I have the first floor, a dining-room, and bed-chamber, at eight shillings a week; plaguy deep, but I spend nothing for eating, never go to a tavern, and very seldom in a coach; yet after all it will be expensive. Why do you trouble yourself, Mistress Stella, about my *instrument*?<sup>39</sup> I have the same the archbishop gave me; and it is as good now the bishops are away. The dean<sup>40</sup> friendly; the dean be poxt: a great piece of friendship indeed, what you heard him tell the bishop of Clogher; I wonder he had the face to talk so: but he lent me money, and that's enough. Faith I would not send this these four days, only for writing to Joe and Parvisol. Tell the dean, that when the bishops send me any pacquets, they must not write to me at Mr. Steele's; but direct for Mr. Steele, at his office

<sup>37</sup> Robert Harley, eldest son of Sir Edward Harley, entered Parliament as the representative of Tregoney, 1689-90, and from 1690 to 1711 he represented New Radnor. A moderate Tory by inclination, his abilities marked him out and he was chosen Speaker in 1701, holding the office till 1705. In Apr. 1704 he became also Secretary of State for the Northern Department, but resigned office in 1708, and used the influence of his cousin, Mrs. Masham (Abigail Hill), with the Queen to undermine the Whig Ministry. On 10 Aug. 1710, following upon Godolphin's dismissal (p. 5 n.<sup>2</sup>), he was named Chancellor of the Exchequer. Swift hoped to obtain from him those remissions in favour of the Irish Church which the Whigs had failed to give.

<sup>38</sup> The Right Hon. Thomas Bligh, of Rathmore, co. Meath, M.P. for the county, died 28 Aug. 1710. His son, John, mentioned later in the *Journal* (p. 485), was afterwards created Baron Clifton and Earl of Darnley.

<sup>39</sup> See p. 2 n.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>40</sup> Stearne, Dean of St. Patrick's.

at the Cockpit; and let the inclosed be directed for me: that mistake cost me eighteen-pence t'other day.

30. I dined with Stratford to-day, but am not to see Mr. Harley till Wednesday: 'tis late, and I send this before there is occasion for the bell; because I would have Joe have his letter, and Parvisol too; which you must so contrive as not to cost them double postage. I can say no more, but that I am, etc.

## LETTER V

[SATURDAY]

London, Sept. 30, 1710.

HAN'T I brought myself into a fine *premunire*<sup>1</sup> to begin writing letters in whole sheets, and now I dare not leave it off. I can't tell whether you like these journal letters: I believe they would be dull to me to read them over; but, perhaps, little MD is pleased to know how Presto passes his time in her absence. I always begin my last the same day I ended my former. I told you where I dined to-day at a tavern with Stratford: Lewis,<sup>2</sup> who is a great favourite of Harley's, was to have been with us; but he was hurried to Hampton-court, and sent his excuse; and that next Wednesday he would introduce me to Harley. 'Tis good to

<sup>1</sup> Swift here uses the word in the sense of a penalty, or liability. The name was derived from the first words, *praemunire* or *praemonere facias*, of a writ originally introduced for the repression of papal encroachments on the power of the Crown. By later statutes a number of offences were made liable to the penalties of a *praemunire*.

<sup>2</sup> Erasmus Lewis, 1670-1754, had been secretary to the English Ambassador in Paris, 1701; secretary to Harley, 1704; secretary at Brussels, 1708; and he was afterwards Under-Secretary of State to Lord Dartmouth and Mr. Bromley. In Nov. 1713 he was elected M.P. for Lostwithiel. In a poem, published in October of that year, Swift described him as,

‘a Cunning Shaver,  
And very much in Harley's Favour.’

(*Poems*, p. 171). And see *Prose Works* (v. 227-35). As well as of Swift he was a close friend of Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay, and Prior.

see what a lamentable confession the Whigs all make me<sup>3</sup> of my ill usage: but I mind them not. I am already represented to Harley as a discontented person, that was used ill for not being Whig enough; and I hope for good usage from him. The Tories dryly tell me, I may make my fortune, if I please; but I do not understand them, or rather, I do understand them.

Oct. 1. To-day I dined at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy: and sat this evening with my friend Darteneuf,<sup>4</sup> whom you have heard me talk of; the greatest punner of this town next myself. Have you smoakt the *Tatler* that I writ?<sup>5</sup> It is much liked here, and I think it is a pure<sup>6</sup> one. To-morrow I go with Delaval<sup>7</sup> the Portugal envoy, to dine with Lord Halifax<sup>8</sup> near Hampton-

<sup>3</sup> Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, pp. 312-13, quoting this passage, omits the word 'me'.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Darteneuf, or Dartiquenave, 1664-1737, reputed, but this is very questionable, a natural son of Charles II. He is chiefly remembered, through the allusions of his contemporaries, as an epicure (Pope, *Imitations of Horace*, Bk. II, Sat. i. 46; Bk. II, Epist. ii. 87; Lyttleton, *Dialogues of the Dead*, xix), humorist, and punster. Although a consistent Whig he and Swift remained friends. His politics won him the posts of Paymaster of the Royal Works, Surveyor of the King's Gardens, and Surveyor of the Royal Roads. See also Salmon's *Hist. of Hertfordshire*, p. 284; Clutterbuck's *County of Hertford*, iii. 336.

<sup>5</sup> No. 230.

<sup>6</sup> Swift uses the word in a sense now obsolete, meaning excellent, splendid. Cf. p. 28 n.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Captain George Delaval had served with Peterborough in Spain in 1706. In 1707 he carried dispatches to the Courts of Spain and Portugal, and was commissioned to proceed thence as envoy to the Emperor of Morocco. In Oct. 1710 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the King of Portugal (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, iv. 692; vi. 52, 174, 192).

<sup>8</sup> Charles Montagu entered Parliament in 1689 as member for Maldon. He quickly displayed a genius for finance and held several important offices under William III. In 1700 he was created Baron Halifax of Halifax. He remained out of office during Queen Anne's reign; but on the accession of George I he became First Lord of the Treasury and was created Viscount Sunbury and Earl of Halifax. He died in the following year. Swift won his friendship with his *Contests and Dissensions* (1701), in which Halifax appears as Pericles and Alcibiades; but there appears to have been little cordiality, for Swift's two letters to Halifax (*Corresp.* i. 155, 174) are

court.<sup>9</sup> Your Manley's brother,<sup>10</sup> a parliament-man here, has gotten an employment; and I am informed uses much interest to preserve his brother: and, to-day, I spoke to the elder Frankland to engage his father, (post-master here) and I hope he will be safe, although he is cruelly hated by all the Tories of Ireland. I have almost finished my lampoon,<sup>11</sup> and will print it for revenge on a certain great person. It has cost me but three shillings in meat and drink since I came here, as thin as the town is. I laugh to see myself so disengaged in these revolutions. Well, I must leave off and go write to sir John Stanley,<sup>12</sup> to desire him to engage lady Hyde as my mistress to engage lord Hyde<sup>13</sup> in favour of Mr. Pratt.<sup>14</sup>

2. Lord Halifax was at Hampton-court at his lodgings, and I dined with him there with Methuen,<sup>15</sup> and Delaval, forced in tone, and he seems to have doubted the sincerity of his professions (*Corresp.* i. 190 and n.<sup>5</sup>). Halifax was a generous patron of letters. Swift's attack in the *Libel on Doctor Delany* (*Poems*, p. 481 and n.) and his comment in Macky's *Characters* (*Prose Works*, x. 275) are hardly to be justified.

<sup>9</sup> Halifax was Ranger of Bushy Park and Hampton Court, which were near his country house.

<sup>10</sup> John Manley, M.P. for Bossiney, was made Surveyor-General on 30 Sept. 1710. In Jan. 1706 he was involved in a duel with Thomas Dodson, another Cornish M.P. (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, vi. 11, 535, 635).

<sup>11</sup> See p. 30 n.<sup>19</sup>

<sup>12</sup> John Stanley of Grange Gorman, co. Dublin, held several minor government posts, and was created a baronet in 1699. He was Commissioner of Customs from May 1708 to his death in 1744. He married Anne, sister of George (Granville), Baron Lansdown, uncle to Mary Granville, afterwards the well-known Mrs. Delany.

<sup>13</sup> Henry Hyde, born 1672, styled Lord Hyde, 1682-1711, succeeded his father as second Earl of Rochester, 2 May 1711. He was a Tory M.P. for Launceston, 1692-1711; Joint Vice-Treasurer and Paymaster, 1710-16; and a Privy Councillor, 19 Oct. 1710-Sept. 1714. He married, 2 Mar. 1691-2, Jane, daughter of Sir William Leveson Gower by Jane, second and youngest daughter of John (Granville), Earl of Bath, and by her he had two daughters famous as beauties, Jane, afterwards Countess of Essex (see p. 317 n.<sup>34</sup>), and Catherine, afterwards Duchess of Queensberry, Prior's 'Kitty, beautiful and young'. <sup>14</sup> See p. 14 n.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Sir Paul Methuen, 1672-1757, son of John Methuen, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. The son, as envoy to the King of Portugal, negotiated

and the late attorney-general.<sup>16</sup> I went to the drawing-room before dinner, (for the queen was at Hampton-court) and expected to see *nobody*; but I met acquaintance enough. I walked in the gardens, saw the cartons of Raphael,<sup>17</sup> and other things, and with great difficulty got from lord Halifax, who would have kept me to-morrow to shew me his house and park, and improvements. We left Hampton-court at sun-set, and got here in a chariot and two horses time enough by star-light. That's something charms me mightily about London; that you go dine a dozen miles off in October, stay all day, and return so quickly: you cannot do any thing like this in Dublin.<sup>18</sup> I writ a second penny-post letter to your mother, and hear nothing of her. Did I tell you that earl Berkeley died last Sunday was se'n-night, at Berkeley-castle, of a dropsy? Lord Halifax began a health to me to-day: it was the Resurrection of the Whigs, which I refused unless he would add their Reformation too: and I told him he was

the 'Methuen' treaty, concluded and signed by his father, as Ambassador Extraordinary to Portugal, 1703. Sir Paul Methuen was Ambassador to Portugal 1706-8, and M.P. for Devizes, 1708-10. He held several offices under George I. Macky comments unfavourably on him in the *Characters*, and Swift's note is: 'A profligate rogue, without religion or morals, but cunning enough, yet without abilities of any kind' (*Prose Works*, x. 283). For another characterization see Lord Hervey's *Memoirs*, i. 125.

<sup>16</sup> James Montagu, 1666-1723, called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, was M.P. successively for Tregony and Beeralston. He was knighted in 1705; became Solicitor-General in 1707; and Attorney-General in 1708. He had just resigned this office. As Attorney-General he opened the case against Sacheverell. Under George I he became Chief Baron of the Exchequer, May 1722. He died 1 Oct. 1723.

<sup>17</sup> The famous cartoons of Raphael, bought by Charles I in 1630, were then in the King's Gallery, an apartment designed by Wren to receive them. In 1865 they were transferred to the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. Steele wrote at length about these cartoons in *The Spectator*, No. 226.

<sup>18</sup> Deane Swift has a footnote: 'When this letter was written there were no turnpike roads in *Ireland*: but the case now is quite altered, and you may dine any where as far from *Dublin*, and return as quickly, as you can from *London*.'

the only Whig in England I loved, or had any good opinion of.

3. This morning Stella's sister<sup>19</sup> came to me with a letter from her mother, who is at Sheene; but will soon be in town, and will call to see me: she gave me a bottle of palsy water,<sup>20</sup> a small one, and desired I would send it you by the first convenience, as I will; and she promises a quart bottle of the same: your sister lookt very well, and seems a good modest sort of girl. I went then to Mr. Lewis, first secretary to lord Dartmouth,<sup>21</sup> and favourite to Mr. Harley, who is to introduce me to-morrow morning. Lewis had with him one Mr. Dyet,<sup>22</sup> a justice of peace, worth twenty thousand pounds, a commissioner of the stamp-office, and married to a sister of

<sup>19</sup> Anne Johnson, Stella's younger sister by over two years (*Surrey Parish Registers*, i. 75, 78), was baptized 12 Aug. 1683. The contributor to *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Nov. 1757, xxvii. 488, was mistaken in describing Anne as older than Stella. She seems to have been unmarried at this time, for it is not till the latter part of 1712 that we meet with the name of her husband, Filby, for whom Swift was soliciting employment. Stella left a life interest in the principal part of her small fortune to her mother and sister (Wilde, *Closing Years of Swift's Life*, p. 99). Nanny Filby, who entered the service of Lady Giffard, in Aug. 1718, was, presumably, a daughter. See Julia Longe, *Martha Lady Giffard*, p. 352.

<sup>20</sup> A medicinal water of which the chief ingredient was cowslip or palsy-wort.

<sup>21</sup> On the 14th of June 1710 William Legge, who had succeeded his father in the barony of Dartmouth in 1691, was appointed Secretary of State for the Southern Department in place of Charles Spencer, Earl of Sunderland. Dartmouth was a friend of Harley. St. John, who became his fellow Secretary in the autumn, treated him as a subordinate. In *The Examiner*, No. 27 (26), Swift characterized Dartmouth as 'a man of letters, good nature and honour, of strict virtue and regularity in life'. In 1711 he was created Earl of Dartmouth. He was Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, 1713-14.

<sup>22</sup> Richard Dyot, a Commissioner of the Stamped Paper, was tried for felony at the Old Bailey, 13 Jan. 1710-11, but acquitted on the ground that his crime was a breach of trust. He was, however, recommitted for trial on a charge of high misdemeanor. Swift alluded to his case again in *The Examiner*, No. 39 (38) (*Prose Works*, ix. 249).

sir Philip Meadows,<sup>23</sup> envoy to the emperor. I tell you this, because it is odds but this Mr. Dyet will be hanged; for he is discovered to have counterfeited stamp paper, in which he was a commissioner; and, with his accomplices, has cheated the queen of a hundred thousand pounds. You will hear of it before this come to you, but may be not so particularly; and it is a very odd accident in such a man. Smoak Presto writing news to MD. I dined to-day with Lord Mountjoy at Kensington, and walked from thence this evening to town like an emperor. Remember that yesterday, October 2, was a cruel hard frost, with ice; and six days ago I was dying with heat. As thin as the town is, I have more dinners than ever, and am asked this month by some people, without being able to come for pre-engagements. Well, but I should write plainer, when I consider Stella can't read,<sup>24</sup> and Dingley is not so skilful at my ugly hand. I had, to-night, a letter from Mr. Pratt, who tells me, Joe will have his money when there are trustees appointed by the lord lieutenant for receiving and disposing the linen fund;<sup>25</sup> and whenever those trustees are appointed, I will solicit whoever is lord lieutenant, and am in no fear of succeeding. So pray tell or write him word, and bid him not be cast down; for Ned Southwell<sup>26</sup>

<sup>23</sup> Sir Philip Meadows, the elder, 1626-1718, relieved Milton, in 1653, as Latin secretary to Cromwell's council. He became Ambassador to Sweden in 1658. His son Philip was a Commissioner of Excise, 1698-1700, and was knighted in the latter year. In 1707 he was sent on a special mission to the Emperor.

<sup>24</sup> There are frequent references in the *Journal* to the weakness of Stella's eyes.

<sup>25</sup> See p. 1 n.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>26</sup> Edward Southwell was the son of Sir Robert Southwell, to whom, when he was going as Secretary of State to Ireland in 1690, Temple recommended Swift. The son succeeded his father as Secretary for Ireland in 1702. The office did not entail residence in that country, and he spent most of his time in England, although later he was for many years M.P. for Kinsale, and through his wife, the only daughter of the Earl of Ardglass, he obtained a large property in co. Down. He was a close friend and frequent correspondent of Archbishop King, as Swift was well aware.



and Mr. Addison both think Pratt in the right. Do not lose your money at Manley's to-night, sirrahs.

4. After I had put out my candle last night, my landlady came into my room, with a servant of lord Halifax, to desire I would go dine with him at his house near Hampton-court; but I sent him word I had business of great importance that hindered me, &c. And, to-day, I was brought privately to Mr. Harley, who received me with the greatest respect and kindness imaginable: he has appointed me an hour on Saturday at four, afternoon, when I will open my business to him; which expression I would not use if I were a woman. I know you smoakt it; but I did not till I writ it. I dined to-day at Mr. Delaval's, the envoy for Portugal, with Nic. Rowe<sup>27</sup> the poet, and other friends; and I gave my lampoon to be printed. I have more mischief in my heart; and I think it shall go round with them all, as this hits, and I can find hints. I am certain I answered your 2d letter, and yet I do not find it here. I suppose it was in my 4th; and why N. 2d, 3d; is it not enough to say, as I do, 1, 2, 3?<sup>28</sup> &c. I am going to work at another *Tatler*:<sup>29</sup> I'll be far enough but I say the same thing over two or three times, just as I do when I am talking to little MD; but what care I? they can read it as easily as I can write it: I think I have brought these lines pretty straight again. I fear it will be long before I finish two sides at this rate. Pray, dear MD, when I occasionally give you any little commission mixt with my letters, don't forget it, as that to Morgan and Joe, &c. for I write just as I can remember, otherwise I would put them all together. I was to visit Mr. Sterne to-day, and gave him

<sup>27</sup> Nicholas Rowe, 1674-1718, who became Poet Laureate in 1715, was at this time under-secretary to the Duke of Queensberry, Secretary of State for Scotland. See also p. 74.

<sup>28</sup> Swift numbered his letters to Stella at the top left-hand corner.

<sup>29</sup> *The Tatler*, No. 238, 17 Oct. 1710, contains Swift's 'Description of a City Shower' (*Poems*, p. 136). It is possible that the reference is to another *Tatler*, which was, perhaps, never finished, or which cannot now be identified.

your commission about handkerchiefs: that of chocolate I will do myself, and send it him when he goes, and you'll pay me when *the givers bread*, &c.<sup>30</sup> To-night I will read a pamphlet, to amuse myself. God preserve your dear healths.

5. This morning Delaval came to see me, and we went together to Kneller's,<sup>31</sup> who was not in town. In the way we met the electors for parliament-men: and the rabble came about our coach, crying A Colt, a Stanhope, &c. we were afraid of a dead cat, or our glasses broken, and so were always of their side.<sup>32</sup> I dined again at Delaval's; and in the evening, at the Coffee-house, heard sir Andrew Fountain<sup>33</sup> was come to town. This has been but an

<sup>30</sup> Aitken suggests that this may be a vague allusion to the text, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days', Ecclesiastes xi. 1. Possibly, however, Swift wrote 'the givar's dead', meaning 'the devil's dead'. See 3 Mar. 1711-12, where, in the little language, 'Givars' stands for 'Devil's'. The meaning would be 'a long time hence' or 'never'.

<sup>31</sup> Sir Godfrey Kneller, 1646-1723, the most fashionable portrait painter of his day, and perhaps of all time. Jervas, who was engaged on Swift's portrait, had been his pupil.

<sup>32</sup> At the general election the desire for peace, and popular enthusiasm for Sacheverell and High Church, swept the Whigs away even in their strongholds. Four Tories were returned for the city of London. At Westminster the Whig nominees, General Stanhope, fresh from his triumphs in Spain, and Sir Henry Dutton Colt, a country gentleman, were soundly defeated by the High Church candidates, Medicott and Cross. See Trevelyan, *England under Queen Anne*, iii. 70-4; Basil Williams, *Stanhope*, pp. 125-7; *Poems*, p. 1087.

<sup>33</sup> Sir Andrew Fountaine, 1676-1753, who came of an old Norfolk family, was knighted in 1699. It is probable that Swift made his acquaintance in 1707, when Fountaine was an official of the viceregal court at Dublin. After the death of Queen Anne communication between the two friends ceased for many years. Fountaine was given positions in the Hanoverian Court; and in 1727 he succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as Warden of the Mint. He formed a splendid collection of pictures and objects of art; and his treatise on early English coins is a work of true erudition. It may be questioned whether he should be identified with Pope's 'Annius' (*Dunciad*, iv. 347 ff.). For his collection of Swift autographs and other papers, now in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, see *Poems*,

insipid sort of day, and I have nothing to remark upon it worth three-pence: I hope MD had a better, with the dean, the bishop,<sup>34</sup> or Mrs. Walls. Why, the reason you lost four and eight-pence last night but one at Manley's, was because you played bad games: I took notice of six that you had ten to one against you: Would any but a mad lady go out twice upon Manilio, Basto, and two small diamonds? Then in that game of spades, you blundered when you had ten-ace; I never saw the like of you: and now you are in a huff because I tell you this.<sup>35</sup> Well, here's two and eight-pence half-penny towards your loss.

6. Sir Andrew Fountain came this morning, and caught me writing in bed. I went into the city with him; and we dined at the Chop-house with Will Pate, the learned woollen-draper: then we sauntered at china-shops and book-sellers; went to the tavern, drank two pints of white wine, and never parted till ten: and now I am come home, and must copy out some papers I intend for Mr. Harley,

pp. xlix, 744, 1141-3. See also *A Tale of a Tub*, ed. Guthkelch and Nichol Smith, pp. xxiii-xxvi.

<sup>34</sup> William Moreton, Bishop of Meath, and Swift's diocesan, is probably meant. Swift was ordained by him; and he was one of the signatories of his commission. Moreton, an Englishman educated at Oxford, was Bishop of Kildare from 1681 to 1705, when he was translated to Meath. He died in 1715 (*Fasti Eccl. Hib.* ii. 45, 234; iii. 121).

<sup>35</sup> Swift is describing play in the fashionable game of ombre, a name derived from the Spanish *El Hombre*—the Man. The game is usually played by three, one of whom, the Ombre, undertakes to make most of the tricks; should he fail, the adversary who wins is said to give Codille to the Ombre. The pack contains forty cards, without eights, nines, and tens. Spadillio, or Spadille, the ace of spades, is always first trump. Basto, the ace of clubs, is always third trump. The second trump is the lowest card of the trump suit, and is called Manillio, or Manille. If either red suit is trumps its ace is fourth trump, and is called Punto. Spadillio, Manillio, and Basto are not obliged to follow suit, and are called Mata-dores. See R. Seymour, *The Court Gamester*, 1720 (6th edn. 1739); H. H. Gibbs, *The Game of Ombre*, 1874 (2nd edn. 1878); *Macmillan's Magazine*, Jan. 1875; *Poems*, pp. 446-7, 562; *The Rape of the Lock* (ed. Tillotson, Appendix C); A. E. Case, 'The Game of Ombre in *The Rape of the Lock*', *Studies in English 1944* (Univ. of Texas), pp. 191-6.

in Hell than another, it was reserved for his porter, who tells lies so gravely, and with so civil a manner. This porter I have had to deal with, going this evening at four to visit Mr. Harley, by his own appointment. But the fellow told me no lie, though I suspected every word he said. He told me his master was just gone to dinner, with much company, and desired I would come an hour hence, which I did, expecting to hear Mr. Harley was gone out; but they had just done dinner. Mr. Harley came out to me, brought me in, and presented me to his son-in-law, lord Doblane<sup>39</sup> (or some such name) and his own son,<sup>40</sup> and, among others, Will Penn the quaker:<sup>41</sup> we sat two hours drinking as good wine as you do; and two hours more he and I alone; where he heard me tell my business; entered into it with all kindness; askt for my powers, and read them; and read likewise a memorial<sup>42</sup> I had drawn up, and put it in his pocket to show the queen; told me the

<sup>39</sup> George Hay, Viscount Dupplin, eldest son of the seventh Earl of Kinnoull, was M.P. for Fowey, 1710-11. As Baron Hay of Pedwardine, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, he was one of the twelve new peers created by Anne in Dec. 1711. He married in 1709 Abigail, Harley's second daughter. In 1719 he succeeded his father in the earldom of Kinnoull. His profligate courses at length compelled his wife, and her children, to become dependants upon her brother, the second Lord Oxford (*Corresp.* vi. 31). See also Hist. MSS. Com., 10th Report, part i, p. 257; and *Portland MSS.* vii, *passim*.

<sup>40</sup> Edward Harley, afterwards Lord Harley, who succeeded his father as the second Earl of Oxford in 1724. He added largely to the magnificent collection of books and manuscripts formed by his father.

<sup>41</sup> William Penn, 1644-1718, the celebrated founder (1682) of the colony of Pennsylvania. He was in favour with Queen Anne and known at Court.

<sup>42</sup> A draft of the memorial which Harley put into his pocket on 7 Oct. is in the British Museum (Add. MS. 4804, ff. 36, 37). In 1766 it was printed from this draft in Hawkesworth's edition of the *Letters*. See also *Corresp.* i. 200-3. In a letter to Archbishop King, 10 Oct., Swift describes it as 'an abstract . . . as short as I could make it' (*Corresp.* i. 208). On 16 Oct. he left with Harley another and more careful copy, now among the Harley papers at Welbeck Abbey (*Portland MSS.* iv. 609-10). This copy bears Harley's endorsement of receipt on that day. See Appendix III for reprints from Swift's autographs.

measures he would take; and, in short, said every thing I could wish: told me he must bring Mr. St. John (secretary of state)<sup>43</sup> and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem for me, that I am inclined half to believe what some friends have told me, That he would do every thing to bring me over. He has desired to dine with me (what a comical mistake was that) I mean he has desired me to dine with him on Tuesday,<sup>44</sup> and after four hours being with him, set me down at St. James's Coffee-house, in a hackney-coach. All this is odd and comical, if you consider him and me. He knew my Christian name very well. I could not forbear saying thus much upon this matter, although you will think it tedious. But I'll tell you; you must know, 'tis fatal<sup>45</sup> to me to be a scoundrel and a prince the same day: for being to see him at four, I could not engage myself to dine at any friend's; so I went to Tooke, to give him a ballad<sup>46</sup> and dine with him; but he was not at home: so I was forced to go to a blind<sup>47</sup> chop-house, and dine for ten-pence upon gill-ale,<sup>48</sup> bad broth, and three chops of mutton; and then go reeking from thence to the first minister of state. And now I am going in charity to send Steele a *Tatler*,<sup>49</sup> who is very low

<sup>43</sup> Henry St. John, born in 1678, entered Parliament in 1701, as member for the family borough of Wootton Bassett. His eloquence brought him immediate distinction. He was Secretary at War in the Godolphin Ministry from 1704 to 1708. In the ministerial crisis of Feb. 1708 he, with Sir Thomas Mansell and Sir Simon Harcourt, followed Harley out of office. In Sept. 1710 he succeeded Henry Boyle as Secretary of State for the Northern Department. Swift was introduced to him on 11 Nov. 1710.

<sup>44</sup> 7 Oct., the day on which Swift was writing, was a Saturday.

<sup>45</sup> Destined, fated, decreed. In this sense from the time of Chaucer. See *O.E.D.*

<sup>46</sup> This was not *Sid Hamet*, which was handed to the printer on 4 Oct. It may have been the lost 'ballad full of puns on the Westminster election' mentioned by Swift on 20 Oct. See *Poems*, p. 1087.

<sup>47</sup> Out of sight, obscure. A common early use of the word.

<sup>48</sup> Ale served by the gill measure.

<sup>49</sup> See p. 41 n.<sup>29</sup>

of late. I think I am civiller than I used to be; and have not used the expression of (*you in Ireland*) and (*we in England*), as I did when I was here before, to your great indignation. — They may talk of the *you know what*;<sup>50</sup> but, gad, if it had not been for that, I should never have been able to get the access I have had; and if that helps me to succeed, then that *same thing* will be serviceable to the church. But how far we must depend upon new friends, I have learnt by long practice, though I think among great ministers, they are just as good as old ones. And so I think this important day has made a great hole in this side of the paper; and the fiddle faddles of to-morrow and Monday will make up the rest; and, besides, I shall see Harley on Tuesday before this letter goes.

8. I must tell you a great piece of refinement<sup>51</sup> of<sup>52</sup> Harley. He charged me to come to him<sup>53</sup> often: I told him I was loth to trouble him in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, That was not a<sup>54</sup> place for friends to come to. 'Tis now but morning, and I have got a foolish trick, I must say something to MD when I wake, and wish them a good morrow; for this is not a shaving-day,<sup>55</sup>

<sup>50</sup> Deane Swift suggests that these words 'refer to the apprehension the ministry were under' that Swift, whose ability they recognized, 'would take part with their enemies'; but, as Nichols says, they 'plainly refer to some particular publication of Swift's'; and, in fact, the reference must be to *A Tale of a Tub*. The power and wit of the *Tale* were immediately recognized.

<sup>51</sup> Swift uses the word to mean an extravagant compliment, or a form of expression which might impose on the hearer. See also p. 92.

<sup>52</sup> Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, p. 314, quoting this passage, reads 'in'.

<sup>53</sup> *Ibid.*, 'to see him'.

<sup>54</sup> *Ibid.*, for 'not a' reads 'no'.

<sup>55</sup> Swift's ordinary practice was to shave every other day. In 1725 he told Charles Ford that for want of good razors he spent 'one hour in eight and forty very miserably' (*Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. D. Nichol Smith, p. 124). Cf. Arbuthnot's remark (Spence, *Anecdotes*, 1820, pp. 329-30) on 'the torture of being shaved three times a week'.

Sunday, so I have time enough: but get you gone, you rogues, I must go write: yes, 'twill vex me to the blood if any of these long letters should miscarry: if they do, I will shrink to half sheets again; but then what will you do to make up the journal? there will be ten days of Presto's life lost; and that will be a sad thing, faith and troth.—At night. I was at a loss to-day for a dinner, unless I would have gone a great way, so I dined with some friends that board<sup>56</sup> hereabout, as a spunger,<sup>57</sup> and this evening sir Andrew Fountain would needs have me go to the tavern, where, for two bottles of wine, Portugal and Florence,<sup>58</sup> among three of us, we had sixteen shillings to pay; but if ever he catches me so again, I'll spend as many pounds: and therefore I have it among my extraordinaries: but we had a neck of mutton dressed *à la Maintenon*, that the dog could not eat: and it is now twelve o'clock, and I must go sleep. I hope this letter will go before I have MD's third. Do you believe me? and yet, faith, I long for MD's third too: and yet I would have it to say, that I writ five for two. I am not fond at all of St. James's Coffee-house, as I used to be. I hope it will mend in winter; but now they are all out of town at elections, or not come from their country houses. Yesterday I was going with Dr. Garth<sup>59</sup> to dine with Charles

<sup>56</sup> For Swift's use of this word see also 8 and 12 Nov. 1710.

<sup>57</sup> Spunger, or sponger. One who lives meanly at another's expense. Used in this sense from the latter part of the seventeenth century. See *O.E.D.*

<sup>58</sup> The Methuen Treaty (p. 37 n.<sup>15</sup>) of 1703 imposed a duty of £55. 5s. per tun of French wine as against £7. 5s. 3d. on Portuguese. Port was first shipped to England in 1678; but Swift was probably referring to a wine called Vinho Verde, a kind of Vin Ordinaire, obtainable either white or red, for on 12 Mar. 1712–13 he speaks of his liking for 'white Portugal wine'. The Florence may have been *Lacrimae Christi*. A more famous Florentine wine was Vino Verdo, perhaps that which St. John received from the Duke of Tuscany. See 15 Apr. 1711.

<sup>59</sup> Samuel Garth, 1661–1719, best known by his poem *The Dispensary* (1699). A Whig in politics, he was knighted in 1714, and became physician in ordinary to George I.

Main,<sup>60</sup> near the Tower, who has an employment there: he is of Ireland; the bishop of Clogher knows him well: an honest goodnatured fellow, a thorough hearty laugh, mightily beloved by the men of wit: his mistress is never above a cook-maid. And so, good night, &c.

9 I dined to-day at sir John Stanley's; my lady Stanley is one of my favourites; I have as many here as the bishop of Killala has in Ireland. I am thinking what scurvvy company I shall be to MD when I come back: they know every thing of me already: I will tell you no more, or I shall have nothing to say, no story to tell, nor any kind of thing. I was very uneasy last night with ugly, nasty, filthy wine, that turned sour on my stomach. I must go to the tavern: oh, but I told you that before. To-morrow I dine at Harley's, and will finish this letter at my return; but I can write no more now, because of the archbishop: faith 'tis true; for I am going now to write<sup>61</sup> to him an account of what I have done in the business with Harley: and faith, young women, I'll tell you what you must count upon, that I never will write one word on the third side in these long letters.

10. Poor MD's letter was lying so huddled up among papers I could not find it: I mean poor Presto's letter. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and hope some things will be done; but I must say no more: and this letter must be sent to the post-house, and not by the bellman. I am to dine again there on Sunday next; I hope to some good issue. And so now, soon as ever I can in bed,

<sup>60</sup> Probably identical with the Maine alluded to in Gay's 'Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece':

'And wond'ring Maine, so fat with laughing eyes.'

This poem, probably composed in 1720, was first printed in *Additions to the Works of Alexander Pope*, 1776, i. 94-103.

<sup>61</sup> See Swift's letter, 10 Oct. 1710, to Archbishop King (*Corresp.* i. 204). The autograph is in the Public Library of Armagh. A draft of the first portion of the letter is in the British Museum (Add. MS. 4804, f. 38). In this letter Swift gave the Archbishop an account of his interview with Harley on 7 Oct.



I must begin my 6th to MD as gravely as if I had not written a word this month: fine doings, faith. Methinks I don't write as I should, because I am not in bed: see the ugly wide lines. God Almighty ever bless you, &c.

Faith, this is a whole treatise: I'll go reckon the lines on t'other sides. I've reckoned them.<sup>62</sup>

## LETTER VI

[TUESDAY]

London, Oct. 10, 1710.

SO, as I told you just now in the letter I sent half an hour ago, I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, who presented me to the attorney-general sir Simon Harcourt, with much compliment on all sides, &c. Harley told me he had shown my memorial to the queen, and seconded it very heartily; and he desires me to dine with him again on Sunday, when he promises to settle it with her majesty, before she names a governor;<sup>1</sup> and I protest I am in hopes it will be done, all but the forms, by that time; for he loves the church: this is a popular thing, and he would not have a governor share in it; and, besides, I am told by all hands, he has a mind to gain me over. But in the letter I writ last post (yesterday) to the archbishop,<sup>2</sup> I did not tell him a syllable of what Mr. Harley said to me last night, because he charged me to keep it secret; so I would not tell it to you, but that before this goes, I hope the secret will be over. I am now writing my poetical *Description of a Shower*

<sup>62</sup> 'Seventy-three lines in folio upon one page, and in a very small hand.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>1</sup> A Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in succession to Wharton. The Duke of Ormonde was appointed on 19 Oct.

<sup>2</sup> The letter to the Archbishop (*Corresp.* i. 204) was dated 10 Oct., although begun on the 9th. It was finished after the dinner with Harley. But, although Swift tells King much of what passed at the earlier meeting, he says of the latter occasion: 'I dined to-day with Mr. H[arley]; but I must humbly beg your Grace's pardon if I say no more at present, for reasons I may shortly let you know.'

in London, and will send it to the *Tatler*.<sup>3</sup> This is the last sheet of a whole quire I have written since I came to town. Pray, now it comes into my head, will you, when you go to Mrs. Walls, contrive to know whether Mrs. Wesley be in town, and still at her brother's, and how she is in health, and whether she stays in town. I writ to her from Chester, to know what I should do with her note; and I believe the poor woman is afraid to write to me: so I must go to my business, &c.

11. To-day at last I dined with lord Monrath,<sup>4</sup> and carried lord Mountjoy and sir Andrew Fountain with me; and was looking over them at ombre till eleven this evening like a fool: they played running ombre half crowns; and sir Andrew Fountain won eight guineas of Mr. Coote:<sup>5</sup> so I am come home late, and will say but little to MD this night. I have gotten half a bushel of coals, and Patrick, the extravagant whelp, had a fire ready for me; but I pickt off the coals before I went to-bed. It is a sign London is now an empty place, when it will not furnish me with matter for above five or six lines in a day. Did you smoak in my last how I told you the very day and the place you were playing at ombre? But I interlined and altered a little, after I had received a letter from Mr. Manley, that said you were at it in his house, while he was writing to me; but without his help I guess'd within one day. Your town is certainly much more sociable than ours. I have not seen your mother yet, &c.

12. I dined to-day with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil tavern,<sup>6</sup> by Temple-bar, and Garth treated;

<sup>3</sup> *Tatler*, No. 238. See *Poems*, p. 136.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Coote, 1680?–1715, son and heir of the third Earl of Mount-rath, whom he succeeded in 1709. He died unmarried at Bordeaux, 14 Sept. 1715.

<sup>5</sup> Henry Coote, 1683–1720, brother and heir of the fourth Earl. The family traditions were Whig.

<sup>6</sup> The Devil and St. Dunstan, commonly known as the Devil Tavern, stood at the western extremity of Fleet Street, near Temple Bar. Mentioned by Pope, *Dunciad*, i. 325; *Ep. to Augustus*, l. 42. It was demolished in

and 'tis well I dine every day, else I should be longer making out my letters: for we are yet in a very dull state, only enquiring every day after new elections, where the Tories carry it among the new members six to one. Mr. Addison's election<sup>7</sup> has passed easy and undisputed; and I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen king, he would hardly be refused. An odd accident has happened at Colchester: one captain Lavallin<sup>8</sup> coming from Flanders or Spain, found his wife with child by a clerk of Doctors Commons,<sup>9</sup> whose trade, you know, it is to prevent fornications: and this clerk was the very same fellow that made the discovery of Dyet's<sup>10</sup> counterfeiting the stamp paper. Lavallin has been this fortnight hunting after the clerk to kill him; but the fellow was constantly employed at the Treasury about the discovery he made: the wife had made a shift to patch up the business, alledging that the clerk had told her her husband was dead, and other excuses; but t'other day somebody told Lavallin his wife had intrigues before he married her: upon which he goes down in a rage, shoots his wife through the head, then falls on his sword; and, to make the matter sure, at the

1787 and Child's Bank built on the site. From the time when Ben Jonson's Apollo Club met there the tavern had a long association with men of letters. See Leopold Wagner's *London Inns and Taverns*, pp. 84-6; Percy Simpson, 'Ben Jonson and the Devil Tavern,' *Modern Language Review*, xxxiv. 367-73.

<sup>7</sup> Addison entered Parliament in 1708 as member for Lostwithiel. He was first elected for Malmesbury in 1709, and continued to represent it till his death in 1719.

<sup>8</sup> Captain Charles Lavallée served with the Cadiz expedition of 1702. In 1704, when in Lord Portmore's regiment, he fought a duel with and killed a brother officer. Luttrell, under the same date, also records the tragedy described by Swift (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, v. 452, vi. 640; Dalton, *English Army Lists*, iv. 126, v. 52, 101).

<sup>9</sup> The building near St. Paul's Churchyard occupied by the College of Advocates, the members of which had exclusive audience in the ecclesiastical and admiralty courts. In 1857, on the establishment of the probate and divorce courts, the corporation was abolished.

<sup>10</sup> See p. 39 n.<sup>22</sup>

same time discharges a pistol through his own head, and died on the spot, his wife surviving him about two hours; but in what circumstances of mind and body is terrible to imagine. I have finished my poem on the *Shower*, all but the beginning, and am going on with my *Tatler*. They have fixt about fifty things on me since I came: I have printed but three.<sup>11</sup> One advantage I get by writing to you daily, or rather you get, is, that I shall remember not to write the same things twice; and yet I fear I have done it often already: but I'll mind and confine myself to the accidents of the day; and so get you gone to ombre, and be good girls, and save your money, and be rich against Presto comes, and write to me now and then: I am thinking it would be a pretty thing to hear sometimes from sawcy MD; but don't hurt your eyes, Stella, I charge you.

13. O Lord, here's but a trifle of my letter written yet; what shall Presto do for prittle prattle to entertain MD? The talk now grows fresher of the duke of Ormond for Ireland, though Mr. Addison says he hears it will be in commission, and lord Gallaway<sup>12</sup> one. These letters of mine are a sort of journal, where matters open by degrees; and, as I tell true or false, you will find by the event whether my intelligence be good; but I don't care twopence whether it be or no.—At night. To-day I was all about St. Paul's, and up at the top like a fool, with sir Andrew Fountain and two more; and spent seven shillings for my dinner like a puppy: this is the second time he has served me so; but I'll never do it again, though all man-

<sup>11</sup> *The Tatler*, No. 230; *Sid Hamet's Rod*; and the lost ballad on the Westminster election. See p. 46 n.<sup>46</sup>; and *Poems*, p. 1087.

<sup>12</sup> Henri de Massve, Marquis de Ruigny, 1648–1720, a French refugee Protestant, who served in Ireland under William III. He was created Viscount Galway in 1692, and Earl in 1697. He was one of the Lords Justices in Ireland, 1697–1701 (*Poems*, p. 69), and again for a short period, 1715–16. He served in the Spanish war with ability and bravery; but was defeated at Almanza, 1707. Macky, in his *Characters*, pays him high tribute; but Swift's comment is: 'A deceitful, hypocritical, factious knave; a damnable hypocrite, of no religion' (*Prose Works*, x. 284–5).

kind should persuade me, unconsidering puppies! There's a young fellow here in town we are all fond of, and about a year or two come from the university, one Harrison,<sup>13</sup> a little pretty fellow, with a great deal of wit, good sense, and good nature; has written some mighty pretty things; that in your 6th *Miscellanea*, about the *Sprig of an Orange*,<sup>14</sup> is his: he has nothing to live on but being governor to one of the duke of Queensbury's sons<sup>15</sup> for forty pounds a year. The fine fellows are always inviting him to the tavern, and make him pay his club. Henley<sup>16</sup> is a great

<sup>13</sup> William Harrison, 1685–1713, was educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford. In 1706 he became a fellow of New College. His talents were not remarkable, but he won the regard of Addison, of Swift, and of other men of letters. St. John, through the influence of Swift, gave him, in May 1711, the appointment of secretary to Lord Raby, Ambassador Extraordinary to The Hague (Bolingbroke, *Letters*, 1798, i. 77, 90, 94, 95). He returned to England with the Barrier Treaty in January 1713. His salary had not been paid him, and on 14 Feb. he died penniless; p. 620.

Steele discontinued his *Tatler* with the issue of 2 Jan. 1711. Swift sponsored a continuation, edited by Harrison, which, however, was not a success. It ran to fifty-two numbers only, 13 Jan. to 19 May 1711 (*post*, p. 163 n.<sup>33</sup>). Four of Harrison's poems appeared in Steele's *Poetical Miscellanies*, 1714, pp. 244–50. They were reprinted in Nichols's *Select Collection*, 1780, with the addition of the piece referred to by Swift, iv. 180–5. For another attribution, first printed in No. 2 of the original *Tatler*, see Nichols's *Collection*, vii. 234. His best poem, 'Woodstock Park', was included in Dodsley's *Collection*, v. 188–201. See *Wentworth Papers*, pp. 188, 191, 319, 320, 324; Aitken's *Steele*, i. 300; *Corresp.* i. 355.

<sup>14</sup> First printed in Tonson's *Poetical Miscellanies: The Sixth Part*, 1709, p. 629.

<sup>15</sup> James Douglas, second Duke of Queensberry and first Duke of Dover, 1662–1711, who had been largely instrumental in promoting the treaty of union between England and Scotland. In 1708 he was appointed Joint Keeper of the Privy Seal, and third Secretary of State in 1709. Harrison would be 'governor' to Charles, Marquis of Beverley, the third son, born in 1698, who succeeded to the dukedom, or to George, the fourth son, born in 1701. The third Duke, Gay's friend and patron, married, 10 Mar. 1720, Lady Catherine Hyde, for whom see p. 37 n.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Anthony Henley, Whig M.P. for Andover 1698–1700, and for Weymouth, 1702–11, enjoyed a reputation as a wit. As far as politics permitted Swift and Henley were on friendly terms for a few years. Three letters from Henley to Swift have been preserved (*Corresp.* i. 112, 115,

crony of his: they are often at the tavern at six or seven shillings reckoning, and always makes the poor lad pay his full share. A colonel and a lord were at him and me the same way to-night: I absolutely refused, and made Harrison lag behind, and persuaded him not to go to them. I tell you this, because I find all rich fellows have that humour of using all people without any consideration of their fortunes; but I'll see them rot before they shall serve me so. Lord Halifax is always teasing me to go down to his country house,<sup>17</sup> which will cost me a guinea to his servants, and twelve shillings coach hire; and he shall be hanged first. Is not this a plaguy silly story? But I am vexed at the heart; for I love the young fellow, and am resolved to stir up people to do something for him: he is a Whig, and I'll put him upon some of my cast Whigs; for I have done with them, and they have, I hope, done with this kingdom for our time. They were sure of the four members for London above all places, and they have lost three<sup>18</sup> in the four. Sir Richard Onslow,<sup>19</sup> we hear, has lost for Surry; and they are overthrown in most places. Lookee, gentlewomen, if I write long letters, I must write you news and stuff, unless I send you my verses; and

160). Henley contributed to *The Tatler* and *The Medley*; and is said to have assisted Harrison with his continuation of *The Tatler*.

<sup>17</sup> From 1709 to his death Halifax was Ranger of Bushy Park near Hampton Court. On 2 Oct. Swift had dined with Halifax at his lodgings in Hampton Court, but not at the Ranger's house.

<sup>18</sup> Sir William Ashurst, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, and Mr. John Ward lost their seats to Sir Richard Hoare, Sir George Newland, and Mr. John Cass. The fourth seat for the city had been held in the Tory interest since 1707 by Sir William Withers.

<sup>19</sup> Richard Onslow, 1654-1717, was the grandson of Sir Richard Onslow, the prominent Parliamentarian and supporter of Cromwell. 'Onslow and Scawen have lost it by a great majority in Surry' (*Bolingbroke's Letters*, i. 3). Onslow had represented Surrey since 1689; and since 1708 he had been Speaker of the House of Commons. He regained his seat for Surrey in 1713; and under George I became Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1714-15. In 1716 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Onslow.

some I dare not; and those on the *Shower in London* I have sent to the *Tatler*, and you may see them in Ireland. I fancy you'll smooch me in the *Tatler*<sup>20</sup> I am going to write; for I believe I have told you the hint. I had a letter sent me to-night from sir Matthew Dudley, and found it on my table when I came in. Because it is extraordinary I will transcribe it from beginning to end. It is as follows [Is the Devil in you? Oct. 13, 1710.]<sup>21</sup> I would have answered every particular passage in it, only I wanted time. Here's enough for to-night, such as it is, &c.

14. Is that tobacco at the top of the paper,<sup>22</sup> or what? I don't remember I slobbered. Lord, I dreamt of Stella, &c. so confusedly last night, and that we saw dean Bolton<sup>23</sup> and Sterne go into a shop; and she bid me call them to her, and they proved to be two parsons I know not; and I walked without till she was shifting, and such stuff, mixt with much melancholy and uneasiness, and things not as they should be, and I know not how: and it is now an ugly gloomy morning.—At night. Mr. Addison and I dined with Ned Southwell, and walkt in the Park; and at the Coffee-house I found a letter from the bishop of Clogher, and a packet from MD. I opened the bishop's letter; but put up MD's, and visited a lady just come to town,<sup>24</sup> and am now got into bed, and going to open your

<sup>20</sup> Presumably the *Tatler* upon which he was engaged the previous day. It was not detected by Swift's friends, and may never have been finished.

<sup>21</sup> Deane Swift's brackets. Presumably the whole of Sir Matthew Dudley's letter consisted of the one sentence.

<sup>22</sup> 'The upper part of the letter was a little besmeared with some such stuff; the mark is still on it.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>23</sup> John Bolton, ordained priest 23 Dec. 1677, was appointed a prebendary of St. Patrick's in Feb. 1690–1. Swift succeeded to his prebend when Bolton became Dean of Derry in 1700 (*Fasts Eccl. Hib.* ii. 165; iii. 333), a preferment Swift thought his own due, and he asserted that Bolton had obtained it by bribery. The assertion appears to be unjustified. See further British Museum, Add. MSS. 28884, f. 167; 28885, ff. 244, 254; *Corresp.* i. 33 n.<sup>1</sup>; *Poems*, pp. 61, 64, 72 n. Bolton himself says that he 'did not solicit for or seek the promotion'.

<sup>24</sup> Perhaps Mrs. Vanhomrigh.

little letter: and God send I may find MD well, and happy, and merry, and that they love Presto as they do fires. Oh, I won't open it yet! yes I will! no I won't; I am going; I can't stay till I turn over.<sup>25</sup> What shall I do? My fingers itch; and I now have it in my left hand; and now I'll open it this very moment.—I have just got it, and am cracking the seal, and can't imagine what's in it; I fear only some letter from a bishop, and it comes too late: I shall employ nobody's credit but my own. Well, I see though—Pshaw, 'tis from sir Andrew Fountain: What, another! I fancy that is from Mrs. Barton; she told me she would write to me; but she writes a better hand than this: I wish you would inquire; it must be at Dawson's<sup>26</sup> office at the Castle. I fear this is from Patty Rolt, by the scrawl. Well, I'll read MD's letter. Ah, no; it is from poor lady Berkeley, to invite me to Berkeley-castle this winter; and now it grieves my heart: she says she hopes my Lord is in a fair way of recovery;<sup>27</sup> poor lady. Well, now I go to MD's letter: faith, 'tis all right; I hoped it was wrong. Your letter, N. 3, that I have now received, is dated Sept. 26, and Manley's letter,<sup>28</sup> that I had five days ago, was dated Oct. 3, that's a fortnight difference: I doubt it has lain in Steele's office,<sup>29</sup> and he forgot. Well, there's an end of that: he is turned out of his place; and you must desire those who send me pacquets, to inclose them in a paper directed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffee-house: not

<sup>25</sup> 'That is, to the next page; for he is now within three lines of the bottom of the first.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>26</sup> Joshua Dawson, Under-Secretary at Dublin Castle. There are a number of references to him in Swift's letters, for it was one of Dawson's privileges to issue, on payment of a fee, licences for absence from the kingdom. He acquired a fortune; and a street in Dublin was named after him. He was displaced from office after the accession of George I.

<sup>27</sup> Lord Berkeley had been dead three weeks. See p. 23 n.<sup>48</sup>

<sup>28</sup> No letters from Isaac Manley have been preserved.

<sup>29</sup> See pp. 3 n.<sup>12</sup>, 67. Steele would no longer be in possession of his office at the Cockpit to which Swift had directed that his business letters should be addressed.



common letters, but pacquets: the bishop of Clogher may mention it to the archbishop when he sees him. As for your letter, it makes me mad: slidikins, I have been the best boy in Christendom, and you come with your two eggs a penny.<sup>30</sup>—Well; but stay, I'll look over my book; adad,<sup>31</sup> I think there was a *chasm* between my N. 2 and N. 3.<sup>32</sup> Faith, I won't promise to write to you every week; but I'll write every night, and when it is full I will send it; that will be once in ten days, and that will be often enough: and if you begin to take up the way of writing to Presto, only because it is Tuesday, a Monday bedad, it will grow a task; but write when you have a mind.—No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no—Agad, agad, agad, agad, agad, agad; no, poor Stellakins.<sup>33</sup> Slids, I would the horse were in your—chamber. Have not I ordered Parvisol to obey your directions about him? And han't I said in my former letters, that you may pickle him, and boil him, if you will? What do you trouble me about your horses for?<sup>34</sup> Have I any thing to do with them?—Revolutions a hindrance to me in my business; Revolutions—to me in my business? If it were not for the revolutions, I could do nothing at all; and now I have all hopes possible, though one is certain of nothing; but to-morrow I am to have an answer, and am promised an effectual one. I suppose I have said enough in this and a former letter how I stand with new

<sup>30</sup> To intrude with a foolish, irrelevant story. The phrase occurs several times in the *Journal*. See *Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, p. 134.

<sup>31</sup> For agad, or egad. See below, line 13.

<sup>32</sup> There was no break in time between Letter 2 and Letter 3. See p. 11.

<sup>33</sup> Deane Swift has condescended to an edited passage of the little language; but 'Stellakins' must be an invention of his own, for the name 'Stella' was not used by Swift till many years later. Forster (*Life*, p. 303 n.) conjectures that the word should be 'Sluttakin' in the sense of little slut. In the *Journal* Swift often calls Stella and Rebecalla Dingley 'sluts'.

<sup>34</sup> For references to Stella's horses and her fondness for riding see p. 8 n.<sup>12</sup>

people;<sup>35</sup> ten times better than ever I did with the old; forty times more caressed. I am to dine to-morrow at Mr. Harley's; and if he continues as he has begun, no man has been ever better treated by another. What you say about Stella's mother, I have spoken enough to it already. I believe she is not in town; for I have not yet seen her. My lampoon is cried up to the skies; but nobody suspects me for it, except sir Andrew Fountain: at least they say nothing of it to me. Did not I tell you of a great man who received me very coldly?<sup>36</sup> That's he; but say nothing; 'twas only a little revenge: I'll remember to bring it over. The bishop of Clogher has smoaked my *Tatler*<sup>37</sup> about shortening of words, &c. But God so!<sup>38</sup> &c.

15. I will write plainer if I can remember it; for Stella must not spoil her eyes, and Dingley can't read my hand very well; and I am afraid my letters are too long: then you must suppose one to be two, and read them at twice. I dined to-day with Mr. Harley: Mr. Prior<sup>39</sup> dined with us. He has left my memorial<sup>40</sup> with the queen, who has consented to give the First-Fruits and Twentieth Parts, and will, we hope, declare it to-morrow in the cabinet. But I beg you to tell it to no person alive; for so I am ordered, till in publick: and I hope to get something of greater value. After dinner came in lord Peterborow.<sup>41</sup>

<sup>35</sup> Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, p. 330, transcribing from the original, reads 'the new people', which is probably correct.

<sup>36</sup> Godolphin, who was satirized in *Sid Hamet's Rod*, the lampoon which was 'cried up to the skies'. <sup>37</sup> No. 230, 28 Sept. 1710.

<sup>38</sup> 'This appears to be an interjection of surprize at the length of his journal.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>39</sup> After obtaining a fellowship at St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1688, Matthew Prior chose to advance his fortunes in the diplomatic service. In 1690 he went as secretary to the embassy at The Hague. In 1697 he was employed in the negotiations for the Treaty of Ryswick. In 1699 he became an Under-Secretary of State; and in 1701 he entered Parliament as member for East Grinstead. In 1702 he transferred his allegiance to the Tories. His abilities as a diplomatist were remarkable in a poet.

<sup>40</sup> See p. 45 n.<sup>42</sup>, and Appendix III.

<sup>41</sup> The brilliant, heroic, and erratic Charles Mordaunt, 1658–1735,

we renewed our acquaintance, and he grew mightily fond of me. They began to talk of a paper of verses called *Sid Hamet*. Mr. Harley repeated part, and then pulled them out, and gave them to a gentleman at the table to read, though they had all read them often: lord Peterborow would let nobody read them but himself: so he did; and Mr. Harley bobbed<sup>42</sup> me at every line to take notice of the beauties. Prior rallied lord Peterborow for author of them; and lord Peterborow said, he knew them to be his; and Prior then turned it upon me, and I on him. I am not guessed at all in town to be the author; yet so it is: but that is a secret only to you. Ten to one whether you see them in Ireland; yet here they run prodigiously. Harley presented me to lord president of Scotland,<sup>43</sup> and Mr. Benson,<sup>44</sup> lord of the treasury. Prior and I came away at nine, and sat at the Smyrna<sup>45</sup> till eleven, receiving acquaintance.

who in 1697 succeeded his uncle as third Earl of Peterborough. In 1705 he had been dispatched to Spain as joint commander with Sir Cloudisley Shovell; but in 1707 he was recalled to render an account of his conduct and of money expended. The return to power of the Tories relieved him of his anxieties. He numbered among his friends Pope, Arbuthnot, Gay; and Swift addressed to him some of his most spirited verses (*Poems*, pp. 396-8). Swift's acquaintance with Peterborough probably dated back to 1701 when the publication of his *Contests and Dissensions* won him the favour of the Whig leaders.

<sup>42</sup> Tapped, nudged.

<sup>43</sup> Sir Hew Dalrymple, 1652-1737, third son of the first Viscount Stair. He was Lord President of the Court of Session, 1698-1737. In 1698 he was created a baronet of Nova Scotia. In 1702-3 he was a Commissioner of the Articles of Union between England and Scotland.

<sup>44</sup> Robert Benson, 1676-1731, son of a Yorkshire attorney (*Wentworth Papers*, p. 133), successively M.P. for Thetford and York, had been appointed Commissioner of the Treasury on the 10th of August. In June 1711 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, and was raised to the peerage as Baron Bingley, 1713. He was Ambassador to Madrid, 1713-14. He also held a brief term of office under George II as Treasurer of the Household, 1730-1.

<sup>45</sup> The Smyrna coffee-house, a centre of political gossip, stood on the north side of Pall Mall opposite Marlborough House. In *The Tatler*,

16. This morning early I went in a chair, and Patrick before it, to Mr. Harley, to give him another copy of my memorial,<sup>46</sup> as he desired; but he was full of business, going to the queen, and I could not see him; but he desired I would send up the paper, and excused himself upon his hurry. I was a little baulkt; but they tell me it is nothing. I shall judge by next visit. I tipped his porter with half a crown; and so I am well there for a time at least. I dined at Stratford's in the city, and had Burgundy and Tockay: came back afoot like a scoundrel; then went to Mr. Addison and supped with lord Mountjoy, which made me sick all night. I forgot that I bought six pound of chocolate for Stella, and a little wooden box: and I have a great piece of Brazil tobacco<sup>47</sup> for Dingley, and a bottle of palsy water for Stella: all which, with the two handkerchiefs that Mr. Sterne has bought, and you must pay him for, will be put in the box directed to Mrs. Curry's, and set<sup>48</sup> by Dr. Hawkshaw,<sup>49</sup> whom I have not seen; but Sterne has undertaken it. The chocolate is a present, madam, for Stella. Don't read this, you little rogue, with your little eyes; but give it to Dingley, pray now; and I'll write as plain as the skies: and let Dingley write Stella's part, and Stella dictate to her, when she apprehends her eyes, &c.

17. This letter should have gone this post, if I had not been taken up with business, and two nights being late out; so it must stay till Thursday. I dined to-day with No. 78, all who desire 'to be instructed in the noble sciences of music, poetry, and politics' are invited to repair to the Smyrna. See also *The Tatler*, No. 10, and *The Spectator*, No. 457.

<sup>46</sup> This copy of Swift's memorial is that now preserved among the manuscripts of the Duke of Portland at Welbeck Abbey: Appendix III.

<sup>47</sup> See p. 31 n.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>48</sup> Deane Swift reads 'set'. Probably a printer's slip for 'sent'.

<sup>49</sup> John Hawkshaw, who entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1688. He took his B.A. in 1692; LL.B., 1700; LL.D., 1708 (*Alum. Dubl.*). He was the eldest son of Richard Hawkshaw, of the city of Dublin, by Elinor, daughter of Edward Parry, Bishop of Killaloe. His wife was Bridget Rotton, niece of John Stearne, Dean of St. Patrick's. He died in 1744.

your Mr. Sterne, by invitation, and drank Irish wine;<sup>50</sup> but, before we parted, there came in the prince of puppies, colonel Edgeworth;<sup>51</sup> so I went away. This day came out the *Tatler* made up wholly of my *Shower*, and a preface to it. They say 'tis the best thing I ever writ, and I think so too. I suppose the bishop of Clogher will shew it you. Pray tell me how you like it. Tooke is going on with my *Miscellany*.<sup>52</sup> I'd give a penny the letter to the bishop of Kilaloe<sup>53</sup> was in it: 'twould do him honour. Could not

<sup>50</sup> Claret was commonly so called.

<sup>51</sup> Ambrose Edgeworth was the son of Sir John Edgeworth. In 1689 he was a Captain in his father's regiment, the 18th Regiment of Foot (Royal Irish). But in that year both father and son were turned out for dishonesty in the supply of soldiers' clothing. Ambrose was, however, recommissioned as a Captain in Erle's Regiment of Foot, 9 Feb. 1691. He served in Spain as a Major in Brigadier Gorge's Regiment of Foot. On his way home to England he was taken prisoner and carried to France. In 1707 he was appointed a Lieut.-Col. in Col. Thomas Allen's Regiment of Foot (Dalton's *English Army Lists*, iii. 6, 58, 59, 199). Steele's reference in *The Tatler*, No. 246, 4 Nov. 1710, to 'a very handsome well-shaped youth that frequents the coffee-houses about Charing Cross' is supposed to be an allusion to Edgeworth.

<sup>52</sup> During his previous stay in London, 1707-9, Swift began to consider the publication of a miscellany volume. He drew up a list of pieces for inclusion. The list was written on the back of a letter directed to him in Oct. 1708. See the Biographical Anecdotes prefixed to Nichols's *Supplement*, 1779; Forster, *Life*, p. 257 n.; and *Poems*, p. xix. Although, as above, Benjamin Tooke is referred to in Swift's letters (*Corresp.* i. 167, 183-6) as the prospective publisher, the *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse* appeared, at the end of Feb. 1711, with John Morphew's imprint. Cf. p. 203, 28 Feb. 1711, where Swift mentions the publication.

<sup>53</sup> One of the entries in the list mentioned in the previous note is a 'Letter to Bishop of K.' To whom did this refer? Is 'Killaloe' in the text above a mistake by Deane Swift, or the compositor, for 'Killala'? At this time Swift was not well disposed to Thomas Lindsay, Bishop of Killaloe, one of the two Irish bishops to whom his commission was addressed. He refers to him slightly in a letter of 9 Sept. 1709, addressed to Archbishop King (*Corresp.* i. 193). As late as Mar. 1713 (p. 647) he believed that Lindsay had been a hindrance to him in the execution of his mission. In November and December of the same year, however, he used his interest successfully with Oxford and the government to obtain for Lindsay, perhaps mainly on grounds of political expediency, the Archbishopric of

you contrive to say you hear they are printing my *Things* together; and that you wish the bookseller had that letter among the rest: but don't say any thing of it as from me. I forgot whether it was good or no; but only having heard it much commended, perhaps it may deserve it. Well, I have to-morrow to finish this letter in, and then I'll send it next day. I am so vexed that you should write your third to me, when you had but my second, and I had written five, which now I hope you have all: and so I tell you, you are sawcy, little, pretty, dear rogues, &c.

18. To-day I dined, by invitation, with Stratford and others, at a young merchant's in the city, with Hermitage and Tockay, and staid till nine, and am now come home. And that dog Patrick is abroad, and drinking, and I can't get my night-gown. I have a mind to turn that puppy away: he has been drunk ten times in three weeks. But I han't time to say more; so good night, &c.

19. I am come home from dining in the city with Mr. Addison, at a merchant's; and just now, at the Coffee-house, we have notice that the duke of Ormond was this day declared lord lieutenant, at Hampton-court, in council. I have not seen Mr. Harley since; but hope the affair is done about First-Fruits. I will see him, if possible, to-morrow morning; but this goes to-night. I have sent a box to Mr. Sterne, to send to you by some friend: I have directed it for Mr. Curry,<sup>54</sup> at his house; so you have warning when it comes, as I hope it will soon. The handkerchiefs will be put in some friend's pocket, not to pay custom. And so here ends my sixth, sent when I had but three of MD's: now I am beforehand, and will keep so; and God Almighty bless dearest MD, &c.

Armagh, then vacant through the death of Narcissus Marsh. But it seems unlikely that in Oct. 1710 Swift would specially seek to print a letter to do honour to Lindsay. On the other hand, William Lloyd, Bishop of Killala since 1691, although a much older man, was on friendly terms with both Swift and Stella, and on 23 Sept. (*ante*) we read that Swift intended to 'write to the bishop of Killala'. In either event the letter has not been traced. It remains one of the Swift desiderata.

<sup>54</sup> See p. 4 n.<sup>17</sup>

## LETTER VII

[THURSDAY]

London, Oct. 19, 1710.

O FAITH, I am undone! this paper is larger than t'other, and yet I am condemned to a sheet; but since it is MD, I did not value though I were condemned to a pair. I told you in a letter to-day where I had been, and how the day past; and so, &c.

20. To-day I went to Mr. Lewis, at the secretary's office, to know when I might see Mr. Harley; and by and by comes up Mr. Harley himself, and appoints me to dine with him to-morrow. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Vanhomrigh was living in Bury Street where Swift had taken lodgings on 21 Sept. (p. 24 n.<sup>50</sup>); and, although this is the first mention of the household in the *Journal*, it can hardly have been his first visit since he arrived in London.

In 1686 Bartholomew Vanhomrigh, a merchant of Dutch extraction by that time successfully established in Dublin, married Hester Stone, a daughter of a commissioner of the Irish revenue. During the Revolution he left Ireland, but returned as Commissary-General to the forces, and, after the campaign, resuming his position in Dublin, he was, in 1697, nominated Lord Mayor. He died 29 Dec. 1703, leaving his widow, two daughters, Esther and Mary, and two sons, Bartholomew and Ginkell, in comfortable circumstances. In Dec. 1707 (*Corresp.* i. 390), after the business of the estate had been settled, Mrs. Vanhomrigh, in the hope of social advancement, moved with her family to London. Swift may have met Mrs. Vanhomrigh in Ireland. He was certainly an early London acquaintance. A collection of *Letters, Poems, and Tales: Amorous, Satyrical, and Gallant*, published by Curll in 1718, contained an undated 'Decree for Concluding the Treaty between Dr. Swift and Mrs. Long', which professes to have been drawn by Ginkell Vanhomrigh. It contains, furthermore, a double mention of Mrs. Vanhomrigh 'and her fair Daughter Hussy' to whom Miss Long was in some way related (*Corresp.* i. 307 and n.). In the 'Decree' Swift is described as 'of Leicester-fields'. Swift was staying with Sir Andrew Fountaine at his residence in Leicester Fields between the middle of Dec. 1707 and the first week in Jan. 1708, when Sir Andrew left for the country (*Corresp.* i. 63, 70). It seems probable, therefore, that if Swift was not already acquainted with the Vanhomrighs he must have been introduced to them almost as soon as the family moved to London. It is clear that from the first Esther was a chief attraction; and when he left London in May 1709 they were already on corresponding terms (*Corresp.* i. 384; iii. 457-8).

and went to wait on the two lady Butlers;<sup>2</sup> but the porter answered, They were not at home: the meaning was, the youngest, lady Mary, is to be married to-morrow to lord Ashburnham,<sup>3</sup> the best match now in England, twelve thousand pounds a year, and abundance of money. Tell me how my *Shower* is liked in Ireland: I never knew any thing pass better here. I spent the evening with Wortley Montague<sup>4</sup> and Mr. Addison, over a bottle of Irish wine. Do they know any thing in Ireland of my greatness among the Tories? Every body reproaches me of it here; but I value them not. Have you heard of the verses about the *Rod of Sid Hamet*? Say nothing of them for your life. Hardly any body suspects me for them, only they think no-body but Prior or I could write them. But I doubt they have not reached you. There is likewise a Ballad, full of puns, on the Westminster Election,<sup>5</sup> that cost me half an hour: it runs, though it be good for nothing. But this is likewise a secret to all but MD. If you have them not, I'll bring them over.

21. I got MD's fourth to-day at the Coffee-house. God Almighty bless poor dear Stella, and her eyes and head: What shall we do to cure them, poor dear life? Your disorders are a pull-back for your good qualities. Would to heaven I were this minute shaving your poor dear head, either here or there. Pray do not write, nor read this letter, nor any thing else, and I will write plainer for

<sup>2</sup> The two daughters of the Duke of Ormonde. See p. 23 n.<sup>46</sup> and below.

<sup>3</sup> John, 1687-1737, third Baron (16 June 1710) and first Earl of Ashburnham (1730), married, 21 Oct. 1710, Lady Mary Butler, younger daughter of the Duke of Ormonde. To Swift's great grief she died in her twenty-third year, 2 Jan. 1712-13. See p. 594.

<sup>4</sup> Edward Wortley Montagu, grandson of the first Earl of Sandwich and M.P. for Huntingdon, who married in 1712 Lady Mary Pierrepont, eldest daughter of the Marquis of Dorchester, later Duke of Kingston. She became the writer of the famous *Letters*. Her husband died in Jan. 1761, aged 83.

<sup>5</sup> For the Westminster election see p. 42 n.<sup>32</sup> The ballad has not been traced. See *Poems*, p. 1087.



Dingley to read, from henceforward, though my pen is apt to ramble when I think who I am writing to. I will not answer your letter until I tell you that I dined this day with Mr. Harley, who presented me to the earl of Sterling,<sup>6</sup> a Scotch lord; and in the evening came in lord Peterborow. I staid till nine before Mr. Harley would let me go, or tell me any thing of my affair. He says, the queen has now granted the First-Fruits and Twentieth Parts; but he will not yet give me leave to write to the archbishop,<sup>7</sup> because the queen designs to signify it to the bishops in Ireland in form, and to take notice, That it was done upon a memorial from me, which Mr. Harley tells me he does to make it look more respectful to me, &c. and I am to see him on Tuesday. I know not whether I told you, that in my memorial which was given to the queen, I begged for two thousand pounds a year more,<sup>8</sup> though it was not in my commission; but that Mr. Harley says cannot yet be done, and that he and I must talk of it further: however, I have started it, and it may follow in time. Pray say nothing of the First-Fruits being granted, unless I give leave at the bottom of this. I believe never any thing was compassed so soon, and purely done by my personal credit with Mr. Harley, who is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to shew the rascals of the other party that they used a man unworthily, who had deserved better. The memorial given to the Queen from me speaks with great plainness of lord Wharton. I believe this business is as important to you as the Convocation disputes from Tisdall.<sup>9</sup> I hope in a month or two all the forms of

<sup>6</sup> Henry Alexander, 1664-1739, who succeeded as fifth Earl of Stirling, 11 Feb. 1690-1.

<sup>7</sup> On 4 Nov. Swift wrote to inform Archbishop King of the success of the negotiations (*Corresp.* i. 212; and *post*, p. 80).

<sup>8</sup> See Appendix III. Swift begged (in addition to the First Fruits and Twentieth Parts) that wherever the Queen was possessed of the Improvements upon parishes these might be remitted. The value he estimated at about two thousand pounds yearly.

<sup>9</sup> 'These words, notwithstanding their great obscurity at present, were

settling this matter will be over, and then I shall have nothing to do here. I will only add one foolish thing more, because it is just come into my head. When this thing is made known, tell me impartially whether they give any of the merit to me, or no; for I am sure I have so much, that I will never take it upon me.—Insolent sluts! because I say Dublin, Ireland, therefore you must say London, England: that's Stella's malice.<sup>10</sup> Well, for that I won't answer your letter till to-morrow-day, and so and so: I'll go write something else, and it won't be much; for 'tis late.

22. I was this morning with Mr. Lewis, the under-secretary to lord Dartmouth, two hours talking politicks, and contriving to keep Steele in his office of stamp paper: he has lost his place of Gazetteer, three hundred pounds, a year, for writing a *Tatler*,<sup>11</sup> some months ago, against Mr. Harley, who gave it him at first, and raised the salary

very clear and intelligible to Mrs. *Johnson*: they referred to conversations, which passed between her and Dr. *Tisdall* seven or eight years before; when the doctor, who was not only a learned and faithful Divine, but a zealous Church-Tory, frequently entertained her with convocation disputes. This gentleman, in the years 1703 and 1704, paid his addresses to Mrs. *Johnson*.—Deane Swift.

William Tisdal, or Tisdall, 1669–1735, became a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1696. In 1704, while Swift was in London, Tisdall was a suitor for Stella's hand; but Swift's chilliness, when approached, and Stella's indifference, brought the affair to an end. In 1706 he married a daughter of Hugh Morgan of Cottlestown, co. Sligo; and in 1712 became vicar of Belfast. Until the advent of the Whigs to power, with the accession of George I, Tisdall was an ardent High Church pamphleteer. See *Corresp.* i. 37–47 *Poems*, p. 1123; and Introduction, pp. xxxi–xxxv.

<sup>10</sup> Swift is jesting at Stella for adding to the address of her letters the unnecessary word 'England'. Deane Swift has the following footnote: 'There is a particular compliment to *Stella* couched in these words. *Stella* was herself an *Englishwoman*, born at *Richmond in Surry*; nevertheless she respected the interest and the honour of *Ireland*, where she had lived for some years, with a generous patriotic spirit.'

<sup>11</sup> See p. 13 n.<sup>9</sup> Steele became one of the Commissioners of the Stamp Office, a place worth £300 a year, in Jan. 1710. He resigned the office in 1713. See Aitken's *Life of Steele*, i. 271 and n., 386–90; and Rae Blanchard, *Correspondence of Richard Steele*, pp. 79–81.

from sixty to three hundred Pounds. This was devilish ungrateful; and Lewis was telling me the particulars: but I had a hint given me, that I might save him in the other employment; and leave was give me to clear matters with Steele. Well, I dined with Sir Matthew Dudley, and in the evening went to sit with Mr. Addison, and offer the matter at distance to him, as the discreeter person; but found *Parry* had so possessed him, that he talked as if he suspected me, and would not fall in with any thing I said. So I stopt short in my overture, and we parted very dryly; and I shall say nothing to Steele, and let them do as they will; but if things stand as they are, he will certainly lose it, unless I save him; and therefore I will not speak to him, that I may not report to his disadvantage. Is not this vexatious? and is there so much in the proverb of proffered service?<sup>12</sup> When shall I grow wise? I endeavour to act in the most exact points of honour and conscience, and my nearest friends will not understand it so. What must a man expect from his enemies? This would vex me, but it shall not; and so I bid you good night, &c.

23. I know 'tis neither wit nor diversion to tell you every day where I dine, neither do I write it to fill my letter; but I fancy I shall, some time or other, have the curiosity of seeing some particulars how I passed my life when I was absent from MD this time; and so I tell you now that I dined to-day at Molesworth's, the Florence envoy, then went to the coffee-house, where I behaved myself coldly enough to Mr. Addison, and so came home to scribble. We dine together to-morrow and next day by invitation; but I shall not alter my behaviour to him, till he begs my pardon, or else we shall grow bare acquaintance. I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters, but MD's.

24.<sup>13</sup> I forgot to tell you, that last night I went to Mr.

<sup>12</sup> 'Proffered service stinks.' W. G. Smith's *Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, p. 364.

<sup>13</sup> On this day Archbishop King, unaware of Swift's success in the

Harley's, hoping—faith, I am blundering, for it was this very night at six; and I hoped he would have told me all things were done and granted: but he was abroad, and come home ill, and was gone to bed, much out of order, unless the porter lied. I dined to-day at Sir Matthew Dudley's with Mr. Addison, &c.

25. I was to-day to see the duke of Ormond; and coming out, met lord Berkeley of Stratton,<sup>14</sup> who told me, that Mrs. Temple,<sup>15</sup> the widow, died last Saturday, which, I suppose, is much to the outward grief and inward joy of the family. I dined to-day with Addison and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Monsr. Sartre,<sup>16</sup> a Frenchman, Prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of monastick life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.

26. I was to-day to see Mr. Congreve, who is almost blind with cataracts growing on his eyes; and his case is, that he must wait two or three years, until the cataracts are riper, and till he is quite blind, and then he must have them couched; and besides he is never rid of the gout, yet

negotiations, addressed to him a letter enclosing a 'farther power', signed by the Primate and himself, authorizing him 'to take the full Management' of the affair into his hands in view of the departure from London of the Bishops of Ossory and Killaloe. See Appendix II.

<sup>14</sup> William Berkeley, fourth Baron Berkeley of Stratton, a Tory in politics, was Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, 20 Sept. 1710–14. He was named of the Privy Council, 21 Sept. 1710. In 1714–15 he was First Lord of Trade and Plantations. He married Frances, youngest daughter of Sir John Temple of East Sheen, Surrey. He died 24 Mar. 1740–1.

<sup>15</sup> Mary, daughter of Duplessis Rambouillet, a Huguenot. She married Sir William Temple's son John (p. 9 n.<sup>15</sup>), who threw himself into the Thames in 1689.

<sup>16</sup> Two of Addison's three sisters died young. The only surviving sister, Dorothy, married the Rev. James Sartre, Prebendary and Archdeacon of Westminster, who had formerly been pastor at Montpelier. He died in 1713, and his widow afterwards married a Daniel Combes, who died in 1719. She died in 1750, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

he looks young and fresh, and is as chearful as ever. He is younger by three years or more than I,<sup>17</sup> and I am twenty years younger than he. He gave me a pain in the great toe, by mentioning the gout. I find such suspicions frequently, but they go off again. I had a second letter from Mr. Morgan; for which I thank you: I wish you were whipt for forgetting to send him that answer I desired you in one of my former, that I could do nothing for him of what he desired, having no credit at all, &c. Go, be far enough, you negligent baggages. I have had also a letter from Parvisol, with an account how my livings are set, and that they are fallen, since last year, sixty pounds. A comfortable piece of news. He tells me plainly, that he finds you have no mind to part with the horse, because you sent for him at the same time you sent him my letter; so that I know not what must be done. 'Tis a sad thing that Stella must have her own horse,<sup>18</sup> whether Parvisol will or no. So now to answer your letter that I had three or four days ago. I am not now in bed, but am come home by eight; and it being warm, I write up.<sup>19</sup> I never writ to the bishop of Killala, which, I suppose, was the reason he had not my letter. I have not time, there's the short of it.—As fond as the dean<sup>20</sup> is of my letter, he has not written to me. I would only know whether dean Bolton paid him the twenty pounds; and for the rest, he may kiss ———. And that you may ask him, because I am in pain about it, that dean Bolton is such a *whipster*. 'Tis the most obliging thing in the world in dean Sterne to be so kind to you. I believe he knows it will please me, and makes up, that

<sup>17</sup> Congreve, born at Bardsley, near Leeds, where he was baptized 10 Feb. 1669–70, was little more than two years younger than Swift. They had been together at Kilkenny grammar school and at Trinity College, Dublin, where they had the same tutor, St. George Ashe. See *Poems*, p. 43. In 1710, when Tonson published his collected *Works* in three volumes, Congreve had been famous for seventeen years. His last play, *The Way of the World*, had appeared in 1700.

<sup>18</sup> See pp. 25, 28.

<sup>19</sup> Swift means that the weather being mild he has no need to keep himself warm by writing in bed.

<sup>20</sup> Dean Stearne.

way, his other usage.<sup>21</sup> No, we have had none of your snow, but a little one morning; yet I think it was great snow for an hour or so, but no longer. I had heard of Will Crowe's<sup>22</sup> death before, but not the foolish circumstance that hastened his end. No, I have taken care that captain Pratt shall not suffer by lord Anglesea's death. I'll try some contrivance to get a copy of my picture from Jervas. I'll make Sir Andrew Fountain buy one as for himself, and I'll pay him again and take it, that is, provided I have money to spare when I leave this.—Poor John!<sup>23</sup> is he gone? and madam Parvisol has been in town? Humm. Why, Tighe<sup>24</sup> and I, when he comes, shall not take any notice of each other; I would not do it much in this town, though we had not fallen out.—I was to-day at Mr. Sterne's lodging; he was not within, and Mr. Leigh is not come to town, but I will do Dingley's errand when I see

<sup>21</sup> About four years before this time Swift had reason to expect from Stearne the living of St. Nicholas Without, in Dublin, which was in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Patrick's. But the population of the parish had greatly increased, and Stearne took the opportunity of dividing it into two, retaining both himself and using the revenue to build a church for the severed portion under the name of St. Luke's. Swift never forgave the slight, and found occasion to remind Stearne of it as late as 1733. See *Corresp.* i. 72 n., 73, 79, 117; ii. 51 n., 257 n.; v. 16, 17; and *post*, p. 668.

<sup>22</sup> Dr. William Crowe was Recorder of Blessington, co. Wicklow, and later M.P. for the same town. A verse parody of a congratulatory address to Queen Anne, delivered by him, 17 Jan. 1704-5, has been attributed to Swift (*Poems*, p. 1075). In his *Character of Wharton* Swift referred to Wharton's 'barbarous injustice to Dean Jephson, and poor Will Crow'; and it appears that Crowe's mind had been deranged (*Prose Works*, v. 27; *post*, p. 95).

<sup>23</sup> Unidentified.

<sup>24</sup> Richard Tighe, a member of the Irish House of Commons and a strong Whig, excited Swift's dislike from the first. He was, however, a person of some influence in Ireland, and under George I he was named of the Privy Council. In 1725 he roused Swift's bitter animosity by reporting to Lord Cartaret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a sermon of doubtful implication preached by Sheridan on the anniversary of the accession of George I. Thereafter Swift pursued him in verse lampoons. See *Poems*, pp. 772-3 and *passim*.

him. What do I know whether china be dear or no?<sup>25</sup> I once took a fancy of resolving to grow mad for it, but now 'tis off; I suppose I told you in some former letter. And so you only want some salad dishes, and plates, and &c. Yes, yes, you shall. I suppose you have named as much as will cost five pounds.—Now to Stella's little postscript; and I am almost crazed that you vex yourself for not writing. Can't you dictate to Dingley, and not strain your little dear eyes? I am sure 'tis the grief of my soul to think you are out of order. Pray be quiet, and if you will write, shut your eyes, and write just a line, and no more, thus [How do you do, Mrs. Stella?]<sup>26</sup> That was written with my eyes shut. Faith, I think it is better than when they are open:<sup>27</sup> and then Dingley may stand by, and tell you when you go too high or too low.—My letters of business, with pacquets, if there be any more occasion for such, must be inclosed to Mr. Addison, at St. James's Coffee-house:<sup>28</sup> but I hope to hear, as soon as I see Mr. Harley, that the main difficulties are over, and that the rest will be but form.—Make two or three nutgalls, make<sup>29</sup> two or three —galls; stop your receipt in your — I have no need on't. Here's a clutter! Well, so much for your letter, which I will now put up in my letter-partition in my cabinet, as I always do every letter as soon as I answer it. Method is good in all things. Order governs the world. The Devil is the author of confusion. A general of an army, a minister of state; to descend lower, a gardener, a weaver, &c. That may make a fine observation, if you think it worth finishing; but I have not time. Is not this a terrible long piece for one evening? I dined to-day with Patty Rolt at my cousin Leach's,<sup>30</sup> with a pox,

<sup>25</sup> See p. 20 n.<sup>34</sup><sup>26</sup> The brackets are Deane Swift's.<sup>27</sup> 'It is actually better written, and in a plainer hand.'—Deane Swift. See also p. 110.<sup>28</sup> See p. 57.<sup>29</sup> Is 'make' a mistake for 'take'?<sup>30</sup> The relationship of Swift to Patty Rolt, Dryden Leach, and Thomson was probably remote and traceable through the Dryden connexion. Swift's

in the city: he is a printer, and prints the *Postman*,<sup>31</sup> oh, ho, and is my cousin, God knows how, and he married Mrs. Baby Aires of Leicester; and my cousin Thomson was with us: and my cousin Leach offers to bring me acquainted with the author of the *Postman*; and says, he does not doubt but the gentleman will be glad of my acquaintance, and that he is a very ingenious man, and a great scholar, and has been beyond sea. But I was modest, and said, May be the gentleman was shy, and not fond of new acquaintance; and so put it off: and I wish you could hear me repeating all I have said of this in its proper tone, just as I am writing it. 'Tis all with the same cadence with oh hoo, or as when little girls say, I have got an apple, miss, and I won't give you some. 'Tis plaguy twelve-penny weather this last week, and has cost me ten shillings in coach and chair hire. If the fellow that has your money

grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, of Goodrich, married Elizabeth Dryden, niece to Sir Erasmus Dryden, grandfather of John Dryden, the poet. Thomas Swift had four daughters who survived infancy. One married Thomas Vaughan of Goodrich. Nothing more is known of the others except that they were living when their father made his will, 24 Apr. 1658 (Somerset House, Wills' Book, 'Watton', f. 697). There is no evidence, however, and some unlikelihood, that Swift's 'cousins' of the *Journal* owed their relationship to descent from one or other of Thomas Swift's daughters. Swift's statement that Thomas Swift of Goodrich 'left ten sons and three or four daughters' (*Prose Works*, xi. 373) argues a want of interest in or knowledge about his aunts. It is known that Francis Leach, father of Dryden Leach, married in 1683 Jemima Dryden of St. Bartholomew-the-Less, and this, presumably, constituted the link, or a further link with the family of the poet. Dryden Leach succeeded his father as printer of *The Post-Man*, the first issue with his imprint being that of 1 July 1707. See further Plomer, *Dictionary of Printers and Booksellers: 1668-1725; Notes and Queries*, clxxiii. 302, 339. The name Swift gives to Dryden Leach's wife may be fictitious and derisive. Thomson, or Thompson, described as a butcher, is mentioned once again (2 Mar. 1712-13) as 'dead, or dying'. For Patty Rolt see p. 18 n.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>31</sup> *The Post-Man* was written by M. Fonvive, a French Protestant. Dunton describes him as 'the glory and mirror of News-Writers' and the gainer of '6ool. a year by a Penny Paper' (*Life and Errors*, 1818, pp. 428-9).



will pay it, let me beg you to buy Bank Stock with it, which is fallen near thirty *per cent.* and pays eight pounds *per cent.*<sup>32</sup> and you have the principal when you please: it will certainly soon rise. I would to God lady Giffard would put in the four hundred pounds she owes you,<sup>33</sup> and take the five *per cent.* common interest, and give you the remainder. I will speak to your mother about it when I see her. I am resolved to buy three hundred pounds of it for myself, and take up what I have in Ireland; and I have a contrivance for it, that I hope will do, by making a friend of mine buy it as for himself, and I'll pay him when I can get in my money. I hope Stratford will do me that kindness. I'll ask him to-morrow or next day.

27. Mr. Rowe the poet desired me to dine with him to-day. I went to his office (he is under-secretary in Mr. Addison's place that he had in England)<sup>34</sup> and there was Mr. Prior; and they both fell commending my *Shower* beyond any thing that has been written of the kind: there never was such a *Shower* since Danaë's, &c. You must tell me how 'tis liked among you. I dined with Rowe;

<sup>32</sup> See p. 87 n.<sup>42</sup>, and p. 94.

<sup>33</sup> By his will Sir William Temple bequeathed to Stella 'a lease of some lands I have in Morristown, in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland' (T. P. Courtenay, *Memoirs of Temple*, ii. 485). Swift tells us that because Stella's fortune 'was in all not above fifteen hundred pounds' he persuaded her to transfer as much as she could to Ireland, where money then stood at 10 per cent. (*Prose Works*, xi. 128). It appears, therefore, that she possessed a small fortune in addition to the leasehold land left by Temple. In a letter to Tisdall of 16 Dec. 1703 Swift speaks of a project for putting out Stella's money 'in a certain lady's hands for annuities' (*Corresp.* i. 39-40). Lady Giffard held, apparently on her own life and theirs severally, £400 for Stella and £100 for Rebecca Dingley, upon which interest was paid to them. At her death the capital sums were repaid; and in her will she left £10 to each. Stella also received a 'silver chocolate pot' and 'ye hundred pounds I put into ye exchequer for her life and my owne' (Julia Longe, *Martha Lady Giffard*, pp. 347-8, 358).

<sup>34</sup> Wharton was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in Dec. 1708, and Addison became his secretary. Nicholas Rowe, a Whig, for whom see p. 41 n.<sup>27</sup>, was appointed under-secretary to the Duke of Queensberry, 5 Feb. 1708-9, and held the office till the Duke's death, 6 July 1711.

Prior could not come: and after dinner we went to a blind<sup>35</sup> tavern, where Congreve, Sir Richard Temple,<sup>36</sup> Eastcourt,<sup>37</sup> and Charles Main were over a bowl of bad punch. The knight sent for six flasks of his own wine for me, and we staid till twelve. But now my head continues pretty well; I have left off my drinking, and only take a spoonful mixt with water, for fear of the gout, or some ugly distemper; and now, because it is late, I will, &c.

28. Garth and Addison and I dined to-day at a hedge<sup>38</sup> tavern; then I went to Mr. Harley, but he was denied, or not at home; so I fear I shall not hear my business is done before this goes. Then I visited lord Pembroke,<sup>39</sup> who is just come to town, and we were very merry talking of old things, and I hit him with one pun. Then I went to see

<sup>35</sup> See p. 46 n.<sup>47</sup>

<sup>36</sup> Sir Richard Temple, 1669?–1749, fourth baronet of Stowe, who served with distinction in Marlborough's campaigns. His Whig views led to his dismissal in 1713 (p. 656); but after the accession of George I he was raised to the peerage as Baron, 1714, and Viscount Cobham, 1718. The house at Stowe was rebuilt by him, and he laid out its famous gardens. He was a member of the Kit-Cat Club and a friend of men-of-letters. He was celebrated by Congreve (in a passage unfavourably commented upon by Swift, *Corresp.* iv. 77), and also by Pope in the first of the *Moral Essays*.

<sup>37</sup> Richard Estcourt, 1668–1712, the actor, who played for some years at the Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin (see Concanen's *Miscellaneous Poems*, p. 268), and from 1704 to the year of his death in London. He was an admirable mimic (Spence, *Anecdotes*, 1820, p. 181), and the 'Tom Mirrour' of *The Tatler*, No. 51, 6 Aug. 1709. Steele devoted *The Spectator*, No. 468, 27 Aug. 1712, to him. See also *Spectator*, No. 370, and Parnell's *Poems on Several Occasions*, 1722, p. 28. He enjoyed the friendship of many people of fashion and quality.

<sup>38</sup> The word 'hedge' was frequently used as a pejorative prefix in such phrases as 'hedge alehouse', 'hedge priest', &c. See Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, ed. E. Partridge.

<sup>39</sup> Thomas Herbert, 1656–1733, eighth Earl of Pembroke, succeeded to the title in 1683. He held many high offices of state. In 1697 he was first plenipotentiary at the Treaty of Ryswick; in 1702 President of the Council; and he served a distinguished term of office as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1707–9 (*Corresp.* i. 60 n.). A man of taste, he was the friend of Sir Andrew Fountaine. He shared with Swift a fondness for punning. Cf. p. 404 n.<sup>3</sup>

the ladies Butler, and the son of a whore of a porter denied them: so I sent them a threatening message by another lady, for not excepting me always to the porter. I was weary of the Coffee-house, and Ford desired me to sit with him at next door, which I did, like a fool, chatting till twelve, and now am got into bed. I am afraid the new ministry is at a terrible loss about money:<sup>40</sup> the Whigs talk so, it would give one the spleen; and I am afraid of meeting Mr. Harley out of humour. They think he will never carry through this undertaking. God knows what will come of it. I should be terribly vexed to see things come round again: it will ruin the church and clergy for ever; but I hope for better. I'll send this on Tuesday, whether I hear any further news of my affair or not.

29. Mr. Addison and I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy; which is all the adventures of this day.—I chatted a while to-night in the Coffee-house, this being a full night; and now am come home to write some business.<sup>41</sup>

30. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and sent a letter to poor Mrs. Long, who writes to us, but is God knows where, and will not tell any body the place of her residence. I came home early, and must go write.

31. The month ends with a fine day; and I have been walking, and visiting Lewis, and concerting where to see Mr. Harley. I have no news to send you. Aire,<sup>42</sup> they

<sup>40</sup> The war had raised the country's annual expenditure to thirteen millions, and by the winter of 1709-10 the government was heavily in debt. The political complexion of the city, of the Bank of England, and of the East India Company was Whig. These interests, engaged against a Tory ascendancy, made Harley's footing precarious. See Trevelyan's *England under Queen Anne*, iii. 45, 69-70, 324-5; *Transactions of the Royal Historical Society*, 1910, pp. 21-32; *Portland MSS.* iv. 545 ff.

<sup>41</sup> The 'business' cannot be identified with any extant letter to Ireland. The first *Examiner* from Swift's hand was No. 14, for 2 Nov., and thereafter he wrote the numbers following continuously to No. 46, 14 June 1711. See *Prose Works*, ix. 67 ff.; and *Prose Works*, ed. H. Davis, vol. iii.

<sup>42</sup> Marlborough had been unable to bring Villars to battle during the campaign of 1710, and had to content himself with the capture of the four fortress towns of Douai, Béthune, St. Venant, and Aire-sur-Lys. The

say, is taken, though the Whitehall letters this morning say quite the contrary; 'tis good if it be true. I dined with Mr. Addison and Dick Stuart,<sup>43</sup> lord Mountjoy's brother; a treat of Addison's. They were half fuddled, but not I; for I mixt water with my wine, and left them together between nine and ten; and I must send this by the bellman, which vexes me, but I will put it off no longer. Pray God it does not miscarry. I seldom do so; but I can put off little MD no longer. Pray give the under note to Mrs. Brent.

I'm a pretty gentleman; and you lose all your money at cards, sirrah Stella. I found you out; I did so.

I'm staying before I can fold up this letter, till that ugly *D* is dry in the last line but one. Don't you see it? O Lord, I'm loth to leave you, faith—but it must be so, till the next time. Pox take that *D*; I'll blot it to dry it.

## LETTER VIII

[TUESDAY]

London, Oct. 31, 1710.

SO, now I have sent my seventh to your fourth, young women; and now I'll tell you what I would not in my last, that this morning, sitting in my bed, I had a fit of giddiness:<sup>1</sup> the room turned round for about a minute, and then it went off, leaving me sickish, but not very: and so I past the day as I told you; but I would not end a letter with telling you this, because it might vex you: and I hope in God I shall have no more of it. I saw Dr. Cockburn to-day, and he promises to send me the pills that did me good last year, and likewise has promised me an oil for my ear, that he has been making for that ailment for somebody else.

last of the four (now in the French department of the Pas-de-Calais) fell on 8 Nov., N.S.

<sup>43</sup> Richard Stewart, third son of the first Lord Mountjoy (p. 3 n.<sup>14</sup>), represented at various times in the Irish Parliament, Castletbar, Strabane, and co. Tyrone. He died, unmarried, in 1728.

<sup>1</sup> See p. 32 n.<sup>32</sup>

Nov. 1. I wish MD a merry new year. You know this is the first day of it with us.<sup>2</sup> I had no giddiness to-day, but I drank brandy, and have bought a pint for two shillings. I sat up the night before my giddiness pretty late, and writ very much; so I will impute it to that. But I never eat fruit, nor drink ale, but drink better wine than you do, as I did to-day with Mr. Addison at lord Mountjoy's: then went at five to see Mr. Harley, who could not see me for much company; but sent me his excuse, and desired I would dine with him on Friday; and then I expect some answer to this business, which must either be soon done, or begun again; and then the duke of Ormond and his people will interfere for their honour, and do nothing. I came home at six, and spent my time in my chamber, without going to the Coffee-house, which I grow weary of; and I studied at leisure, writ not above forty lines,<sup>3</sup> some inventions of my own, and some hints, and read not at all, and this because I would take care of Presto, for fear little MD should be angry.

2.4 I took my four pills last night, and they lay an hour in my throat, and so they will do to-night. I suppose I could swallow four affronts as easily. I dined with Dr. Cockburn to-day, and came home at seven; but Mr. Ford has been with me till just now, and 'tis near eleven. I have

<sup>2</sup> Six of Swift's account books have been preserved, and are now in the Forster Collection (Nos. 505-10), South Kensington. These show that he began his financial year on 1 Nov. He always kept account of his money to the smallest detail.

<sup>3</sup> Again probably a reference to *The Examiner*. The 'forty lines' can hardly refer to verse, for, following upon *A City Shower*, which had appeared in *The Tatler* for 17 Oct. 1710, no verse printed by Swift is traceable till *The Intended Speech of a Famous Orator*, 6 Dec. 1711 (*Poems*, p. 141).

<sup>4</sup> Swift's first *Examiner*, No. 14 (13), appeared 2 Nov., and was directed to assuring those apprehensive of disaster, following upon a change of government, that the 'present inconveniencies' were due to Whig counsels, and that 'neither our constitution in Church or State, could probably have been long preserved, without such methods as have been lately taken'.

had no giddiness to-day. Mr. Dopping<sup>5</sup> I have seen, and he tells me coldly, my *Shower* is liked well enough; there's your Irish judgment. I writ this post to the bishop of Clogher. 'Tis now just a fortnight since I heard from you. I must have you write once a fortnight, and then I'll allow for wind and weather. How goes ombre? Does Mrs. Walls win constantly, as she used to do; and Mrs. Stoite?<sup>6</sup> I have not thought of her this long time; how does she? I find we have a cargo of Irish coming for London: I am sorry for it; but I never go near them. And Tighe is landed; but Mrs. Wesley, they say, is going home to her husband, like a fool. Well, little monkees mine, I must go write; and so good night.

3. I ought to read these letters I write, after I have done; for looking over thus much I found two or three literal mistakes, which should not be when the hand is so bad. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend: but methinks when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug, it looks like a PMD.<sup>7</sup> We have scurvy *Tatlers* of late: so pray do not suspect me. I have one or two hints I design to send him,<sup>8</sup> and never any more: he does not deserve it. He is governed by his wife<sup>9</sup> most abominably, as bad as — I never saw her

<sup>5</sup> Eldest son of Anthony Dopping, Bishop of Meath (1681), and brother of Anthony Dopping, who became Bishop of Ossory (1740). Samuel Dopping, a man of independent means, good family connexions, and a strong Tory, sat in the Irish Parliament for Armagh in the reign of Queen Anne, and for Dublin University under George I. He died in 1720.

<sup>6</sup> Alderman John Stoyte, afterwards Lord Mayor of Dublin, married a Welsh lady, a Miss Lloyd. John Stoyte, who lived at Donnybrook, his wife, and her unmarried sister, Catherine, were accustomed to meet Stella and Rebecca Dingley at card parties. In his letters Swift refers to Mrs. Stoyte as 'Goody' (*Corresp.* ii. 132, 148, 203, 227).

<sup>7</sup> 'This cypher stands for *Presto*, *Stella*, and *Dingley*; so much as to say, it looks like us three quite retired from all the rest of the world.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>8</sup> Swift only made one more contribution to Steele's *Tatler* (*post*, 2 Dec. 1710).

<sup>9</sup> Mary Scurlock, Steele's 'dear Prue', whom he married as his second

since I came; nor has he ever made me an invitation; either he dares not, or is such a thoughtless Tisdall fellow, that he never minds<sup>10</sup> it. So what care I for his wit? for he is the worst company in the world, till he has a bottle of wine in his head. I cannot write straighter in bed, so you must be content.—At night in bed. Stay, let me see where's this letter to MD among these papers? Oh! here. Well, I'll go on now; but I am very busy (smoak the new pen). I dined with Mr. Harley to-day, and am invited there again on Sunday. I have now leave to write to the primate and archbishop of Dublin, that the queen has granted the First-Fruits; but they are to take no notice of it, till a letter is sent them by the queen's orders from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state, to signify it. The bishops are to be made a corporation to dispose of the revenue, &c. and I shall write to the archbishop of Dublin to-morrow (I have had no giddiness to-day). I know not whether they will have any occasion for me longer to be here; nor can I judge till I see what letter the queen sends to the bishops, and what they will do upon it. If dispatch be used, it may be done in six weeks; but I cannot judge. They sent me to-day a new commission,<sup>11</sup> signed by the primate and archbishop of Dublin, and promise me letters to the two archbishops here; but mine a— for it all. The thing is done, and has been so these ten days; though I had only leave to tell it to-day. I had this day likewise a

wife in Sept. 1707. She was the sole heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, a man of some position and property in Carmarthen. Her husband's extravagance and other weaknesses were a trial to Lady Steele of which she did not hesitate to complain (Aitken's *Steele*, *passim*; and Rae Blanchard, *Correspondence of Richard Steele*, pp. 189 ff.). The blank should probably be filled in with 'the Duchess of Marlborough'.

<sup>10</sup> Thinks of; remembers.

<sup>11</sup> This was the 'farther power', signed by the Primate and the Archbishop of Dublin, enclosed in King's letter to Swift of 24 Oct. See Appendix II. In his letter to King of 4 Nov. (see below) Swift informed him that letters to the two English Archbishops were now unnecessary.

letter from the bishop of Clogher,<sup>12</sup> who complains of my not writing; and what vexes me, says he knows you have long letters from me every week. Why do you tell him so? 'Tis not right, faith: but I won't be angry with MD at distance. I writ to him last post, before I had his, and will write again soon, since I see he expects it, and that lord and lady Mountjoy<sup>13</sup> put him off upon me to give themselves ease. Lastly, I had this day a letter from a certain naughty rogue called MD, and it was N. 5, which I shall not answer to-night, I thank you. No, faith, I have other fish to fry;<sup>14</sup> but to-morrow or next day will be time enough. I have put MD's commissions in a memorandum paper. I think I have done all before, and remember nothing but this to-day about glasses and spectacles and spectacle cases. I have no commission from Stella, but the chocolate and handkerchiefs; and those are bought, and I expect they will be soon sent. I have been with, and sent to, Mr. Sterne, two or three times to know, but he was not within. Odds my life, what am I doing? I must go write and do business.

4. I dined to-day at Kensington, with Addison, Steele, &c. came home, and writ a short letter<sup>15</sup> to the archbishop of Dublin, to let him know the queen has granted the thing, &c. I writ in the Coffee-house, for I staid at Kensington till nine, and am plaguy weary; for colonel Proud<sup>16</sup> was very ill company, and I'll never be of a party

<sup>12</sup> No correspondence between St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, and Swift has been preserved.

<sup>13</sup> William Stewart, second Viscount Mountjoy (p. 3 n.<sup>14</sup>) married, in 1696, Anne, youngest daughter of Murrough Boyle, first Viscount Blessington, by his second wife, Anne, daughter of the second Earl of Mountrath. After Lord Mountjoy's death she married John Farquharson. She died in 1741. Clogher is in co. Tyrone, whence Mountjoy derived his Irish title.

<sup>14</sup> Probably *The Examiner* again.

<sup>15</sup> For this letter see *Corresp.* i. 212.

<sup>16</sup> Forster (*Life*, p. 291) suggested 'Froud', and there is every probability that this is what Swift wrote, and that 'Froud' was the same person as the 'colonel Freind' mentioned on 15 Sept. (p. 18 and n.<sup>30</sup>), and that, in both



time: so he, and the comptroller,<sup>19</sup> and I were prevailed on, by sir Matthew Dudley, to go to his house, where I staid till twelve, and left them. D'Avenant has been teasing me to look over some of his writings that he is going to publish; but the rogue is so fond of his own productions, that I hear he will not part with a syllable; and he has lately put out a foolish pamphlet, called, *The third part of Tom Double*; to make his court to the Tories, whom he had left.

6. I was to-day gambling<sup>20</sup> in the city to see Patty Rolt, who is going to Kingston, where she lodges; but to say the truth, I had a mind for a walk to exercise myself, and happened to be disengaged: for dinners are ten times more plentiful with me here than ever, or than in Dublin. I won't answer your letter yet, because I am busy. I hope to send this before I have another from MD: 'twould be a sad thing to answer two letters together, as MD does from Presto. But when the two sides are full, away the letter shall go, that's certain, like it or not like it; and that will be about three days hence, for the answering night will be a long one.

7. I dined to-day at sir Richard Temple's, with Congreve, Vanburg, lieutenant-general Farington,<sup>21</sup> &c. Vanburg,<sup>22</sup> I believe I told you, had a long quarrel with

<sup>19</sup> Sir John Holland.

<sup>20</sup> Possibly little language for rambling; or Swift may mean gambolling.

<sup>21</sup> Thomas Farington was, in 1693, a Captain in the Coldstream Guards. He became Colonel of the 29th Regiment of Foot; a Brigadier-General in 1704; a Major-General in 1706; and died as a Lieut.-General, 7 Oct. 1712. He served under Marlborough in Flanders. Dalton's *English Army Lists*, iii. 8, 308, 382.

<sup>22</sup> John Vanbrugh (knighted in 1714) won fame both as a dramatist and an architect. Swift ridiculed Vanbrugh's design of a house for himself in two poems, 'Vanbrug's House', written 1703, and 'The History of Vanbrug's House', written 1706. The holographs of both are extant (*Poems*, pp. 78-81, 85-8). Both were printed, the former in a revised and extended version, in Swift's *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, which was published in Feb. 1711 (*Poems*, p. xix); but 'The History' had already appeared in Curll's unauthorized miscellany, *A Meditation upon a Broom-*

me about those Verses on his House; but we were very civil and cold. Lady Marlborough used to tease him with them, which had made him angry, though he be a good-natured fellow. It was a Thanksgiving-day,<sup>23</sup> and I was at Court, where the queen past by us with all Tories about her; not one Whig: Buckingham,<sup>24</sup> Rochester,<sup>25</sup> Leeds,<sup>26</sup> Shrewsbury, Berkeley of Stratton, lord keeper Harcourt, Mr. Harley, lord Pembroke, &c. and I have seen her

*Stick, and Somewhat Beside*, which was published early in Apr. 1710. It seems probable, therefore, that this was the poem about which the Duchess of Marlborough teased Vanbrugh, unless we are to suppose that transcripts of the earlier poem, sufficient in number to incense Vanbrugh, were in circulation. But St. John's mention of reading the verses, as if commonly accessible (*post*, 11 Nov.), suggests that we are to understand the printed poem. Although Curll's collection named no author for any one of the five pieces it contained, Swift's authorship could not have been in doubt.

<sup>23</sup> For the successes of Marlborough's last campaign (p. 76 n.<sup>42</sup>).

<sup>24</sup> John Sheffield, 1648-1721, third Earl of Mulgrave, had seen active service at sea in the reign of Charles II. Subsequently he held various offices of state. In 1694 he was created Marquis of Normanby, and in 1703 Duke of Buckingham. On the accession of Queen Anne he was appointed Lord Privy Seal; but in 1705 he was unable to withstand the ascendancy of the Whigs and resigned. In June 1710 he was made Lord Steward of the Household, and on 12 June 1711 Lord President of the Council. He was Dryden's patron, and his works were edited by Pope.

<sup>25</sup> Laurence Hyde, 1641-1711, second son of the first Earl of Clarendon, was M.P. for the University of Oxford, 1661-79, and served in various offices of state. In 1681 he was created Viscount Hyde and Earl of Rochester. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, 1700-3, but resided in that country less than four months. On 21 Sept. 1710 he succeeded Somers as Lord President of the Council. He died 2 May of the following year (p. 260) and was succeeded by his son, Henry (p. 37 n.<sup>13</sup>). He was a patron of Dryden, and the 'Hushai' of *Absalom and Achitophel*. Swift eulogized him in *The Examiner*, No. 27, 1 Feb. 1711.

<sup>26</sup> Sir Thomas Osborne, 1631-1712, who served Charles II in many capacities, became successively Earl of Danby, Marquis of Caermarthen, and Duke of Leeds, and acquired a vast fortune. He was a special object of Whig dislike and suspicion. On 16 Dec. 1712 his grandson, Peregrine Hyde Osborne, Marquis of Caermarthen, married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Lord Oxford, who died within a year. See Swift's letter to Oxford (*Corresp.* ii. 86).

without one Tory. The queen made me a curtsy, and said, in a sort of familiar way to Presto, How does MD? I considered she was a queen, and so excused her.<sup>27</sup> I do not miss the Whigs at Court; but have as many acquaintances there as formerly.

8. Here's ado and a clutter! I must now answer MD's fifth; but first you must know I dined at the Portugal envoy's<sup>28</sup> to-day, with Addison, Vanburg, admiral Wager,<sup>29</sup> sir Richard Temple, Methuen, &c. I was weary of their company, and stole away at five, and came home like a good boy, and studied till ten, and had a fire; O ho! and now am in bed. I have no fireplace in my bed-chamber; but 'tis very warm weather when one's in bed. Your fine cap,<sup>30</sup> madam Dingley, is too little, and too hot: I'll have that furr taken off; I wish it were far enough; and my old velvet cap is good for nothing. Is it velvet under the furr? I was feeling, but can't find: if it be, 'twill do without it, else I will face it; but then I must buy new velvet: but may be I may beg a piece. What shall I do? Well, now to rogue MD's letter. God be thanked for Stella's eyes mending; and God send it holds; but faith you writ too much at a time: better write less, or write it at ten times. Yes, faith, a long letter in a morning from a dear friend is a dear thing. I smoke a compliment, little mischievous girls, I do so. But who are those *Wiggs* that think I am turned Tory? Do you mean Whigs? Which *Wiggs* and *wat* do you mean? I know nothing of Raymond, and only had one letter from him a little after I came here. [Pray remember Morgan.]<sup>31</sup> Raymond is indeed like to have

<sup>27</sup> A joke. Swift was never introduced at Court.

<sup>28</sup> Captain Delaval, p. 36 n.7

<sup>29</sup> Admiral Sir Charles Wager, 1666-1743, who gained wealth by his defeat of the Spanish treasure-fleet in 1708. He was knighted in 1709. First Lord of the Admiralty, 1733-42.

<sup>30</sup> Caps for wear at night had been in fashion for over one hundred years. The more elaborate were richly embroidered and lined. See also *The Tailer*, No. 141.

<sup>31</sup> Deane Swift's brackets mark an aside. Swift is reminding Stella of

much influence over me in London, and to share much of my conversation. I shall, no doubt, introduce him to Harley, and lord keeper, and the secretary of state.<sup>32</sup> The *Tatler* upon *Milton's Spear*<sup>33</sup> is not mine, madam. What a puzzle there was between you and your judgment? In general you may be sometimes sure of things, as that about style,<sup>34</sup> because it is what I have frequently spoken of; but guessing is mine—and I defy mankind, if I please. Why, I writ a pamphlet when I was last in London, that you and a thousand have seen, and never guessed it to be mine.<sup>35</sup> Could you have guessed the *Shower in Town* to be mine? How chance you did not see that before your last letter went; but I suppose you in Ireland did not think it worth mentioning. Nor am I suspected for the lampoon; only Harley said he smoaked me, (have I told you so before?) and some others knew it. 'Tis called *The Rod of Sid Hamet*. And I have written several other things that I hear commended, and nobody suspects me for them;<sup>36</sup> nor you shan't know till I see you again. What do you mean *That boards near me, that I dine with now and then?*<sup>37</sup> I know no such person: I don't dine with boarders.

the message for Morgan which she had forgotten to deliver. See 27 Sept., 4 Oct., 26 Oct.

<sup>32</sup> Written ironically.

<sup>33</sup> *The Tatler*, No. 237, 14 Oct. 1710, probably by Addison, possibly by Steele, on Ithuriel's spear, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 788 ff. Swift must have written 'Milton's', which was printed by Deane Swift. Sheridan, 1784, followed by later editors, altered this to 'Ithuriel's'.

<sup>34</sup> *The Tatler*, No. 230, 'about the corruptions of style and writing', to which Swift had already referred, 18, 23, 29 Sept., 1, 14 Oct.

<sup>35</sup> Swift's previous visit to London lasted from the latter half of Dec. 1707 (*ante*, p. 64 n.<sup>1</sup>) to 5 May 1709, a date he records in one of his account books (Forster Collection, 510). It is impossible to identify the pamphlet Swift had in mind. It may have been one of the Bickerstaff and Partridge group.

<sup>36</sup> Possibly contributions to *The Tatler*.

<sup>37</sup> See pp. 48, 93. Stella may have been thinking of the Vanhomrighs; or she may have referred to Swift's mention, under 8 Oct., of his dining 'with some friends that board hereabout'. On 12 Nov. Swift speaks of dining with Ford and Sir Richard Levinge 'at a place where they board, hard by.'

What the pox! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do. What do you mean, sirrah? Slids, my ailment has been over these two months almost. Impudence, if you vex me, I'll give ten shillings a week for my lodging; for I am almost st—k out of this with the sink, and it helps me to verses in my *Shower*.<sup>38</sup> Well, madam Dingley, what say you to the world to come? What Ballad? Why go look, it was not good for much: have patience till I come back; patience is a gay thing as, &c. I hear nothing of lord Mountjoy's coming for Ireland. When is Stella's Birth-day?<sup>39</sup> in March? Lord bless me, my turn at Christ-Church;<sup>40</sup> it is so natural to hear you write about that, I believe you have done it a hundred times; it is as fresh in my mind, the verger coming to you; and why to you? Would he have you preach for me? O, pox on your spelling of Latin, *Jonsonibus atque*,<sup>41</sup> that's the way. How did the dean get that name by the end? 'Twas you betrayed me: not I, faith; I'll not break his head. Your mother is still in the country, I suppose, for she promised to see me when she came to town. I writ to her four days ago, to desire her to break it to lady Giffard, to put some money for you in the Bank, which was then fallen thirty *per cent*.<sup>42</sup> Would to God mine had been here, I should have gained one hundred pounds, and got as good interest as in Ireland, and much securer. I

<sup>38</sup> *Poems*, p. 137:

'Returning Home at Night, you'll find the Sink  
Strike your offended Sense with double Stink.'

<sup>39</sup> Stella was born on 13 Mar. 1681.

<sup>40</sup> Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. Swift's place was apparently taken by Dean Stearne (*post*, p. 124).

<sup>41</sup> A play on Stella's surname. Cf. 'Dinglibus' on the next page.

<sup>42</sup> At the beginning of Jan. 1710 Bank Stock was quoted at about 112. Towards the end of March it had risen to 128, or a little more; and then, following upon the result of the Sacheverell trial, the state of the war, and the critical position of the government, it began to fall steadily. By the end of October and beginning of November it was down to about 100. See also pp. 74, 94, 135. And see Burnet, *Own Time*, vi. 14.

would fain have borrowed three hundred pounds; but money is so scarce here, there is no borrowing, by this fall of stocks. 'Tis rising now, and I knew it would: it fell from one hundred and twenty-nine to ninety-six. I have not heard since from your mother. Do you think I would be so unkind not to see her, that you desire me in a style so melancholy? Mrs. Raymond<sup>43</sup> you say is with child: I am sorry for it; and so is, I believe, her husband. Mr. Harley speaks all the kind things to me in the world; and, I believe, would serve me, if I were to stay here; but I reckon in time the duke of Ormond may give me some addition to Laracor. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? Sure my journey was no secret? I protest sincerely, I did all I could to hinder it, as the dean<sup>44</sup> can tell you, although now I do not repent it. But who the Devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot 'em, for ungrateful dogs; I'll make them repent their usage before I leave this place. They say here the same thing of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had. I will take care of your spectacles, as I told you before, and of the bishop of Killala's; but I will not write to him, I han't time. What do you mean by my fourth, madam Dinglibus? Does not Stella say you have had my fifth, goody Blunder?<sup>45</sup> You frightened me till I lookt back. Well, this is enough for one night. (Pray give my humble service to Mrs. Stoyte and her sister, Kate<sup>46</sup> is it or Sarah? I have forgot her name, faith.) I think I'll e'en (and to Mrs. Walls and the archdeacon) send this to-morrow: no, faith, that will be

<sup>43</sup> For the Rev. Anthony Raymond see p. 1 n.<sup>3</sup> Knightley Chetwode in a letter to Swift, 25 Apr. 1715, describes Mrs. Raymond 'as prodigiously civil as ugly' (*Corresp.* ii. 276).

<sup>44</sup> Dean Stearne.

<sup>45</sup> Whatever her good qualities Rebecca Dingley appears to have been an awkward and tedious woman. See *Poems*, pp. 752-3.

<sup>46</sup> Catherine (p. 79 n.<sup>6</sup>).

in ten days from the last. I'll keep it till Saturday, though I write no more. But what if a letter from MD should come in the mean time? Why then I would only say, Madam, I have received your sixth letter; your most humble servant to command, Presto; and so conclude. Well, now I'll write and think a little, and so to bed, and dream of MD.

9.<sup>47</sup> I have my mouth full of water, and was going to spit it out, because I reasoned with myself, how could I write when my mouth was full. Han't you done things like that, reasoned wrong at first thinking? Well, I was to see Mr. Lewis this morning, and am to dine a few days hence, as he tells me, with Mr. secretary St. John; and I must contrive to see Harley soon again, to hasten this business from the queen. I dined to-day at lord Mont-rath's, with lord Mountjoy, &c. but the wine was not good, so I came away, stayed at the Coffee-house till seven, then came home to my fire, the maidenhead of my second half-bushel, and am now in bed at eleven, as usual. 'Tis mighty warm; yet I fear I should catch cold this wet weather, if I sit an evening in my room after coming from warm places: and I must make much of myself, because MD is not here to take care of Presto; and I am full of business, writing, &c. and don't care for the Coffee-house; and so this serves for all together, not to tell it you over and over, as silly people do; but Presto is a wiser man, faith, than so, let me tell you, gentlewomen. See, I am got to the third side; but, faith, I won't do that often; but I must say something early to-day, till the letter is done, and on Saturday it shall go; so I must save something till to-morrow, till to-morrow and next day.

10. O Lord, I would this letter was with you with all my heart: If it should miscarry, what a deal would be lost?

. 47 Swift's second *Examiner*, No. 15 (14), appeared on this day. Its subject was the art of political lying as exemplified by the Whigs generally and in particular by 'a certain great man famous for this talent', meaning Wharton.

I forgot to leave a gap in the last line but one for the seal, like a puppy; but I should have allowed for night, good night; but when I am taking leave, I can't leave a bit, faith; but I fancy the seal won't come there. I dined to-day at lady Lucy's, where they ran down my *Shower*; and said *Sid Hamet* was the silliest poem they ever read, and told Prior so, whom they thought to be author of it. Don't you wonder I never dined there before? But I am too busy, and they live too far off; and, besides, I don't like women so much as I did. [MD you must know, are not women.]<sup>48</sup> I supped to-night at Addison's, with Garth, Steele, and Mr. Dopping; and am come home late. Lewis has sent to me to desire I will dine with some company I shall like. I suppose it is Mr. secretary St. John's appointment. I had a letter just now from Raymond, who is at Bristol, and says he will be at London in a fortnight, and leave his wife behind him; and desires any lodging in the house where I am: but that must not be. I shan't know what to do with him in town: to be sure I will not present him to any acquaintance of mine, and he will live a delicate life, a parson and a perfect stranger. Paaast twelvve o'clock,<sup>49</sup> and so good night, &c. O! but I forgot, Jemmy Leigh is come to town; says he has brought Dingley's things, and will send them with the first convenience. My parcel<sup>50</sup> I hear is not sent yet. He thinks of going for Ireland in a month, &c. I cannot write to-morrow, because—what, because of the archbishop; because I will seal my letter early; because I am engaged from noon till night; because of many kind of things; and yet I will write one or two words to-morrow morning, to keep up my journal constant, and at night I will begin the ninth.

11. Morning by candlelight. You must know that I am in my night-gown every morning between six and

<sup>48</sup> The brackets are used by Deane Swift, as on p. 85, to mark an aside.

<sup>49</sup> The call of the watchman in the street.

<sup>50</sup> For the contents of the parcel, or parcels, see 28 Sept., 16 Oct., 2, 14 Dec. 1710.



seven, and Patrick is forced to ply me fifty times before I can get on my night-gown; and so now I'll take my leave of my own dear MD for this letter, and begin my next when I come home at night. God Almighty bless and protect dearest MD. Farewell, &c.

This letter's as long as a sermon, faith.

## LETTER IX

[SATURDAY]

London, Nov. 11, 1710.

I DINED to-day, by invitation, with the secretary of state Mr. St. John.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Harley came in to us before dinner, and made me his excuses for not dining with us, because he was to receive people who came to propose advancing<sup>2</sup> money to the government:<sup>3</sup> there dined with us only Mr. Lewis, and Dr. Freind<sup>4</sup> (that writ lord Peterborow's *Actions in Spain*). I staid with them till just now between ten and eleven, and was forced again to give my eighth to the bell-man,<sup>5</sup> which I did with my own hands,

<sup>1</sup> This was Swift's first meeting with St. John. On 7 Oct. Harley had promised to introduce him; but Erasmus Lewis was responsible for arranging the occasion, which was connected with Swift's taking over the editorship of *The Examiner* in which Dr. Freind previously had a part.

<sup>2</sup> Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, p. 315, quoting this passage, reads 'the advancing'.

<sup>3</sup> See p. 76 n.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Dr. John Freind, 1675-1728, physician, politician, and author. He was educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford. In 1705-7 he served in Spain, as a physician, under Peterborough, and wrote in his defence *An Account of the Earl of Peterborough's Conduct in Spain*, 1706, and *The Campaign of Valencia*, 1707. In the latter year he took his M.D., became an F.R.S. in 1712, and F.R.C.P. in 1716. In 1722 he was elected M.P. for Launceston; but in March of the following year, on suspicion of complicity in Atterbury's plot, he was committed to the Tower. Before the end of the year he was, however, discharged, and not long after became Physician to the Prince of Wales, and, in 1727, Physician to Queen Caroline. He published a *History of Physic* in two parts, 1725-6. See Nichols, *Lit. Anec.* v. 93-103; Munk, *Roll of the Royal College of Physicians*, ii. 48. His eldest brother, Robert (p. 258 n.<sup>5</sup>) became headmaster of Westminster School in 1711.

<sup>5</sup> Letter VII was also given to the bellman (p. 77).

rather than keep it till next post. The secretary used me with all the kindness in the world. Prior came in after dinner; and, upon an occasion, he [the secretary]<sup>6</sup> said, the best thing he ever read is not yours,<sup>7</sup> but Dr. Swift's on Vanbrugh,<sup>8</sup> which I do not reckon so very good neither. But Prior was damped until I stuff him with two or three compliments. I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for sir William Temple, because he might have been secretary of state at fifty; and here is a young fellow, hardly thirty,<sup>9</sup> in that employment. His father is a man of pleasure, that walks the Mall, and frequents St. James's Coffee-house, and the Chocolate-houses,<sup>10</sup> and the young son is principal secretary of state. Is there not something very odd in that? He told me, among other things, that Mr. Harley complained he could keep nothing from me, I had the way so much of getting into him. I knew that was a refinement;<sup>11</sup> and so I told him, and it was so: indeed it is hard to see these great men use me like one who was their betters, and the puppies with you in Ireland hardly regarding me: but there are some reasons for all this, which I will tell you when we meet. At coming home I saw a letter from your mother, in answer to one I sent her two days ago. It seems she is in town; but cannot come out in a morning, just as you said; and God knows when I shall be at leisure in an afternoon: for if I should send her a penny-post letter, and afterward not be able to meet

<sup>6</sup> The brackets are Deane Swift's.

<sup>7</sup> Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, p. 315, adds the words 'says he'.

<sup>8</sup> p. 83 n.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Temple was forty-six when, in 1674, he refused the secretaryship of state for the first time. St. John was thirty-two in Oct. 1710; but he had been Secretary at War in the Godolphin Ministry, 1704-8. Cf. p. 401.

<sup>10</sup> Sir Henry St. John, Bart., born in 1652, succeeded his father in the baronetcy in 1708, and was raised to the peerage as Baron St. John of Battersea and Viscount St. John in 1716. By his first wife, daughter of Robert (Rich), second Earl of Warwick, he became Bolingbroke's father. Viscount St. John, despite dissolute habits, lived to his ninetieth year, dying in 1742.

<sup>11</sup> See p. 47 n.<sup>51</sup>

her, it would vex me; and, besides, the days are short, and why she cannot come early in a morning before she is wanted, I cannot imagine. I will desire her to let lady Giffard know that she hears I am in town, and she would go to see me to enquire after you. I wonder she will confine herself so much to that old Beast's humour. You know I cannot in honour see lady Giffard, and consequently not go into her house. This I think is enough for the first time.

12. And how could you write with such thin paper? (I forgot to say this in my former.) Can't you get thicker? Why, that's a common caution that writing masters give their scholars; you must have heard it a hundred times. 'Tis this,

If paper be thin,  
Ink will slip in;  
But if it be thick,  
You may write with a stick.<sup>12</sup>

I had a letter to-day from poor Mrs. Long, giving me an account of her present life, obscure in a remote country town, and how easy she is under it. Poor creature! 'tis just such an alteration in life, as if Presto should be banished from MD, and condemned to converse with Mrs. Raymond. I dined to-day with Ford, sir Richard Levinge,<sup>13</sup> &c. at a place where they board, hard by. I was lazy, and not very well, sitting so long with company yesterday. I have been very busy writing this evening at

<sup>12</sup> The rhymes which Swift passes off as old proverbs were of his own invention.

<sup>13</sup> Richard Levinge, called to the English Bar, and M.P. for Chester, 1690-2, went to Ireland, where he enjoyed a distinguished career. He was successively M.P. for Blessington, Longford, and Kilkenny city. He was Solicitor-General of Ireland 1690-5 and 1704-9; Speaker of the Irish House of Commons 1692-5; Attorney-General 1711-14; Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas 1720 to his death in 1724. He was knighted in 1692, and created a baronet in 1704. See *Historical Notices of the Levinge Family*, 1853, by Sir Richard Levinge, pp. 5-6; Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 195-6; *D.N.B.*; and *Poems*, p. 67 n.

home, and had a fire: I am spending my second half-bushel of coals; and now am in bed, and 'tis late.

13. I dined to-day in the city, and then went to christen Will Frankland's child; and lady Falconbridge was one of the godmothers: this is a daughter of Oliver Cromwel,<sup>14</sup> and extremely like him by his pictures that I have seen. I staid till almost eleven, and am now come home and gone to bed. My business in the city was to thank Stratford for a kindness he has done me, which now I will tell you. I found Bank Stock was fallen thirty-four in the hundred,<sup>15</sup> and was mighty desirous to buy it; but I was a little too late for the cheapest time, being hindered by business here; for I was so wise to guess to a day when it would fall. My project was this: I had three hundred pounds in Ireland; and so I writ to Mr. Stratford in the city, to desire he would buy me three hundred pounds in Bank Stock, and that he should keep the papers, and that I would be bound to pay him for them; and if it should rise or fall, I would take my chance, and pay him interest in the mean time. I shewed my letter to one or two people, who understand those things; and they said, money was so hard to be got here, that no man would do it for me. However, Stratford, who is the most generous man alive, has done it: but it costs one hundred pounds and a half, that is ten shillings, so that three hundred pounds cost me three hundred pounds and thirty shillings. This was done about a week ago, and I can have five pounds for my bargain already. Before it fell it was one hundred and thirty pounds, and we are sure it will be the same again. I told you I writ to your mother, to desire that lady Giffard would do the

<sup>14</sup> Thomas Belasyse, 1628–1700, succeeded his grandfather in 1653 as second Viscount Fauconberg. He was created Earl Fauconberg in 1689. He married, 18 Nov. 1657, as his second wife, Mary, third daughter of Oliver Cromwell of whom he was an adherent. She was described by Bishop Burnet as a woman better able to have maintained the Protector's position 'than either of her brothers'. Lady Fauconberg died in 1713, aged 76.

<sup>15</sup> See p. 87 n.<sup>42</sup>

same with what she owes you,<sup>16</sup> but she tells your mother she has no money. I would to God all you had in the world was there. Whenever you lend money take this rule, to have two people bound, who have both visible fortunes; for they will hardly die together; and when one dies, you fall upon the other, and make him add another security: and if Rathburn<sup>17</sup> (now I have his name) pays you in your money, let me know, and I will direct Parvisol accordingly: however, he shall wait on you and know. So, ladies, enough of business for one night. Paaaaast twelvve o'clock.<sup>18</sup> I must only add, that after a long fit of rainy weather, it has been fair two or three days, and is this day grown cold and frosty; so that you must give poor little Presto leave to have a fire in his chamber, morning and evening too, and he'll do as much for you.

14. What, has your chancellor<sup>19</sup> lost his senses, like Will Crowe? I forgot to tell Dingley, that I was yesterday at Ludgate, bespeaking the spectacles at the great shop there, and shall have them in a day or two. This has been an insipid day. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came gravely home, after just visiting the Coffee-house. Sir Richard Cox,<sup>20</sup> they say, is sure of going over lord

<sup>16</sup> p. 74 n.<sup>33</sup>

<sup>17</sup> Probably Joseph Rathborne, of the city of Dublin, a wealthy tallow chandler, who was born in 1679, being a son of Richard Rathborne, a merchant at Drogheda. He married Catherine Norman, and died in 1737.

<sup>18</sup> The bellman's voice.

<sup>19</sup> Richard Freeman, a Whig, who owed his advancement to Somers, had been sent over from England in 1706 to fill the position of Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland. In the following year he was appointed Lord Chancellor. His abilities seem to have been moderate; but it was probably his political views which earned him Swift's scorn (*post*, p. 108). Archbishop King, writing to Swift, 16 Nov. 1710, mentions the delay in public business 'by the indisposition of my Lord Chancellor' (*Corresp.* i. 214). See Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 30-1, 67-8.

<sup>20</sup> Richard Cox, 1650-1733, born at Bandon, co. Cork, was called to the Bar at Gray's Inn in 1673. He returned to Ireland, and became Recorder of Kinsale. An aggressive Protestant, he retired to Bristol on the accession of James II. He hailed the arrival of William, and was

chancellor, who is as arrant a puppy as ever eat bread: but the duke of Ormond has a natural affection to puppies, which is a thousand pities, being none himself. I have been amusing myself at home till now, and in bed bid you good night.

15. I have been visiting this morning, but nobody was at home, secretary St. John, sir Thomas Hanmer,<sup>21</sup> sir chancellor Cox-comb,<sup>22</sup> &c. I attended the duke of Ormond with about fifty other Irish gentlemen at Skinners-hall,<sup>23</sup> where the Londonderry society<sup>24</sup> laid out three hundred pounds to treat us and his grace with a dinner. Three great tables with the dessert laid in mighty figure. Sir Richard Levinge and I got discreetly to the head of

present at the Boyne. He was Chief-Justice of the Common Pleas, 1701-3; Lord Chancellor, 1703-7; created a baronet in 1706; Chief-Justice of the Queen's Bench, 1711-14. He wrote *Hibernia Anglicana*, 1689-90, and various tracts on Irish and theological subjects. Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 4-6, 26-7, 53-6.

<sup>21</sup> Sir Thomas Hanmer, 1677-1746, succeeded his uncle as fourth baronet in 1701. He was M.P. for Suffolk from 1708 to 1727. Although a Tory he adopted an independent attitude, refused office under Oxford, and in 1713-14 played an important part as leader of the 'Hanoverian Tories.' In 1714 he succeeded Bromley as Speaker of the House of Commons, but the accession of George I soon terminated his occupancy of the chair. In Feb. 1712 Swift assisted Hanmer in drawing up a 'Representation' addressed to the Queen on the subject of the war (*post*, p. 493 n.<sup>47</sup>; *Journals of the House of Commons*, xvii. 119-23; *Prose Works*, x. 100-14). Swift submitted to Hanmer the manuscript of his *Four Last Years of the Queen* (*The Library*, xvi. 65). Hanmer employed his leisure in preparing an edition of Shakespeare, which was magnificently printed at Oxford, 1743-4; but it has no critical value, and Pope sneered at its 'pompous page' (*The Dunciad*, iv. 105-15).

<sup>22</sup> Presumably Sir Simon Harcourt (p. 18 n.<sup>29</sup>), although at this time he was only Lord Keeper.

<sup>23</sup> In Dowgate Hill. The older building was burnt in the Great Fire, though some of the walls remained.

<sup>24</sup> In 1609 confiscated estates in co. Londonderry were granted to the corporation of London, the management being vested in a body known as the Irish Society, consisting of twenty-six members, who were elected by the common council. Alderman John Barber, Swift's friend, was a chief governor of the society (*Corresp.* v. and vi. *passim.*).

the second table, to avoid the crowd at the first: but it was so cold, and so confounded a noise with the trumpets and hautboys, that I grew weary, and stole away before the second course came on: so I can give you no account of it, which is a thousand pities. I called at Ludgate for Dingley's glasses, and shall have them in a day or two; and I doubt it will cost me thirty shillings for a microscope, but not without Stella's permission; for I remember she is a *virtuoso*. Shall I buy it or no? 'Tis not the great bulky ones, nor the common little ones, to impale a louse (saving your presence) upon a needle's point; but of a more exact sort, and clearer to the sight, with all its equipage in a little trunk that you may carry in your pocket. Tell me, sirrah, shall I buy it or not for you? I came home straight, &c.

16.<sup>25</sup> I dined to-day in the city with Mr. Manley,<sup>26</sup> who invited Mr. Addison and me, and some other friends, to his lodging, and entertained us very handsomely. I returned with Mr. Addison, and loitered till nine in the Coffee-house, where I am hardly known by going so seldom. I am here soliciting for Trounce; you know him: he was gunner in the former yacht,<sup>27</sup> and would fain be so in the present one: if you remember him, a good lusty fresh-coloured fellow. Shall I stay till I get another letter from MD before I close up this? Mr. Addison and I meet a little seldomer than formerly, although we are still at bottom as good friends as ever; but differ a little about party.

17. To-day I went to Lewis at the secretary's office, where I saw and spoke to Mr. Harley, who promised, in a few days, to finish the rest of my business. I reproached him for putting me on the necessity of minding him of it, and rallied him, &c. which he took very well. I dined

<sup>25</sup> On this day appeared Swift's third *Examiner*, No. 16 (15), in which he adopts an attitude of persuasive impartiality between the extremes of party.

<sup>26</sup> John Manley, Surveyor-General (p. 37 n.<sup>10</sup>).

<sup>27</sup> The yacht used by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the officials at Dublin Castle for the crossing to England.

to-day with one Mr. Gore,<sup>28</sup> elder brother to a young merchant of my acquaintance, and Stratford, and my other friend merchants dined with us, where I staid late, drinking claret and burgundy, and am just got to bed, and will say no more, but that it now begins to be time to have a letter from my own little MD; for the last I had above a fortnight ago, and the date was old too.

18. To-day I dined with Lewis and Prior at an eating-house, but with Lewis's wine. Lewis went away, and Prior and I sat on, where we complimented one another for an hour or two upon our mutual wit and poetry. Coming home at seven, a gentleman unknown stopt me in the Pall-mall, and askt my advice; said he had been to see the queen (who was just come to town) and the people in waiting would not let him see her; that he had two hundred thousand men ready to serve her in the war; that he knew the queen perfectly well, and had an apartment at Court, and if she heard he was there, she would send for him immediately; that she owed him two hundred thousand pounds, &c. and he desired my opinion whether he should go try again whether he could see her; or, because, perhaps, she was weary after her journey, whether he had not better stay till to-morrow. I had a mind to get rid of my companion, and begged him of all love to go and wait on her immediately; for that, to my knowledge, the queen would admit him; that this was an affair of great importance, and required dispatch: and I instructed him to let me know the success of his business, and come to the Smyrna Coffee-house, where I would wait for him till midnight; and so ended this adventure. I would have fain given the man half a crown; but was afraid to offer it him, lest he should be offended; for besides his money, he said he had a thousand pounds a year. I came home not early, and so, madams both, good night, &c.

19. I dined to-day with poor lord Mountjoy, who is ill

<sup>28</sup> Perhaps related to Sir William Gore, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1702.



of the gout; and this evening I christened our coffee-man Elliot's<sup>29</sup> child, where the rogue had a most noble supper, and Steele and I sat among some scurvy company over a bowl of punch, so that I am come home late, young women, and can't stay to write to little rogues.

20. I loitered at home, and dined with sir Andrew Fountain at his lodging,<sup>30</sup> and then came home: a silly day.

21. I was visiting all this morning, and then went to the secretary's office, and found Mr. Harley, with whom I dined; and secretary St. John, &c. and Harley promised in a very few days to finish what remains of my business. Prior was of the company, and we all dine at the secretary's to-morrow. I saw Stella's mother this morning: she came early, and we talked an hour. I wish you would propose to lady Giffard to take the three hundred pounds out of her hands,<sup>31</sup> and give her common interest for life, and security that you will pay her: the bishop of Clogher, or any friend, would be security for you, if you gave them counter-security; and it may be argued, that it will pass better to be in your hands than hers in case of mortality, &c. Your mother says, if you write she'll second it; and you may write to your mother, and then it will come from her. She tells me lady Giffard has a mind to see me, by her discourse; but I told her what to say, with a *vengeance*. She told lady Giffard she was going to see me: she looks extremely well. I am writing<sup>32</sup> in my bed like a tyger, and so good night, &c.

22. I dined with secretary St. John; and lord Dartmouth, who is t'other secretary, dined with us, and lord Orrery<sup>33</sup> and Prior, &c. Harley called, but could not

<sup>29</sup> Elliot was landlord of the St. James's Coffee-house (p. 111 n.<sup>3</sup>).

<sup>30</sup> Presumably in Leicester Fields (p. 64 n.<sup>1</sup>). <sup>31</sup> p. 74 n.<sup>33</sup>

<sup>32</sup> Forster (*Life*, p. 364 n.) suggests that Swift wrote 'writhing', that is at the very thought of seeing Lady Giffard. But, as Aitken suggests, the word 'tyger' may be a mistake of Deane Swift or of the compositor.

<sup>33</sup> Charles Boyle, 1674-1731, famous as the editor of the *Epistles of Phalaris* (1695), which brought him into conflict with Richard Bentley and

dine with us, and would have had me away while I was at dinner; but I did not like the company he was to have. We stayed till eight, and I called at the Coffee-house, and looked where the letters lie; but no letter directed for Mr. Presto: at last I saw a letter to Mr. Addison, and it looked like a rogue's hand, so I made the fellow give it me, and opened it before him, and saw three letters all for myself: so, truly, I put them in my pocket, and came home to my lodging. Well, and so you shall hear: well, and so I found one of them in Dingley's hand, and t'other in Stella's, and the third in Domville's.<sup>34</sup> Well, so you shall hear; So, said I to myself, what now, two letters from MD together? But I thought there was something in the wind; so I opened one, and I opened t'other; and so you shall hear, one was from Walls. Well, but t'other was from own dear MD; yes it was. O faith, have you received my seventh, young women, already; then I must send this to-morrow, else there will be old<sup>35</sup> doings at our house, faith.—Well, I won't answer your letter in this: no faith, catch me at that, and I 'never saw the like. Well; but as

led to the composition of Swift's *Battel of the Books*, succeeded to the peerage as fourth Earl of Orrery in 1703. He fought at Malplaquet and became a Major-General in 1709. A supporter of Harley's administration, he was admitted a member of Swift's 'Society' (p. 423). Nevertheless he was appointed a Lord of the Bedchamber to George I (*Orrery Papers*, i, pp. xiv–xvi). But in 1722 he was committed to the Tower on suspicion of complicity in Laver's Jacobite plot (Howell's *State Trials*, xvi. 217, 357–8, 367, 374, 619, 676). His son John, fifth Earl of Orrery, was author of the *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Jonathan Swift* (1752).

<sup>34</sup> William Domville, grandson of the distinguished Sir William Domville, Attorney-General for Ireland (d. 1689), inherited a fine estate in co. Dublin, but he was an absentee landlord, spending most of his time in England or abroad (Ball, *County Dublin*, Pt. i, pp. 90–2). He was rumoured to have been the father of Philip Stanhope's wife.

<sup>35</sup> Cf. *post*, p. 270, where Swift writes, 'there will be an old to do', using the word in a colloquial Elizabethan sense of 'plenty', 'more than enough'. Cf. also *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 4: 'Here will be an old abusing of God's patience and the King's English'; *Macbeth*, ii. 3: 'If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key'. See Wright's *Dialect Dictionary*, Old, 11.

to Walls, tell him (with service to him and wife, &c.) that I have no imagination of Mr. Pratt's losing his place: and while Pratt continues Clements<sup>36</sup> is in no danger; and I have already engaged lord Hyde he speaks of, for Pratt and twenty others; but if such a thing should happen, I will do what I can. I have above ten businesses of other people's now on my hands, and, I believe, shall miscarry in half. It is your sixth I now have received. I writ last post to the bishop of Clogher again. Shall I send this to-morrow? Well, I will to oblige MD. Which would you rather, a short letter every week, or a long one every fortnight? A long one; well, it shall be done, and so good night. Well, but is this a long one? No, I warrant you: too long for naughty girls.

23.<sup>37</sup> I only ask, have you got both the ten pounds, or only the first; I hope you mean both. Pray be good housewives; and I beg you to walk when you can for health. Have you the horse in town? and do you ever ride him? how often? Confess. Ahhh, sirrah, have I caught you? Can you contrive to let Mrs. Fenton<sup>38</sup> know, that the

<sup>36</sup> Robert Clements, who came of Leicestershire stock, was born in Ireland in 1664. He was, at this time, Teller of the Irish Exchequer. He died in 1722. His son Nathaniel was father of Robert, first Earl of Leitrim. See *Ancestors and Descendants of Robert Clements*, P. W. Clement; and *Complete Peerage*, vii. 583-5.

<sup>37</sup> Swift's *Examiner*, No. 17 (16), for this day ridiculed the outcry against the government for treating Marlborough with ingratitude.

<sup>38</sup> Jane, the only other child born to Swift's parents, and over nineteen months older than Jonathan, was baptized in St. Michan's Church, Dublin, 1 May 1666 (*Corresp.* i. 8 n.<sup>3</sup>; vi. 216). She was married in 1699 to Joseph Fenton, a currier, a union to which Swift was opposed, possibly on social grounds, and almost certainly because he mistrusted the man's character. Orrery's account (*Remarks*, 1752, p. 33) is, however, exaggerated; and the details of Deane Swift's story (*Essay*, 1755, pp. 101-5, 347-9) cannot be confidently accepted. But Fenton seems to have been a worthless character, and for years, until Jane died in 1738, in the same lodging with Stella's mother, Mrs. Bridget Mose, in the village of Farnham, Swift paid his sister an annuity (*Gentleman's Magazine*, xxvii. 491). The amount seems to have been £15 (*Corresp.* iv. 133 and n.). Lady Giffard also befriended her (*post*, pp. 150, 357, 366).

request she has made me in her letter, I will use what credit I have to bring about, although I hear it is very difficult, and I doubt I shall not succeed. Cox is not to be your chancellor: all joined against him. I have been supping with lord Peterborow at his house, with Prior, Lewis, and Dr. Freind. 'Tis the ramblingest lying rogue on earth.<sup>39</sup> Dr. Raymond is come to town: 'tis late, and so I bid you good night.

24. I tell you pretty management: Ned Southwell told me t'other day, he had a letter from the bishops of Ireland, with an address to the duke of Ormond, to intercede with the queen, to take off the First-Fruits. I dined with him to-day, and saw it, with another letter to him from the bishop of Kildare,<sup>40</sup> to call upon me for the papers, &c. and I had last post one from the archbishop of Dublin,<sup>41</sup> telling me the reason of this proceeding; that upon hearing the duke of Ormond was declared lord lieutenant, they met, and the bishops were for this project, and talkt coldly of my being solicitor, as one that was favour'd by t'other party, &c. but desired that I would still solicit. Now the wisdom of this is admirable; for I had given the arch-

<sup>39</sup> That is, Peterborough.

<sup>40</sup> Welbore Ellis, 1651?-1734, an Englishman, was educated at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford. From 1705 to 1731 he was Bishop of Kildare, when he was translated to the see of Meath. He was one of the signatories of Swift's commission.

<sup>41</sup> It was not till the 23rd that Swift received from Archbishop King a letter, dated the 2nd of November (*Corresp.* i. 211), in which he was informed that, on the news of Ormonde's appointment as Lord Lieutenant, the letters of recommendation to the English Archbishops had been stopped, as the Irish Bishops were anxious 'to solicit the affair of the first fruits' through Ormonde, and that a letter was being sent to Edward Southwell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, giving an account of the papers of commission and desiring Swift to take measures through him. King added that some suspected that Swift's 'reputation of being a favourite' with the Whig leaders would make him unacceptable 'to the present courtiers'. Swift, conscious of his success with Harley and the Queen, penned an angry reply (*Corresp.* i. 215-17) at once, and, when he had given himself time to re-read the Archbishop's letter, a more considered, if equally indignant, answer, dated 28 Nov. (*Corresp.* i. 217-21).

bishop an account of my reception from Mr. Harley, and how he had spoken to the queen, and promised it should be done; but Mr. Harley ordered me to tell no person alive. Some time after he gave me leave to let the primate and archbishop know that the queen had remitted the First-Fruits; and that in a short time they should have an account of it in form from lord Dartmouth, secretary of state. So while their letter was on the road to the duke of Ormond and Southwell, mine was going to them with an account of the thing being done. I writ a very warm answer to the archbishop immediately, and shewed my resentments, as I ought, against the bishops, only in good manners, excepting himself. I wonder what they will say when they hear the thing is done. I was yesterday forced to tell Southwell so, that the queen had done it, &c. for he said, my lord duke would think of it some months hence when he was going for Ireland; and he had it three years in doing formerly, without any success. I give you free leave to say, on occasion, that it is done, and that Mr. Harley prevailed on the queen to do it, &c. as you please. As I hope to live, I despise the credit of it, out of an excess of pride, and desire you will not give me the least merit when you talk of it; but I would vex the bishops, and have it spread that Mr. Harley had done it: pray do so. Your mother sent me last night a parcel of wax candles, and a bandbox full of small plumcakes. I thought it had been something for you; and, without opening them, sent answer by the maid that brought them, that I would take care to send the things, &c. but I will write her thanks. Is this a long letter, sirrahs? Now, are you satisfied? I have had no fit since the first: I drink brandy every morning, and take pills every night. Never fear, I an't vexed at this puppy business of the bishops, although I was a little at first. I'll tell you my reward: Mr. Harley will think he has done me a favour; the duke of Ormond, perhaps, that I have put a neglect on him; and the bishops in Ireland, that I have done nothing at all. So goes the world. But I have

got above all this, and, perhaps, I have better reason for it than they know: and so you shall hear no more of First-Fruits, dukes, Harleys, archbishops, and Southwells.

I have slipt off Raymond upon some of his countrymen to shew him the town, &c. and I lend him Patrick. He desires to sit with me in the evenings; upon which I have given Patrick positive orders that I am not within at evenings.

## LETTER X

[SATURDAY]

London, Nov. 25, 1710.

I'LL tell you something that's plaguy silly: I had forgot to say on the 23d in my last, where I dined; and because I had done it constantly, I thought it was a great omission, and was going to interline it; but at last the silliness of it made me cry, Pshah, and I let it alone. I was to-day to see the Parliament meet; but only saw a great crowd: and Ford and I went to see the tombs at Westminster, and sauntered so long I was forced to go to an eating-house for my dinner. Bromley<sup>1</sup> is chosen speaker, *nemine contradicente*: Do you understand those two words? And Pompey, colonel Hill's<sup>2</sup> black, designs to stand speaker for the footmen.<sup>3</sup> I am engaged to use my interest for him, and have spoken to Patrick to get him some votes.

<sup>1</sup> William Bromley, 1664-1732, a strong High Churchman, had been M.P. for the University of Oxford since 1702. For a short period, 1713-14, in succession to Lord Dartmouth, he was Secretary of State.

<sup>2</sup> John Hill was younger brother of Mrs. Masham, who gradually supplanted the Duchess of Marlborough in the Queen's favour. He was first a page to Anne, entered the army, and commanded a brigade at Almanza. He was placed in charge of the unsuccessful Quebec expedition, 1711, and in 1713 appointed to the command of the troops at Dunkirk. He died in 1735. See *Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough*, 1742, pp. 218-19.

<sup>3</sup> It was a custom with footmen in attendance at the Houses of Parliament to form themselves into an assembly and debate the same points as their masters. Steele alludes to the practice in *The Spectator*, No. 88, 11 June 1711.

We are now all impatient for the queen's speech, what she will say about removing the ministry, &c. I have got a cold, and I don't know how; but got it I have, and am hoarse: I don't know whether it will grow better or worse. What's that to you? I won't answer your letter to-night. I'll keep you a little longer in suspense: I can't send it. Your mother's cakes are very good, and one of them serves me for a breakfast, and so I'll go sleep like a good boy.

26. I have got a cruel cold, and staid within all this day in my night-gown, and dined on six-pennyworth of victuals, and read and writ, and was denied to every body. Dr. Raymond called often, and I was denied; and at last, when I was weary, I let him come up, and asked him, without consequence, How Patrick denied me, and whether he had the art of it? So by this means he shall be used to have me denied to him; otherwise he would be a plaguy trouble and hindrance to me: he has sat with me two hours, and drank a pint of ale cost me five pence, and smoakt his pipe, and 'tis now past eleven that he is just gone. Well, my eighth is with you now, young women, and your seventh to me is somewhere in a post-boy's bag; and so go to your gang of deans, and Stoytes, and Walls, and lose your money; go, sauce-boxes, and so good night and be happy, dear rogues. Oh, but your box was sent to Dr. Hawkshaw by Sterne, and you will have it with Hawkshaw, and spectacles, &c. &c.

27.<sup>4</sup> To-day Mr. Harley met me in the court of requests,<sup>5</sup> and whispered me to dine with him. At dinner I told him what those bishops had done, and the difficulty I was under. He bid me never trouble myself; he would

<sup>4</sup> Swift makes no reference to the formal opening of Parliament on this day by the Queen in person.

<sup>5</sup> A court of equity, inferior to the Court of Chancery and abolished in 1641. The room at Whitehall in which the court was held appears to have retained the name long after the extinction of the court. In his letter to Archbishop King of 28 Nov. Swift again particularly mentions the place of meeting (*Corresp.* i. 219).

tell the duke of Ormond the business was done, and that he need not concern himself about it. So now I am easy, and they may hang themselves for a parcel of insolent ungrateful rascals. I suppose I told you in my last, how they sent an address to the duke of Ormond, and a letter to Southwell, to call on me for the papers, after the thing was over, but they had not received my letter; though the archbishop might, by what I writ to him, have expected it would be done. Well, there's an end of that; and in a little time the queen will send them notice, &c. And so the methods will be settled; and then I shall think of returning, although the baseness of those bishops makes me love Ireland less than I did.

28. Lord Hallifax sent to invite me to dinner, where I staid till six, and crost him in all his Whig talk, and made him often come over to me. I know he makes court to the new men, although he affects to talk like a Whig. I had a letter to-day from the bishop of Clogher; but I writ to him lately, that I would obey his commands to the duke of Ormond. He says I bid him read the *London Shaver*, and that you both swore it was *Shaver*, and not *Shower*.<sup>6</sup> You all lie, and you are puppies, and can't read Presto's hand. The bishop is out entirely in his conjectures of my share in the *Tatlers*.—I have other things to mind, and of much greater importance,<sup>7</sup> else I have little to do to be acquainted with a new ministry, who consider me a little more than Irish bishops do.

29. Now for your saucy good dear letter: let me see, what does it say? come then. I dined to-day with Ford, and went home early; he debauched me to his chamber again with a bottle of wine till twelve: so good night. I can't write an answer now, you rogues.

30.<sup>8</sup> To-day I have been visiting, which I had long

<sup>6</sup> 'A Description of a City Shower.' See p. 51 n.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>7</sup> The allusion is to the *Examiners*.

<sup>8</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 18 (17), 30 Nov., was mainly devoted by Swift to an uncompromising attack upon Wharton under the character of Verres.



neglected; and I dined with Mrs. Barton alone; and sauntered at the Coffee-house till past eight, and have been busy till eleven, and now I'll answer your letter, sauce-box. Well, let me see now again. My wax candle's almost out, but however I'll begin. Well then, don't be so tedious, Mr. Presto; what can you say to MD's letter? Make haste, have done with your preambles—Why, I say I am glad you are so often abroad; your mother thinks it is want of exercise hurts you, and so do I. (She called here to-night, but I was not within, that's by the bye.) Sure you don't deceive me, Stella, when you say you are in better health than you were these three weeks; for Dr. Raymond told me yesterday, that Smyth<sup>9</sup> of the Blind-Quay had been telling Mr. Leigh, that he left you extremely ill; and in short, spoke so, that he almost put poor Leigh into tears, and would have made me run distracted; though your letter is dated the 11th instant, and I saw Smyth in the city above a fortnight ago, as I past by in a coach. Pray, pray, don't write, Stella, until you are mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty, well in your eyes, and are sure it won't do you the least hurt. Or come, I'll tell you what; you, mistress Stella, shall write your share at five or six sittings, one sitting a day; and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb towards the end, to let us see she remembers Presto; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as your most humbucumdumble, or, &c. O Lord! does Patrick write word of my not coming till *spring*? Insolent man! he know my secrets? No; as my Lord Mayor said, No; if I thought my shirt knew, &c. Faith, I will come as soon as it is any way proper for me to come; but, to say the truth, I am at present a little involved with the present ministry

<sup>9</sup> John Smith and William Bruce appear, in partnership, as booksellers 'On the Blind Key' in Dublin, 1726-37; and later John Smith alone 'At the Philosopher's Head on the Blind Quay'. He may be 'Smyth', or some connexion. See Dix in Plomer's *Dict. of Booksellers*, 1726-75, pp. 401-2; Gilbert, *History of Dublin*, ii. 120.

in some certain things (which I tell you as a secret)<sup>10</sup> and soon as ever I can clear my hands, I will stay no longer: for I hope the first-fruit business will be soon over in all its forms. But, to say the truth, the present ministry have a difficult task, and want me, &c. Perhaps they may be just as grateful as others: but, according to the best judgment I have, they are pursuing the true interest of the public; and therefore I am glad to contribute what is in my power. For God's sake, not a word of this to any alive.—Your chancellor?<sup>11</sup> Why, madam, I can tell you he has been dead this fortnight. Faith, I could hardly forbear our little language about a nasty dead chancellor, as you may see by the blot.<sup>12</sup> Ploughing? A pox plough them; they'll plough me to nothing. But have you got your money, both the ten pounds? How durst he pay you the second so soon? Pray be good huswives.—Aye, well, and Joe; why, I had a letter lately from Joe, desiring I would take some care of their poor town,<sup>13</sup> who, he says, will lose their liberties. To which I desired Dr. Raymond would return answer; That the town had behaved themselves so ill to me, so little regarded the advice I gave them, and disagreed so much among themselves, that I was resolved never to have more to do with them; but that whatever personal kindness I could do to Joe, should be done. Pray, when you happen to see Joe, tell him this, lest Raymond should have blundered or forgotten.—Poor

<sup>10</sup> Two days before Swift hinted to Archbishop King that he had transferred his political allegiance (*Corresp.* i. 220).

<sup>11</sup> Freeman, see p. 95 n.<sup>19</sup>

<sup>12</sup> 'To make this intelligible, it is necessary to observe, that the words *this fortnight*, in the preceding sentence, were first written in what he calls their little language, and afterwards scratched out and written plain. It must be confessed this little language, which passed current between *Swift* and *Stella*, has occasioned infinite trouble in the revisal of these papers.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>13</sup> In his *Short Character of Wharton* Swift numbers among the Lord Lieutenant's enormities 'his arbitrary proceedings about the election of a mayor in Trim' (*Prose Works*, v. 27, and 22-3).

Mrs. Wesley—Why these poligyes<sup>14</sup> for being abroad? Why should you be at home at all, until Stella is quite well?—So, here is mistress Stella again with her two eggs, &c. My *Shower* admired with You; why, the bishop of Clogher says, he has seen something of mine of the same sort, better than the *Shower*. I suppose he means *The Morning*;<sup>15</sup> but it is not half so good. I want your judgment of things, and not your country's. How does MD like it? and do they taste it *all*? &c.<sup>16</sup> I am glad dean Bolton has paid the twenty pounds. Why should not I chide the bishop of Clogher for writing to the archbishop of Cashel,<sup>17</sup> without sending the letter first to me? It does not signify a —; for he has no credit at court. Stuff—they are all puppies. I'll break your head in good earnest, young woman, for your nasty jest about Mrs. Barton. Unlucky sluttikin, what a word is there? Faith, I was thinking yesterday, when I was with her, whether she could break them or no,<sup>18</sup> and it quite spoiled my imagination. Mrs. Walls, does Stella win as she pretends? No indeed, *doctor*; she loses always, and will play so *ventersomely*, how can she win? See here now; an't you an impudent lying slut? Do, open Domville's letter; what does it signify, if you have a mind? Yes, faith, you write smartly with your eyes shut; all was well but the *w*. See how I can do it; *Madam Stella, your humble*

<sup>14</sup> 'So written for apologies.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>15</sup> *A Description of the Morning* (*Poems*, p. 123), which appeared in *The Tatler*, No. 9, 30 Apr. 1709.

<sup>16</sup> At this point Deane Swift has a footnote: 'He certainly means the ridicule of *triplets* in particular.' *A City Shower* ends with a triplet, and in Faulkner's edition of Swift's *Works*, 1735, there is a footnote (*Poems*, pp. 139–40), almost certainly by Swift himself, on 'that licentious Manner of modern Poets, in making three Rhimes together'.

<sup>17</sup> William Palliser, 1646–1726, Archbishop of Cashel since 1694, one of the signatories of Swift's commission. He bequeathed to Trinity College, Dublin, the collection known as 'Bibliotheca Palliseriana' (*Fasti Eccl. Hib.* i. 16, 296).

<sup>18</sup> This jest is lost, whatever it was, for want of MD's letter.'—Deane Swift.

*servant*.<sup>19</sup> O, but one may look whether one goes crooked or no, and so write on. I'll tell you what you may do; you may write with your eyes half shut, just as when one is going to sleep: I have done so for two or three lines now; 'tis but just seeing enough to go straight.—Now, madam Dingley, I think I bid you tell Mr. Walls, that in case there be occasion, I will serve his friend<sup>20</sup> as far as I can; but I hope there will be none. Yet I believe you will have a new Parliament;<sup>21</sup> but I care not whether you have or no a better. You are mistaken in all your conjectures about the *Tatlers*. I have given him one or two hints, and you have heard me talk about the *Shilling*.<sup>22</sup> Faith, these answering letters are very long ones: you have taken up almost the room of a week in journals; and I'll tell you what, I saw fellows wearing crosses to-day,<sup>23</sup> and I wondered what was the matter; but just this minute I recollect it is little Presto's birth-day; and I was resolved these three days to remember it when it came, but could not. Pray, drink my health to-day at dinner; do, you rogues. Do you like *Sid Hamet's Rod*? Do you understand it all? Well, now at last I have done with your letter, and so I'll lay me down to sleep, and about fair maids; and I hope merry maids all.

Dec. 1. Morning. I wish Smyth<sup>24</sup> were hanged. I was dreaming the most melancholy things in the world of poor

<sup>19</sup> 'Here he writ with his eyes shut, and the writing is somewhat crooked, although as well in other respects as if his eyes had been open.'—Deane Swift. See also p. 72.

<sup>20</sup> Captain Pratt (p. 14 n.<sup>15</sup>), whose place Walls suspected to be in danger. See p. 101.

<sup>21</sup> The Irish House of Commons was prorogued 28 Aug. 1710, and reassembled for business 9 July 1711 (*Journals of the House of Commons of Ireland*, vol. ii, part i. 686–95).

<sup>22</sup> *The Tatler*, No. 249, 11 Nov. 1710. Cf. 14 Dec. 1710. A note in Faulkner's edition of the *Works*, 1735, i. 312, names this *Tatler* as one for which Swift furnished hints. The only *Tatlers* to which we know for certain that Swift contributed during this visit to London were Nos. 230 (p. 22 n.<sup>42</sup>), 238 (p. 41 n.<sup>29</sup>), and 258 (p. 111 n.<sup>28</sup>).

<sup>23</sup> St. Andrew's Day.

<sup>24</sup> See p. 107 n.<sup>9</sup>

Stella, and was grieving and crying all night.—Pshoh, 'tis foolish: I'll rise and divert myself; so good morrow, and God of his infinite mercy keep and protect you. The bishop of Clogher's letter<sup>25</sup> is dated Nov. 21. He says, you thought of going with him to Clogher. I am heartily glad of it, and wish you would ride there, and Dingley go in a coach. I have had no fit since my first, although sometimes my head is not quite in good order.—At night. I was this morning to visit Mr. Pratt, who is come over with poor sick lord Shelburne;<sup>26</sup> they made me dine with them, and there I staid, like a booby, till eight, looking over them at ombre, and then came home. Lord Shelburne's giddiness is turned into a cholick, and he looks miserably.

2. Steele, the rogue, has done the impudentest thing in the world; he said something in a *Tatler*,<sup>27</sup> that we ought to use the word Great Britain, and not England, in common conversation, as, *The finest lady in Great Britain*, &c. Upon this Rowe, Prior, and I sent him a letter, turning this into ridicule. He has to-day printed the letter, and signed it J. S. M. P. and N. R. the first letters of all our names.<sup>28</sup> Congreve told me to-day, he smoakt it immediately. Congreve and I and sir Charles Wager dined to-day at Delaval's, the Portugal envoy; and I staid there till eight, and came home, and am now writing to you before I do business, because that dog Patrick is not at home, and the fire is not made, and I am not in my gear.<sup>29</sup> Pox take him!—I was looking by chance at the top of this side, and find I make plaguy mistakes in words; so that you must fence against that as well as bad writing.

<sup>25</sup> This letter has not been preserved.

<sup>26</sup> Henry Petty, 1675?–1751, son of the famous Sir William Petty, Surveyor-General of Ireland. In 1699 he was created Baron Shelburne, and in 1719 Viscount Dunkeron and Earl of Shelburne. Lady Kerry, Lord Shelburne's sister, was connected with Mrs. Pratt, whose sister married Lord Kerry's brother (*Corresp.* i. 188 n.<sup>2</sup>; v. 43 n.<sup>1</sup>).

<sup>27</sup> No. 241, 24 Oct. 1710.

<sup>28</sup> *The Tatler*, No. 258, 2 Dec. 1710.

<sup>29</sup> See p. 455 n.<sup>13</sup>

Faith, I can't nor won't read what I have written. (Pox of this puppy!) Well, I'll leave you till I am got to bed, and then I'll say a word or two.—Well, 'tis now almost twelve, and I have been busy ever since, by a fire too, (I have my coals by half a bushel at a time, I'll assure you) and now I am got to bed. Well, and what have you to say to Presto now he is a-bed? Come now, let us hear your speeches. No, 'tis a lie, I an't sleepy yet. Let us sit up a little longer, and talk. Well, where have you been to-day, that you are but just this minute come home in a coach? What have you lost? Pay the coachman, Stella. No, faith, not I, he'll grumble.—What new acquaintance have you got? come, let us hear. I have made Delaval promise to send me some Brazil tobacco from Portugal for you, madam Dingley. I hope you'll have your chocolate and spectacles before this comes to you.

3. Pshaw, I must be writing to these dear saucy brats every night, whether I will or no, let me have what business I will, or come home ever so late, or be ever so sleepy; but an old saying, and a true one, Be you lords, or be you earls, you must write to naughty girls. I was to-day at Court, and saw Raymond among the Beef-eaters, staying to see the queen: so I put him in a better station, made two or three dozen of bows, and went to church, and then to Court again, to pick up a dinner, as I did with Sir John Stanley, and then we went to visit lord Mountjoy, and just now left him, and 'tis near eleven at night, young women, and methinks this letter comes pretty near to the bottom, and 'tis but eight days since the date, and don't think I'll write on t'other side, I thank you for nothing. Faith, if I would use you to letters on sheets as broad as this room, you would always expect them from me. Oh, faith, I know you well enough; but an old saying, &c. Two sides in a sheet, and one in a street. I think that's but a silly old saying, and so I'll go to sleep, and do you so too.

4. I dined to-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and then

came home, and studied till eleven.<sup>30</sup> No adventure at all to-day.

5. So I went to the court of requests (we have had the Devil and all of rain by the bye) to pick up a dinner; and Henley made me go dine with him and one colonel Bragg<sup>31</sup> at a tavern, cost me money, faith. Congreve was to be there, but came not. I came with Henley to the Coffee-house, where lord Salisbury seemed mighty desirous to talk with me; and while he was wriggling himself into my favour, that dog Henley asked me aloud, whether I would go to see lord Somers, as I had promised (which was a lie) and all to vex poor Lord Salisbury,<sup>32</sup> who is a high Tory. He played two or three other such tricks, and I was forced to leave my lord, and I came home at seven, and have been writing ever since, and will now go to bed. T'other day I saw Jack Temple in the court of requests: it was the first time of seeing him; so we talked two or three careless words, and parted. Is it true that your recorder and mayor, and fanatick aldermen,<sup>33</sup> a month or two ago, at a solemn feast, drank Mr. Harley's, lord Rochester's, and other Tory healths? Let me know: it was confidently said here.—The scoundrels! It shan't do, Tom.

6. When is this letter to go, I wonder: harkee, young

<sup>30</sup> Deane Swift reads 'eleven'. This was altered to 'evening' by Sheridan, 1784, who was followed by Nichols, Scott, and Ryland. Aitken and Moorhead have 'eleven'.

<sup>31</sup> Philip Bragg was at this time Lieut.-Col. in the Earl of Isla's Regiment of foot. In 1742 he became a Brig.-General; in 1743 a Major-General. He served at Fontenoy; and was promoted a Lieut.-General in 1747. He died in 1759. Dalton's *English Army Lists*, v. 45, 86; Pt. ii. 29, 31.

<sup>32</sup> James Cecil, 1691-1728, fifth Earl of Salisbury, who succeeded to the title in 1694. He took his seat in the Upper House in June 1712. His career was not remarkable.

<sup>33</sup> Deane Swift has a characteristic footnote: 'The aldermen of *Dublin* were fanatical in those days; but for these eight or ten years past, the protestant party have so far prevailed, that they kept out fanaticks of all denominations, and seem determined never to admit one more into their body.'

women, tell me that. Saturday next for certain, and not before; then it will be just a fortnight; time enough for naughty girls, and long enough for two letters, faith. Congreve and Delaval have at last prevailed on Sir Godfrey Kneller to intreat me to let him draw my picture for nothing; but I know not yet when I shall sit.<sup>34</sup>—It is such monstrous rainy weather, that there is no doing with it. Secretary St. John sent to me this morning, that my dining with him to-day was put off till to-morrow; so I peaceably sat with my neighbour Ford, dined with him, and came home at six, and am now in bed as usual; and now it is time to have another letter from MD, yet I would not have it till this goes: for that would look like two letters for one. Is it not whimsical that the dean<sup>35</sup> has never once written to me? And I find the archbishop very silent to that letter I sent him with an account that the business was done. I believe he knows not what to write or say; and I have since written twice to him, both times with a vengeance.<sup>36</sup> Well, go to bed, sirrahs, and so will I. But have you lost to-day? Three shillings. O fye, O fye.

7.<sup>37</sup> No, I won't send this letter to-day, not till Saturday, faith; and I'm so afraid of one from MD between this and that: if it comes, I'll just say I received a letter, and that's all. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, where were lord Anglesea,<sup>38</sup> Sir Thomas Hanmer, Prior,

<sup>34</sup> There is no evidence that Kneller ever painted Swift's portrait. For the known portraits of Swift see the essay by Sir Frederick Falkner, *Prose Works*, xii. 3-56.

<sup>35</sup> John Stearne, Dean of St. Patrick's.

<sup>36</sup> On 23 and 28 Nov. King received Swift's letter of the 23rd on the 29th, and replied the next day. The letter of the 28th did not reach King till 14 Dec., and was acknowledged on the 16th (*Corresp.* i. 221-4). Rough weather had delayed communication between England and Ireland.

<sup>37</sup> On this day *The Examiner*, No. 19 (18), justified itself against critics, and commented on the Queen's speech at the opening of Parliament, 27 Nov.

<sup>38</sup> Arthur Annesley succeeded his brother John (p. 22 n.<sup>44</sup>) as fifth Earl



Freind, &c. and then made a debauch after nine at Prior's house, and have eaten cold pye, and I hate the thoughts of it, and I am full, and I don't like it, and I'll go to bed, and it is late, and so good night.

8. To-day I dined with Mr. Harley and Prior; but Mr. St. John did not come, though he promised: he chid me for not seeing him oftener. Here's a damned libellous pamphlet come out against lord Wharton, giving the character first, and then telling some of his actions: the character is very well, but the facts indifferent.<sup>39</sup> It has been sent by dozens to several gentlemen's lodgings, and I had one or two of them, but nobody knows the author or printer. We are terribly afraid of the plague; they say it is at Newcastle.<sup>40</sup> I begged Mr. Harley for the love of God to take some care about it, or we are all ruined. There

of Anglesey. He was a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and represented the University in Parliament, 1702-10. He was Joint Vice-Treasurer and Treasurer at War in Ireland, 1710-16. His family connexions with that country, his ability, and his Tory convictions, led to the expectancy of his appointment as Lord Lieutenant. The hope was frustrated by the death of Queen Anne (*Poems*, p. 978 n.). He died in 1737.

<sup>39</sup> *A Short Character of His Excellency Thomas Earl of Wharton*, by Swift (*Prose Works*, v. 1-28), although the authorship was at first unsuspected. The pamphlet is dated 'August 30. 1710', that is before Swift left Ireland. But, as Ball suggests (*Corresp.* i. 188 n.<sup>1</sup>), it is hardly probable that Swift would at that time, when he still looked to the Whig leaders, have penned this 'fierce philippic on Lord Wharton'. It is more likely to have been composed about the same time as *The Examiner*, No. 18 (p. 106 n.<sup>8</sup>) in which, under the character of Verres, Wharton is charged with much the same offences. The two publications were part of Swift's pamphleteering campaign on behalf of the new Ministry. Ball further suggests (*Corresp.* i. 233 n.<sup>5</sup>) that, whereas the character was Swift's, the facts, which could be known only to officials, were supplied by Sir Richard Levinge (p. 93 n.<sup>13</sup>) and Captain Pratt (p. 14 n.<sup>15</sup>). See also *Prose Works of Swift*, ed. H. Davis, iii. p. xx. Although the *Short Character* was published early in December the date on the title-page is 1711. In a letter to Swift, 9 Jan. 1711, Archbishop King, unconscious of the authorship, refers to the pamphlet depreciatingly. He had, apparently, seen a Dublin edition; but no such edition has been traced. Cf. Hearne's *Collections*, iii. 100.

<sup>40</sup> A false report. See 11 Dec. 1710.

have been orders for all ships from the Baltick to pass their quarantine before they land; but they neglect it. You remember I have been afraid these two years.

9. O faith, you are a saucy rogue. I have had your sixth letter just now, before this is gone; but I won't answer a word of it, only that I never was giddy since my first fit, but I have had a cold just a fortnight, and cough with it still morning and evening; but it will go off. It is, however, such abominable weather that no creature can walk. They say here three of your commissioners will be turned out, Ogle, South, and St. Quintain,<sup>41</sup> and that Dick Stuart<sup>42</sup> and Ludlow will be two of the new ones. I am a little soliciting for another; 'tis poor lord Abercorn,<sup>43</sup> but that is a secret, I mean, that I befriend him, is a secret; but I believe it is too late, by his own fault and ill fortune. I dined with him to-day. I am heartily sorry you don't go to Clogher, faith, I am; and so God Almighty protect poor dear, dear, dear, dearest MD. Farewel till to-night. I'll begin my eleventh to-night; so I am always writing to little MD.

## LETTER XI

[SATURDAY]

London, Dec. 9, 1710.

SO, young women, I have just sent my tenth to the post-office, and, as I told you, have received your seventh (faith I'm afraid I mistook, and said your sixth, and then we shall be all in confusion this month.) Well, I told you I dined with lord Abercorn to-day, and that's enough till by and bye; for I must go write idle things; and twittle

<sup>41</sup> The three Commissioners of Revenue here named retained their places. Samuel Ogle was Commissioner from 1699 to 1714; John South from 1696 until his death in 1711, when he was succeeded by Stephen Ludlow; and Sir William St. Quintin, Bart., from 1706 to 1713.

<sup>42</sup> See p. 77 n.<sup>43</sup>

<sup>43</sup> James Hamilton, 1656-1734, sixth Earl of Abercorn, succeeded his cousin in the title, 1701. He was Privy Councillor to Anne, George I, and George II.

twattle.<sup>1</sup> What's here to do with your little MD's? and so I put this by for a while.—'Tis now late, and I can only say MD's a dear saucy rogue, and what then? Presto loves them the better.

10. This son of a b—— Patrick is out of the way, and I can do nothing; am forced to borrow coals: 'tis now six o'clock, and I am come home after a pure<sup>2</sup> walk in the Park; delicate weather, begun only to-day. A terrible storm last night: we hear one of your packet boats is cast away, and young Beau Swift<sup>3</sup> in it, and general Sankey:<sup>4</sup> I know not the truth; you will before me. Raymond talks of leaving the town in a few days, and going in a month to Ireland, for fear his wife should be too far gone, and forced to be brought to-bed here. I think he is in the right; but perhaps this packet-boat will fright him. He has no relish for London; and I do not wonder at it. He has got some Templars from Ireland that shew him the town. I do not let him see me above twice a week, and that only while I am dressing in the morning.—So, now the puppy is come in, and I have got my own ink, but a new pen; and so now you are rogues and sauce-boxes till I go to bed; for I must go study, sirrahs. Now I think of it, tell the bishop of Clogher he shall not cheat me of one inch of my Bell Metal.<sup>5</sup> You know it is nothing but to save the town money; and Eniskilling can afford it better

<sup>1</sup> Tittle tattle. Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, calls 'twattle' 'A vile word'.

<sup>2</sup> Fine. Cf. p. 28 n.<sup>13</sup> The park was St. James's.

<sup>3</sup> It is impossible to identify 'Beau Swift' with certainty. He may have been William, born 1687, a son of William Swift, solicitor, who was Swift's uncle. William, the younger, died in 1711 and was buried in Dublin (*Corresp.* vi. 216).

<sup>4</sup> Nicholas Sankey was appointed Colonel of Lord Lovelace's Regiment of Foot, 28 Sept. 1689. In 1703 he became Colonel of Coote's Regiment of Foot in Ireland. He became a Brig.-General in 1704, Major-General in 1707, and Lieut.-General in 1710. He served in Spain (*Luttrell, Brief Relation*, vi. 305), and was taken prisoner at the battle of Caya in Portugal, 7 May 1709. He died before 6 Nov. 1722 (*Chester's Westminster Abbey Registers*, p. 24). See Dalton's *English Army Lists*, iii. 7, 12, 14, 76.

<sup>5</sup> The meaning is uncertain.

than Laracor: he shall have but one thousand five hundred weight. I have been reading, &c. as usual, and am now going to bed; and I find this day's article is long enough; so get you gone till to-morrow and then. I dined with sir Matthew Dudley.

11. I am come again as yesterday, and the puppy had again lockt up my ink, notwithstanding all I said to him yesterday; but he came home a little after me, so all is well: they are lighting my fire, and I'll go study. The fair weather is gone again, and it has rained all day. I do not like this open weather, though some say it is healthy. They say it is a false report about the plague at Newcastle.<sup>6</sup> I have no news to-day: I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to desire them to buy me a scarf; and lady Abercorn<sup>7</sup> is to buy me another, to see who does best; mine is all in rags. I saw the duke of Richmond<sup>8</sup> yesterday at Court again; but would not speak to him: I believe we are fallen out. I am now in bed; and it has rained all this evening, like wildfire: Have you so much rain in your town? Raymond was in a fright, as I expected, upon the news of this shipwreck; but I persuaded him, and he leaves this town in a week. I got him acquainted with sir Robert Raymond, the solicitor general,<sup>9</sup> who owns him to be of his family; and I believe it may do him a kindness, by being recommended to your new lord chancellor.<sup>10</sup>—I had a letter from Mrs. Long, that has quite turned my stomach

<sup>6</sup> See 8 Dec. 1710.

<sup>7</sup> James Hamilton, Earl of Abercorn (see p. 116 n.<sup>43</sup>), married, in 1684, Elizabeth only child of Sir Robert Reading of Dublin, Bart. She died in 1754 at the age of 86.

<sup>8</sup> Charles Lennox, 1672–1723, first Duke of Richmond, the natural son of Charles II by Louise de Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth.

<sup>9</sup> Sir Robert Raymond, 1673–1733, who was appointed Solicitor-General, 13 May 1710, had been knighted on 24 Oct. He was Conservative M.P. for Bishop's Castle, Shropshire, 1708–13. On the accession of George I he was removed from office; but in 1720 he was made Attorney-General, and in 1725 Lord Chief Justice. In 1731 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Raymond of Abbot's Langley. He was a man of great legal learning.

<sup>10</sup> Sir Constantine Phipps. See p. 157 n.<sup>11</sup>

against her: no less than two nasty jests in it with dashes to suppose them. She is corrupted in that country town<sup>11</sup> with vile conversation.—I won't answer your letter till I have leisure: so let this go on as it will, what care I? what cares saucy Presto?

12. I was to-day at the secretary's office with Lewis, and in came lord Rivers,<sup>12</sup> who took Lewis out and whispered him; and then came up to me to desire my acquaintance, &c. so we bowed and complimented a while, and parted; and I dined with Phil. Savage,<sup>13</sup> and his Irish Club, at their boarding place; and, passing an evening scurvily enough, did not come home till eight. Mr. Addison and I hardly meet once a fortnight: his Parliament<sup>14</sup> and my different friendships keep us asunder. Sir Matthew Dudley turned away his butler yesterday morning, and at night the poor fellow died suddenly in the streets: Was not it an odd event? But what care you; but then I knew the butler.—Why, it seems your packet-boat is not lost: pshah, how silly that is, when I had already gone through the forms, and said it was a sad thing, and that I was sorry for it. But when must I answer this letter of our MD's? Here it is, it lies between this paper on t'other side of the leaf: one of these odd-come-shortly's I'll consider, and so good-night.

<sup>11</sup> King's Lynn.

<sup>12</sup> Richard Savage, 1660?–1712, fourth Earl Rivers, whom Richard Savage, the poet, claimed as father. A Whig in politics Lord Rivers joined William of Orange on his landing, and later fought under him in Flanders, reaching the rank of Lieutenant-General. Returning home he ingratiated himself with Harley, and was appointed Constable of the Tower in 1709 (*Prose Works*, v. 375–6); and in 1710 (see p. 374) he was sent as plenipotentiary to Hanover. He was a notable rake and profligate.

<sup>13</sup> The Right Hon. Philip Savage, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland from 1695 to his death in 1717. He was the father of Lady Acheson, wife of Sir Arthur Acheson, to whom Swift paid three long visits, 1728–30, at Market Hill, near Armagh. Several of Swift's best poems were written at Market Hill (*Poems*, pp. 847 ff.).

<sup>14</sup> i.e. his attendances at Parliament. Addison was M.P. for Malmesbury.

against the late changes at Court. Cadogan<sup>19</sup> has had a little paring: his mother<sup>20</sup> told me yesterday he had lost the place of envoy;<sup>21</sup> but I hope they will go no further with him, for he was not at those mutinous meetings. Well, these saucy jades take up so much of my time, with writing to them in a morning; but faith I am glad to see you whenever I can: a little snap and away; and so hold your tongue, for I must rise: not a word for your life. How nowww? So, very well; stay till I come home, and then, perhaps, you may hear further from me. And where will you go to-day, for I can't be with you for these ladies? It is a rainy ugly day. I'd have you send for Walls, and go to the dean's; but don't play small games<sup>22</sup> when you lose. You'll be ruined by Manilio, Basto, the Queen, and two small Trumps in red. I confess 'tis a good hand against the player: but then there are Spadilio, Punto, the King, strong Trumps against you, which, with one Trump more, are three tricks ten ace: for, suppose you play your Manilio—Oh, silly, how I prate and can't get away from this MD in a morning. Go, get you gone, dear naughty girls, and let me rise. There, Patrick lockt up my ink again the third time last night: the rogue gets the better of me; but I will rise in spite of you, sirrahs.—At night. Lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt, Mrs. Cadogan,<sup>23</sup> and I, in one

<sup>19</sup> William Cadogan, 1675–1726, Marlborough's friend, and a distinguished staff officer. He served at Schellenberg, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, the siege of Menin, and at Malplaquet. He was at this time a Lieutenant-General; but in 1712, in company with Marlborough, he resigned all his appointments. On the accession of George I he was reinstated and appointed Master of the Robes. In 1716 he was created Baron Cadogan of Reading, and Earl Cadogan in 1718. He was buried in Henry VII's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

<sup>20</sup> Earl Cadogan's father, Henry Cadogan of Liscarton, co. Meath, who died in 1715, married Bridget, daughter of Sir Hardress Waller, of Castletown, co. Limerick, one of the regicide judges. She was sister to Elizabeth, Baroness Shelburne in her own right.

<sup>21</sup> Cadogan was Envoy to The Hague, 1707–10.

<sup>22</sup> See p. 627 n.<sup>31</sup>

<sup>23</sup> Cadogan married early in life, at The Hague, Margareta Cecilia,

coach; Lady Kerry's son<sup>24</sup> and his governor, and two gentlemen in another; maids and misses, and little master (lord Shelburn's children<sup>25</sup>) in a third, all hackneys, set out at ten o'clock this morning from lord Shelburn's house in Piccadilly to the Tower, and saw all the sights, lions,<sup>26</sup> &c. then to Bedlam;<sup>27</sup> then dined at the Chop-house behind the Exchange; then to Gresham College<sup>28</sup> (but the keeper was not at home) and concluded the night at the Puppet-Shew,<sup>29</sup> whence we came home safe at eight,

daughter of John (or William) Munter, Councillor of the Court of Holland. She died at The Hague, 1749, in her 75th year, having survived her husband twenty-three years. However, the reference here may be to Cadogan's mother.

<sup>24</sup> Presumably William, the eldest son, baptized at Dublin, 2 Mar. 1694-5. He succeeded his father in the earldom in 1742.

<sup>25</sup> Lord Shelburne's (p. 111 n.<sup>26</sup>) first two sons died young, the third son, James, was only two or three years old at this time. There was also a daughter, Anne, born in 1700.

<sup>26</sup> The King's menagerie, one of the sights of London, was kept at the Tower from the thirteenth century till 1834, when the animals were transferred to the Zoological Gardens.

<sup>27</sup> In 1675 Bethlehem Royal Hospital, popularly known as Bedlam, was removed from Bishopsgate to Moorfields. The public was admitted to gaze at lunatics chained to the walls. See *The Tatler*, No. 30; Edward Ward's *London Spy*, Part iii; *A Tale of a Tub*, ed. Guthkelch and Nichol Smith, p. 176; and E. G. O'Donoghue's *Story of Bethlehem Hospital*, c. xxvi. On 26 Feb. 1714 Swift, together with Atterbury, was elected a governor of Bedlam, but there is no record of his attendance at the courts (O'Donoghue, op. cit., pp. 249-51).

<sup>28</sup> Gresham College was founded by Sir Thomas Gresham in 1579 for the delivery of lectures in Latin and English on 'divynitye, astronomy, musicke, geometry, law, physicke, and rhetoricke'. From 1597 to 1768 (save for an interval after the Great Fire) the lectures were delivered in Gresham's house in Bishopsgate Street. Here the Royal Society met from 1660 to 1710. See J. M. Burgon's *Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham*, ii. 515-27.

<sup>29</sup> Puppet-shows were in great favour at the time. The best known exhibitor was Martin Powell, fl. 1710-29, who set up his show in the Little Piazza, Covent Garden. He is referred to in *The Tatler*, Nos. 44, 50, 115, and 143, and in *The Spectator*, Nos. 14, 31, and 372. An engraving of a puppet-show, with Powell, wand in hand, appears as a frontispiece to Thomas Burnet's satire on Lord Oxford, *A Second Tale of a Tub*:

and I left them. The ladies were all in mobbs;<sup>30</sup> how do you call it? undrest; and it was the rainiest day that ever dript; and I'm weary, and 'tis now past eleven.

14.<sup>31</sup> Stay, I'll answer some of your letter this morning in bed: let me see; come and appear, little letter. Here I am, says he, and what say you to Mrs. MD this morning fresh and fasting? Who dares think MD negligent? I allow them a fortnight, and they give it me. I could fill a letter in a week; but it is longer every day, and so I keep it a fortnight, and then 'tis cheaper by one half. I have never been giddy, dear Stella, since that morning: I have taken a whole box of pills, and keckt<sup>32</sup> at them every night, and drank a pint of brandy at mornings.—Oh then, you kept Presto's little Birth-day:<sup>33</sup> would to God I had been with you. I forgot it, as I told you before. Rediculous, madam; I suppose you mean Ridiculous: let me have no more of that; 'tis the author of the *Atalantis*'s<sup>34</sup>

*Or, the History of Robert Powel, The Puppet-Show-Man, 1715.* The frontispiece was used again in *A Key . . . upon the Travels of Lemuel Gulliver, 1726.* Other famous proprietors of puppet-shows during the eighteenth century were Stretch, Penkethman, and Flockton. See also *Poems*, p. 1104; *Prose Works*, i. 80–1, iii. 133.

<sup>30</sup> Négligé attire.

<sup>31</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 20 (19), which appeared on 14 Dec., was devoted to ridiculing criticism of that paper by *The Observer*, *The Medley*, and other publications, and to emphasizing the necessity for a change of Ministry.

<sup>32</sup> To retch.

<sup>33</sup> Swift's birthday fell on 30 Nov.

<sup>34</sup> Mrs. Mary de la Rivière Manley, 1663–1724, the daughter of Sir Roger Manley, and cousin to Isaac and John Manley, was a woman of easy virtue. She early contracted a bigamous relationship with John Manley, and for some years she was mistress of Swift's friend Alderman Barber. She was also a facile writer. In *The New Atalantis, 1709*, she satirized prominent Whigs, and in the same character wrote *Memoirs of Europe, 1710*, and *Court Intrigues, 1711*. It is not likely that Swift had known her before he came to London in September. The attribution to Swift of *The Tatler*, No. 63, 3 Sept. 1709, which contains an attack on Mrs. Manley, is to be questioned (Craik, *Life of Swift*, i. 255 n.3; *Corresp.* i. 166 n.7, 190 n.4). His infrequent allusions to her are kindly. The satire of 'Corinna' is therefore difficult to explain (*Poems*, pp. 148–50). In 1711



spelling. I have mended it in your letter. And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes? O, faith, I'm afraid not. Have a care of those eyes, pray, pray, pretty Stella.—'Tis well enough what you observe, That if I writ better, perhaps you would not read so well, being used to this manner; 'tis an alphabet you are used to: you know such a pothook makes a letter; and you know what letter, and so, and so.—I'll swear he told me so, and that they were long letters too; but I told him it was a Gasconade of yours, &c. I am talking of the bishop of Clogher, how he forgot. Turn over.<sup>35</sup> I had not room on t'other side to say that, so I did it on this: I fancy that's a good Irish blunder. Ah, why don't you go down to Clogher nautinautinautideargirls; I dare not say nauti without dear: O, faith, you govern me. But, seriously, I'm sorry you don't go, as far as I can judge at this distance. No, we would get you another horse; I will make Parvisol get you one. I always doubted that horse of yours: prythee sell him, and let it be a present to me. My heart akes when I think you ride him. Order Parvisol to sell him, and that you are to return me the money: I shall never be easy until he is out of your hands. Faith, I have dreamt five or six times of horses stumbling since I had your letter. If he can't sell him, let him run this Winter. Faith, if I was near you, I would whip your —— to some tune, for your grave saucy answer about the dean and Jonsonibus;<sup>36</sup> I would, young women. And did the dean preach for me? Very well. Why, would they have me stand here and preach to them? No, the *Tatler* of the *Shilling*<sup>37</sup> was not mine, more than the hint, and two or three general heads for it. I have much more important business on my hands: and,

Swift employed her in the writing of pamphlets (*post*, p. 244); and in June of that year she took over from him the editorship of *The Examiner* (*post*, p. 306 n.<sup>5</sup>).

<sup>35</sup> 'He seems to have written these words in a whim, for the sake of what follows.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>36</sup> See p. 87 n.<sup>41</sup>

<sup>37</sup> No. 249. See p. 110 n.<sup>22</sup>

besides, the ministry hate to think that I should help him, and have made reproaches on it; and I frankly told them, I would do it no more. This is a secret though, Madam Stella. You win eight shillings; you win eight fiddlesticks. Faith, you say nothing of what you lose, young women.—I hope Manley is in no great danger; for Ned Southwell is his friend, and so is sir Thomas Frankland; and his brother John Manley stands up heartily for him. On t'other side, all the gentlemen of Ireland here are furiously against him. Now, Mistress Dingley, an't you an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet from Presto, when you confess yourself, that you had so lately two letters in four days? Unreasonable baggage! No, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve; I mean my candle's out by twelve, and I take great care of myself. Pray let every body know, upon occasion, that Mr. Harley got the First-Fruits from the queen for the clergy of Ireland, and that nothing remains but the forms, &c. So you say the dean and you dined at Stoyte's, and Mrs. Stoyte was in raptures that I remembered her. I must do it but seldom, or it will take off her rapture.—But, what now, you saucy sluts, all this written in a morning, and I must rise and go abroad. Pray stay till night: don't think I'll squander mornings upon you, pray good Madam. Faith, if I go on longer in this trick of writing in the morning, I shall be afraid of leaving it off, and think you expect it, and be in awe. Good morrow, sirrahs, I will rise.—At night. I went to-day to the court of requests (I will not answer the rest of your letter yet, that by the way) in hopes to dine with Mr. Harley: but lord Dupplin, his son-in-law, told me he did not dine at home; so I was at a loss, until I met with Mr. secretary St. John, and went home and dined with him, where he told me of a good bite.<sup>38</sup>

<sup>38</sup> The word was common slang of the day in the sense of 'a sell'. It is often used by Swift. See his own explanation of the meaning of the word, *Corresp.* i. 40. See also *The Tatler*, No. 12; *The Spectator*, Nos. 47, 504; and Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, ed. E. Partridge.

Lord Rivers told me two days ago, that he was resolved to come Sunday fortnight next to hear me preach before the queen. I assured him the day was not yet fixt, and I knew nothing of it. To-day the secretary told me, that his father, sir Harry St. John, and lord Rivers, were to be at St. James's church, to hear me preach there; and were assured I was to preach; so there will be another bite; for I know nothing of the matter, but that Mr. Harley and St. John are resolved I must preach before the queen, and the secretary of state has told me he will give me three weeks warning; but I desired to be excused, which he will not. St. John, 'you shall not be excused:' however, I hope they will forget it; for if it should happen, all the puppies hereabouts will throng to hear me, and expect something wonderful, and be plaguily baulkt; for I shall preach plain honest stuff.<sup>39</sup> I staid with St. John till eight, and then came home, and Patrick desired leave to go abroad, and by and by comes up the girl to tell me, a gentleman was below in a coach who had a bill to pay me; so I let him come up, and who should it be but Mr. Addison and Sam Dopping, to haul me out to supper, where I have staid till twelve. If Patrick had been at home I should have scaped this; for I have taught him to deny me almost as well as Mr. Harley's porter.—Where did I leave off in MD's letter: let me see. So, now I have it. You are pleased to say, Madam Dingley, that those that go for England, can never tell when to come back. Do you mean this as a reflection upon Presto, Madam? Sauce-boxes, I'll come back as soon as I can, as hope saved,<sup>40</sup> and I hope with some advantage, unless all ministries be alike, as perhaps they may. I hope Hawkshaw is in Dublin before now, and that you have your things, and like your spectacles: if you do not, you shall have better. I hope Dingley's

<sup>39</sup> 'The ministry never could prevail upon the doctor to preach before the queen.'—Deane Swift. It is more probable that the Queen's aversion to Swift prevailed.

<sup>40</sup> 'As I hope to be saved.' The phrase frequently recurs in the *Journal*.

tobacco did not spoil Stella's chocolate, and that all is safe: pray let me know. Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party: he cannot bear seeing me fall in so with this ministry; but I love him still as well as ever, though we seldom meet.—Hussy, Stella, you jest about poor Congreve's eyes;<sup>41</sup> you do so, hussy; but I'll bang your bones, faith.—Yes, Steele was a little while in prison,<sup>42</sup> or at least in a spunging-house,<sup>43</sup> some time before I came, but not since.—Pox on your convocations, and your Lamberts;<sup>44</sup> they write with a vengeance! I suppose you think it a piece of affectation in me to wish your Irish folks would not like my *Shower*; but you are mistaken. I should be glad to have the general applause there as I have here (though I say it) but I have only that of one or two, and therefore I would have none at all, but let you all be in the wrong. I don't know, this is not what I would say; but I am so tosticated<sup>45</sup> with supper and stuff that I can't express myself.—What you say of *Sid Hamet* is well enough; that an enemy should like it, and a friend not; and that telling the author would make both change

<sup>41</sup> See p. 69.

<sup>42</sup> Aitken notes that—'This statement receives some confirmation from a pamphlet published in September 1710, called *A Condoling Letter to the Tatler: On Account of the Misfortunes of Isaac Bickerstaff Esq., a Prisoner in the — on Suspicion of Debt.*' He was also arrested for debt in May of the previous year. See Aitken's *Steele*, i. 259; Rae Blanchard, *Correspondence of Richard Steele*, pp. 254, 265.

<sup>43</sup> A house kept by a bailiff, or sheriff's officer, for the preliminary detention of debtors.

<sup>44</sup> The Rev. Ralph Lambert probably owed his appointment as chaplain to Wharton, when Lord Lieutenant, to a sermon he preached, 23 Oct. 1708, urging closer unity with the Nonconformists, for one of Wharton's aims was the removal of the Test in Ireland. In May 1709 Lambert was appointed to the Deanery of Down. In that year also his conduct in the Irish Lower House of Convocation was declared to be libellous. In 1717 he became Bishop of Dromore; and in 1727 was translated to Meath. He died in 1731. See *Corresp.* i. 124 n.<sup>2</sup>, 202 n.<sup>1</sup>; *Fasti Eccl. Hib.* iii. 121, 227, 237, 283; and the *Biographia Britannica*.

<sup>45</sup> Intoxicated.

their opinions. Why did not you tell Griffyth<sup>46</sup> that you fancied there was something in it of my manner; but first spur up his commendation to the height, as we served my poor uncle about the sconce that I mended.<sup>47</sup> Well, I desired you to give what I intended for an answer to Mrs. Fenton,<sup>48</sup> to save her postage, and myself trouble; and I hope I have done it, if you han't.

15. Lord, what a long day's writing was yesterday's answer to your letter, sirrahs? I dined to-day with Lewis and Ford, whom I have brought acquainted. Lewis told me a pure<sup>49</sup> thing. I had been hankering with Mr. Harley to save Steele his other employment,<sup>50</sup> and have a little mercy on him, and I had been saying the same thing to Lewis, who is Mr. Harley's chief favourite. Lewis tells Mr. Harley how kindly I should take it, if he would be reconciled to Steele, &c. Mr. Harley, on my account, falls in with it, and appoints Steele a time to let him attend him, which Steele accepts with great submission, but never comes, nor sends any excuse.<sup>51</sup> Whether it was

<sup>46</sup> An unidentified Dublin acquaintance of Stella's. Probably the same as the Dr. Griffith mentioned 17 Feb. 1712; again, 3 Mar. 1713, as 'very tender' to Stella; and, on 5 Mar. 1713, as a friend of Lord Cholmondeley.

<sup>47</sup> The meaning of the allusion is lost. Swift and Stella evidently joined in playing a practical joke upon one of Swift's uncles. This suggests that he was a paternal uncle living in Ireland. He can hardly have been Godwin Swift, who died in 1695, for Stella did not come to Ireland till 1700 or 1701. He may have been William Swift of Dublin, whose will was proved 11 Mar. 1705-6, or Adam Swift of Greencastle, co. Down, and Dublin, who died 8 Apr. 1704.

<sup>48</sup> See p. 101 n.<sup>38</sup>

<sup>49</sup> See p. 28 n.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>50</sup> For Steele's loss of the Gazetteership see 10 Sept. and 22 Oct. 1710. The 'other employment' was a Commissionership of the Stamp Office to which he was appointed in Jan. 1710. He resigned this position in July 1713 in anticipation of his election to Parliament. See Aitken's *Steele*, i. 271, 386-90; Rae Blanchard, *Correspondence of Richard Steele*, pp. 28 n.<sup>5</sup>, 79-81.

<sup>51</sup> Cf. 4 Feb. 1710-11. Although Swift was unaware of it Steele, at some time, had a 'short conversation' with Harley, as a letter addressed to him, 4 June 1713, shows. See Rae Blanchard, *Correspondence of Richard Steele*, p. 79.

blundering, sullenness, insolence, or rancor of party, I cannot tell; but I shall trouble myself no more about him. I believe Addison hindered him out of meer spight, being grated<sup>52</sup> to the soul to think he should ever want my help to save his friend; yet now he is soliciting me to make another of his friends queen's secretary at Geneva; and I'll do it if I can, it is poor Pastoral Philips.<sup>53</sup>

16. O, why did you leave my picture<sup>54</sup> behind you at t'other lodgings; forgot it? Well; but pray remember it now, and don't roll it up, d'ye hear, but hang it carefully in some part of your room, where chairs and candles, and mop-sticks won't spoil it, sirrahs. No truly, I will not be godfather to goody Walls this bout, and I hope she'll have no more. There will be no quiet nor cards for this child. I hope it will die the day after the christening. Mr. Harley gave me a paper, with an account of the sentence you speak of against the lads that defaced the statue,<sup>55</sup> and

<sup>52</sup> Annoyed, vexed.

<sup>53</sup> Ambrose Philips, 1674-1749, whose *Pastorals* opened the sixth volume of Tonson's *Miscellany* (1709). The same volume contained Pope's youthful *Pastorals*. Tickell's praise of Philips roused Pope to the composition of his ironical paper in *The Guardian*, No. 40, 27 Apr. 1713. Philips's later style, satirized by Henry Carey and others, earned for him the nickname of 'Namby-Pamby' (*Poems*, p. 270 n.; *Poems of Henry Carey*, ed. F. T. Wood, pp. 36, 112). Swift failed in his recommendation of Philips, for the government decided to discontinue the post at Geneva; but at a later date, 1724, he was rewarded with a secretaryship to Archbishop Boulter in Ireland. See *Poems of Ambrose Philips*, ed. M. G. Segar, 1937, pp. xxxiii, xlv-xlv.

<sup>54</sup> Swift refers to this picture again on 23 May 1711.

<sup>55</sup> An equestrian statue of William III was erected on College Green, Dublin, in 1701. On the night of Sunday, 25 June 1710, the face was covered with mud and the sword and truncheon removed. A reward of £100 was offered for the discovery of the culprits. The outrage was brought home to three undergraduates of Trinity College. Two were expelled from the university, and, on 18 Nov. 1710, they were condemned to six months' imprisonment, to pay a fine of £100, and to stand for half an hour, bearing an inscription, in front of the statue. The last part of the sentence was, however, remitted, and the fine reduced to 5s. (Gilbert, *History of Dublin*, iii. 43-4). Deane Swift's long and amusing footnote is worth reading.

that Ingoldsby<sup>56</sup> reprieved that part of it of standing before the statue. I hope it was never executed. We have got your Broderick out,<sup>57</sup> Doyne<sup>58</sup> is to succeed him, and Cox Doyne. And so there's an end of your letter; 'tis all answered, and now I must go on upon my own stock,<sup>59</sup> go on, did I say? Why, I have written enough; but this is too soon to send it yet, young women; faith I dare not use you to it, you'll always expect it; what remains shall be only short journals of a day, and so I'll rise; for this morning.—At night. I dined with my opposite neighbour, Darteneuf, and I was soliciting this day, to present the bishop of Clogher Vice-Chancellor;<sup>60</sup> but it won't do; they are all set against him, and the Duke of Ormond, they say, has resolved to dispose of it somewhere else. Well; little saucy rogues, don't stay out too late to-night, because it is Saturday night, and young women should come home soon then.

17. I went to Court to seek a dinner, but the queen was not at church, she has got a touch of the gout; so the Court was thin, and I went to the Coffee-house; and sir

<sup>56</sup> In 1707 Lieut.-Gen. Richard Ingoldsby was appointed Commander of the Forces in Ireland. He was also a Lord Justice. He died in 1712.

<sup>57</sup> Swift's information was wrong. Brodrick was appointed Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench in Ireland in 1709, and was superseded in June 1711 by Sir Richard Cox, for whom see p. 95n.<sup>20</sup> Alan Brodrick, 1656–1728, was born in Ireland, educated at Oxford, and called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1678. In 1692 he was elected Whig M.P. for Cork. In 1695 he was appointed Solicitor-General for Ireland; in 1714 he became Lord Chancellor; in 1715 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Brodrick of Middleton; and in 1717 he became Viscount Middleton. Despite his Whig principles Middleton opposed Wood's patent, and Swift addressed to him his 6th (5th) *Drapier's Letter*. Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 69–70; *Corresp. passim*; *Drapier's Letters*, ed. Davis, pp. 123, 304–5; *Poems*, p. 348 n.

<sup>58</sup> Robert Doyne, 1651–1733, Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, 1695, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, 1703. After the accession of George I he was superseded. Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, ii. 62.

<sup>59</sup> Swift means that he must turn to his own work, probably the writing of the next *Examiner*.

<sup>60</sup> 'Of the University of Dublin'.—Deane Swift.

Thomas Frankland, and his eldest son<sup>61</sup> and I went and dined with his son William. I talk'd a great deal to sir Thomas about Manley, and find he is his good friend, and so has Ned Southwell been, and I hope he will be safe, though all the Irish folks here are his mortal enemies. There was a devilish bite to-day. They had it, I know not how, that I was to preach this morning at St. James's Church, an abundance went, among the rest lord Radnor, who never is abroad till three in the afternoon. I walk'd all the way home from Hatton-Garden at six, by moonlight, a delicate night. Raymond called at nine, but I was denied, and now I am in bed between eleven and twelve, just going to sleep, and dream of my own dear roguish impudent pretty MD.

18. You will now have short days works, just a few lines to tell you where I am, and what I am doing; only I will keep room for the last day to tell you news, if there be any worth sending. I have been sometimes like to do it at the top of my letter, until I remark it would be old before it reached you. I was hunting to dine with Mr. Harley to-day, but could not find him; and so I dined with honest Dr. Cockburn, and came home at six, and was taken out to next door by Dopping and Ford, to drink bad claret and oranges, and we let Raymond come to us, who talks of leaving the town to-morrow, but I believe will stay a day or two longer. It is now late, and I will say no more, but end this line with bidding my own dear saucy MD good night, &c.

19. I am come down proud stomach in one instance, for I went to-day to see the duke of Buckingham; but came too late; then I visited Mrs. Barton, and thought to

<sup>61</sup> See pp. 10, 12, and notes. Sir Thomas Frankland's eldest son, Thomas, succeeded to the baronetcy in 1726. He was M.P. for Harwich 1708-13, and Thirsk from 1715 till his death in 1747. He was one of the Lords of the Admiralty, 1730-41. By his first wife, Dinah, daughter of Francis Topham, of Aglethorpe, Yorkshire, he acquired a considerable fortune.



have dined with some of the ministry; but it rained, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh was nigh, and I took the opportunity of paying her for a scarf she bought me, and dined there; at four I went to congratulate with lord Shelburn, for the death of poor lady Shelburn dowager;<sup>62</sup> he was at his country house; and returned while I was there, and had not heard of it, and he took it very well. I am now come home before six, and find a packet from the bishop of Clogher, with one inclosed to the duke of Ormond, which is ten days earlier dated than another I had from Parvisol; however, 'tis no matter, for the duke has already disposed of the vice chancellorship to the archbishop of Tuam,<sup>63</sup> and I could not help it, for it is a thing wholly you know in the duke's power; and I find the bishop has enemies about the duke. I write this while Patrick is folding up my scarf, and doing up the fire (for I keep a fire, it costs me twelve-pence a week) and so be quiet till I am gone to bed, and then sit down by me a little, and we'll talk a few words more. Well; now MD is at my bed-side; and now what shall we say? How does Mrs. Stoite? What had the dean<sup>64</sup> for supper? How much did Mrs. Walls win? poor lady Shelburn: well, go get you to bed, sirrahs.

20. Morning. I was up this morning early, and shaved by candle-light, and write this by the fire-side. Poor Raymond just came in and took his leave of me; he is summoned by high order from his wife, but pretends he has had enough of London. I was a little melancholy to

<sup>62</sup> Mary, daughter of Sir John Williams, Bart., of Minster, co. Kent, married in 1690 the second Lord Shelburne, who died in 1696. Within a few months she married Major-Gen. Henry Conyngham of Slane, co. Meath, who died 1705-6. She married thirdly Robert Dallway, Colonel of a Regiment of Dragoons, who died in 1740. She died in Dec. 1710 and was buried in Dublin.

<sup>63</sup> John Vesey, 1638-1716, became Dean of Cork in 1667. He was consecrated Bishop of Limerick in 1673, and translated to the Archbishopric of Tuam in 1678. *Fasti Eccl. Hib.* i. 261, 334, 418; iii. 46; iv. 15-16.

<sup>64</sup> Stearne, Dean of St. Patrick's.

part with him; he goes to Bristol, where they are to be with his merchant brother, and now thinks of staying till May; so she must be brought to bed in England. He was so easy and manageable, that I almost repent I suffered him to see me so seldom. But he is gone, and will save Patrick some lies in a week; Patrick is grown admirable at it, and will make his fortune. How now, sirrah, must I write in a morning to your impudence? Stay till night, And then I'll write In black and white, By candlelight Of Wax so bright, It helps the sight, A bite a bite—Marry come up, mistress Boldface.— At night. Dr. Raymond came back, and goes to-morrow. I did not come home till eleven, and found him here to take leave of me. I went to the court of requests, thinking to find Mr. Harley and dine with him, and refused Henley, and every body, and at last knew not where to go, and met Jemmy Leigh by chance, and he was just in the same way, so I dined at his lodgings on a beef-steak, and drank your health, then left him and went to the tavern with Ben Tooke and Portlack, the duke of Ormond's secretary, drinking nasty white-wine till eleven. I am sick, and ashamed of it, &c.

21.<sup>65</sup> I met that beast Ferris,<sup>66</sup> lord Berkeley's steward formerly; I walkt with him a turn in the Park, and that scoundrel dog is as happy as an emperor, has married a wife with a considerable estate in land and houses about this town, and lives at his ease at Hammersmith. See your confounded sect.<sup>67</sup>—Well; I had the same luck to-day with Mr. Harley; 'twas a lovely day, and went by water into the city, and dined with Stratford at a merchant's house, and walkt home with as great a dunce as Ferris, I

<sup>65</sup> On this day appeared *The Examiner*, No. 21 (20), in which Swift reflects upon Marlborough's ambition to be appointed commander-in-chief for life, and lays it down as a maxim that the military power should be kept in subjection to the civil.

<sup>66</sup> He is referred to as 'the Steward' in 'Mrs. Harris's Petition' (*Poems*, p. 71). Lady Betty Germain, Lord Berkeley's daughter, writing to Swift, 23 Feb. 1731-2, recalls 'Mr. Ferris's memorandum head' (*Corresp.* iv. 284).

<sup>67</sup> Sex.

mean honest colonel Caufield,<sup>68</sup> and came home by eight, and now am in bed, and going to sleep for a wager, and will send this letter on Saturday, and so; but first I'll wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New-Year, and pray God we may never keep them asunder again.

22. Morning. I am going now to Mr. Harley's Levee on purpose to vex him; I'll say I had no other way of seeing him, &c. Patrick says, it is a dark morning, and that the Duke of Argyle<sup>69</sup> is to be knighted to-day, the booby means installed at Windsor. But I must rise, for this is a shaving-day, and Patrick says, there is a good fire; I wish MD were by it, or I by MD's.—At night. I forgot to tell you, madam Dingley, that I payed nine shilling for your glass and spectacles, of which three were for the bishop's case: I am sorry I did not buy you such another case; but if you like it, I will bring one over with me, pray tell me: the glass to read was four shillings, the spectacles two. And have you had your chocolate? Leigh says, he sent the petticoat by one Mr. Spencer.<sup>70</sup> Pray have you no further commissions for me? I paid the glass-man but

<sup>68</sup> Toby Caulfield was the third son of William, fifth Baron Charlemont. In 1694 he was appointed Lieut.-Col. of Col. John Courthope's Regiment of Foot on the Irish establishment. In 1705 he was in command of Lord Ikerrin's Regiment of Foot. He served in Spain, where the regiment, having lost most of its men, was reduced. Dalton's *English Army Lists*, iv. 73, 112, 388; Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, vi. 158.

<sup>69</sup> John Campbell, 1678–1743, second Duke of Argyle, who was installed a Knight of the Garter in Dec. 1710. At this time, and during the period of the *Journal*, Swift was on friendly terms with Argyle. But the Duke was irreconcilably incensed by *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs* (*Prose Works*, v. 311–12; *Poems*, pp. 195–6). In a note on Macky's *Characters* Swift stigmatized him as an 'Ambitious, covetous, cunning Scot', who was without principle (*Prose Works*, x. 286); and elsewhere he speaks of his 'unquiet and ambitious spirit' (*Prose Works*, v. 373). It has been needlessly suggested that he is satirized under the character of Skryesh Bolgolam in chapter iii of 'Lilliput'. It is more probable that Swift was thinking of the Earl of Nottingham (*Gulliver's Travels*, ed. H. Williams, p. 463).

<sup>70</sup> He may have been the Brent Spencer, brother-in-law of Thomas Proby, Chirurgeon-General in Ireland, who is mentioned on 28 Apr. 1711.

last night, and he would have made me a present of the microscope worth thirty shillings, and would have sent it home along with me; I thought the deuce was in the man: he said I could do him more service than that was worth, &c. I refused his present, but promised him all service I could do him; and so now I am obliged in honour to recommend him to every body.—At night. I went to Mr. Harley's Levee; he came and asked me, what had I to do there, and bid me come and dine with him on a family dinner; which I did, and it was the first time I ever saw his lady<sup>71</sup> and daughter;<sup>72</sup> at five my lord keeper came in: I told Mr. Harley, he had formerly presented me to sir Simon Harcourt, but now must to my lord keeper,<sup>73</sup> so he laughed, &c.

23. Morning. This letter goes to-night without fail; I hope there is none from you yet at the Coffee-house: I'll send and see by and bye; and let you know, and so and so. Patrick goes to see for a letter: what will you lay, Is there one from MD or no? No, I say; done for six-pence. Why has the dean never once written to me? I won six-pence; I won six-pence; there's not one letter to Presto. Good morrow, dear sirrahs: Stratford and I dine to-day with lord Mountjoy. God almighty preserve and bless you; farewell, &c.

I have been dining at lord Mountjoy's; and am come to study; our news from Spain this post takes off some of our fears. The Parliament is prorogued to-day, or adjourned rather till after the Holy-days. Bank stock is 105,<sup>74</sup> so I may get 12l. for my bargain already. Patrick the puppy is abroad, and how shall I send this letter? Good night little dears both, and be happy, and remember your poor

<sup>71</sup> His second wife, Sarah, daughter of Simon Middleton of Edmonton. She died without issue in 1737.

<sup>72</sup> Elizabeth, Harley's daughter by his first wife Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Foley of Whitley Court, Worcestershire. She married, 16 Dec. 1712, the Marquis of Caermarthen, afterwards third Duke of Leeds. She died in childbed, 20 Nov. 1713.

<sup>73</sup> Harcourt. See p. 18 n.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>74</sup> For Bank Stock see p. 87 n.<sup>42</sup>

Presto, that wants you sadly, as hope saved. Let me go study, naughty girls, and don't keep me at the bottom of the paper. O faith, if you knew what lies on my hands constantly,<sup>75</sup> you would wonder to see how I could write such long letters; but we'll talk of that some other time. Good night again, and God bless dear MD with his best blessings, yes, yes, and Dingley and Stella and me too, &c.

Ask the bishop of Clogher about the pun I sent him of lord Stawell's brother;<sup>76</sup> 'twill be a pure bite. This letter has 199 lines in it, beside all postscripts; I had a curiosity to reckon.

There's a long letter for you.

It is longer than a sermon, faith.

I had another letter from Mrs. Fenton, who says you were with her; I hope you did not go on purpose. I will answer her letter soon; it is about some money in lady Giffard's hands.

They say you have had eight pacquets due to you; so pray, madams, don't blame Presto, but the Wind.

My humble service to Mrs. Walls, and Mrs. Stoite; I missed the former a good while.

## LETTER XII

[SATURDAY]

London, Dec. 23, 1710.

I HAVE sent my 11th to-night as usual, and begin the dozenth, and told you I dined with Stratford at lord Mountjoy's, and I'll tell you no more at present, guess for why; because I am going to mind things, and mighty affairs,<sup>1</sup> not your nasty First-Fruits: I let them alone till Mr. Harley gets the queen's letter; but other things of greater moment, that you shall know one day, when the

<sup>75</sup> 'Writing the *Examiner*'.—Deane Swift.

<sup>76</sup> Edward Stawel, brother of William, third Baron Stawel of Somerton. Edward, born about 1686, succeeded his brother as the fourth Baron, 23 Jan. 1741–2. He died in 1755.

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to *The Examiner* and his new political engagements.

ducks have eaten up all the dirt.<sup>2</sup> So sit still a while just by me while I am studying, and don't say a word, I charge you, and when I am going to bed, I'll take you along, and talk with you a little while, so there, sit there.—Come then, let us see what we have to say to these saucy brats, that will not let us go sleep at past eleven. Why, I am a little impatient to know how you do; but that I take it for a standing maxim, that when you are silent, all is pretty well, because that is the way I will deal with you; and if there was any thing you ought to know now, I would write by the first post, although I had written but the day before. Remember this, young women, and God Almighty preserve you both, and make us happy together; and tell me how accounts stand between us, that you may be paid long before it is due, not to want.<sup>3</sup> I will return no more money while I stay, so that you need not be in pain to be paid; but let me know at least a month before you can want. Observe this, d'ye hear, little dear sirrahs, and love Presto, as Presto loves MD, &c.

24. You will have a merryer Christmas-Eve than we here. I went up to Court before church, and in one of the rooms, there being but little company, a fellow in a red

<sup>2</sup> This proverbial saying is used again by Swift in *Polite Conversation* (*Prose Works*, xi. 290):

'*Lady Smart*. Well; but, Sir John, when may we hope to see you again in London?

*Sir John*. Why, Madam, not till the ducks have eat up the dirt; as the children say.'

See also Arbuthnot, *Lewis Baboon turned Honest*, chap. iii.

<sup>3</sup> Swift's account books preserved in the Forster Collection (Nos. 505-10), South Kensington, show that he gave 'MD' an allowance of £50 a year, paid in quarterly instalments (*Corresp.* iv. 452). According to Deane Swift (*Essay*, p. 346) he gave Rebecca Dingley £52 a year under the pretence that he was 'her agent for money that she had in the funds'. It is probable, however, that this was the original allowance continued after Stella's death. See *Corresp.* vi. 40 and n.; and the 'Biographical Anecdotes' prefixed to Nichols's *Supplement*, 1779. These 'Anecdotes' were extracted from a copy of Hawkesworth's *Life of Swift* (Forster Collection, No. 579) annotated by John Lyon.

coat without a sword came up to me, and after words of course askt me how the ladies did. I askt, what ladies? He said, Mrs. Dingley and Mrs. Johnson: Very well, said I, when I heard from them last: And pray when came you from thence, sir? he said, I never was in Ireland; and just at that word lord Winchelsea<sup>4</sup> comes up to me, and the man went off: as I went out I saw him again, and recollected him, it was Vedeau<sup>5</sup> with a pox: I then went and made my apologies that my head was full of something I had to say to lord Winchelsea, &c. and I askt after his wife, and so all was well, and he enquired after my lodging, because he had some favour to desire of me in Ireland, to recommend somebody to somebody, I know not what it is. When I came from church I went up to Court again, where sir Edmund Bacon<sup>6</sup> told me the bad news from Spain,<sup>7</sup> which you will hear before this reaches you; as we

<sup>4</sup> Charles Finch, 1672-1712, third Earl of Winchilsea, grandson of the second Earl. Born 26 Sept. 1672, he succeeded to the title in 1689. In 1702 he was Envoy to Hanover. He was named of the Privy Council in 1711; became a Lord of Trade in the same year; and President of that Board in 1712. He died in London on 5 Aug. 1712; and on the 7th Swift wrote of him: 'He was a worthy honest Gentleman, & particular Friend of mine' (*post* p. 555). In a copy of Macky's *Characters* Swift commented: 'Being very poor he complied too much with the party he hated' (*Prose Works*, x. 278). He was a high Tory.

<sup>5</sup> There are several references in the *Journal* to Andrew Vedeau, to his wife, and to his brother John, from which we learn that he was a tradesman who had sold his share in a shop to his brother in order to purchase a commission, and was ordered to Portugal (4 Apr. 1711). On his return he was placed upon half-pay (18 Nov. 1712). His wife, who had money transactions with Rebecca Dingley, lodged next door to the brother (31 Mar., 4 Apr., 1 June 1711). In 1725 he was a Lieutenant in Col. Richard Lucas's regiment of foot in the West Indies. His commission was renewed in 1727. He was out of the regiment before 1740 (*Dalton's Army Lists*, vi. 160-1; *George the First's Army*, ii. 321).

<sup>6</sup> Sir Edmund Bacon, Bart., of Gillingham, who was born in 1672, succeeded to the baronetcy in Jan. 1685-6. He was M.P. for Orford 1700-8, during four Parliaments. He died in 1721.

<sup>7</sup> On 9 Dec. (N.S.), at Brihuega, Stanhope and 4,000 British troops were forced to surrender to Vendôme. Although, on the following day, Starhemberg repulsed Vendôme at Villa Viciosa, he had to resume his retreat.

have it now, we are undone there, and it was odd to see the whole countenances of the Court changed so in two hours. Lady Mountjoy carried me home to dinner, where I staid not long after and came home early, and now am got into bed, for you must always write to your MDs in bed, that's a maxim. Mr. White and Mr. Red, Write to MD when abed; Mr. Black and Mr. Brown, Write to MD when you're down; Mr. Oak and Mr. Willow, Write to MD on your pillow.—What's this? faith I smell fire; what can it be; this house has a thousand s—ks in it. I think to leave it on Thursday, and lodge over the way. Faith I must rise, and look at my chimney, for the smell grows stronger, stay—I have been up, and in my room, and found all safe, only a mouse within the fender to warm himself, which I could not catch. I smelt nothing there, but now in my bed-chamber I smell it again; I believe I have singed the woollen curtain, and that's all, though I cannot smoak it. Presto's plaguy silly to-night; an't he? Yes, and so he be. Aye, but if I should wake and see fire. Well; I'll venture; so good night, &c.

25. Pray, young women, if I write so much as this every day, how will this paper hold a fortnight's work, and answer one of yours into the bargain? You never think of this, but let me go on like a simpleton. I wish you a merry Christmas, and many, many a one with poor Presto at some pretty place. I was at church to-day by eight, and received the sacrament, and came home by ten; then went to Court at two, it was a Collar-day, that is, when the knights of the garter wear their collars; but the queen stay'd so late at sacrament, that I came back, and dined with my neighbour Ford, because all people dine at home on this day. This is likewise a Collar-day all over England in every house, at least where there is Brawn: that's very well—I tell you a good pun; a fellow hard by pretends to cure *Agues*, and has set out a sign, and spells it *Egoes*; a gentleman and I observing it, he said, How does that fellow pretend to cure *Agues*? I said, I did not



know, but I was sure it was not by a *Spell*. That's admirable. And so you askt the bishop about that pun of lord Stawell's brother. Bite. Have I caught you, young women? Must you pretend to ask after roguish puns, and Latin ones too? Oh but you smoakt me, and did not ask the bishop. Oh but you are a fool, and you did. I met Vedeau again at Court to-day, and I observed he had a sword on; I fancy he was broke, and has got a commission, but I never askt him. Vedeau I think his name is, yet Parvisol's man is Vedel, that's true. Bank stock will fall like stock-fish by this bad news,<sup>8</sup> and two days ago I could have got 12l. by my bargain; but I don't intend to sell, and in time it will rise. 'Tis odd, that my lord Peterborow foretold this loss two months ago, one night at Mr. Harley's, when I was there; he bid us count upon it, that Stanhope would lose Spain before Christmas, that he would venture his head upon it, and gave us reasons; and though Mr. Harley argued the contrary, he still held to his opinion. I was telling my lord Anglesea this at Court this morning, and a gentleman by said, he had heard my lord Peterborow affirm the same thing. I have heard wise folks say, An ill tongue may do much. And 'tis an old<sup>9</sup> saying, Once I guest right, And I got credit by't; Thrice I guest wrong, and I kept my credit on. No, 'tis you are sorry, not I.

26. By the lord Harry I shall be undone here with Christmas boxes. The rogues of the Coffee-house have raised their tax, every one giving a crown, and I gave mine for shame, besides a great many half crowns to great mens porters, &c. I went to-day by water into the city, and dined with no less a man than the city printer.<sup>10</sup> There

<sup>8</sup> On Bank Stock see p. 87 n.<sup>42</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Deane Swift reads 'odd'. Probably a slip for 'old'.

<sup>10</sup> John Barber, 1675-1741, born of poor parents, was apprenticed to the printing trade, and set up for himself in 1700. In 1710 he became Printer to the City of London (Nichols, *Lit. Anec.* iii. 571 n.). Swift used his influence and Barber obtained the patronage of the ministry, printing *The London Gazette*, *The Examiner*, and *The Mercator*. He was tempor-

is an intimacy between us, built upon reasons that you shall know when I see you; but the rain caught me within twelve-penny length of home. I called at Mr. Harley's, who was not within, dropt my half-crown with his porter, drove to the Coffee-house, where the rain kept me till nine. I had letters to-day from the archbishop of Dublin,<sup>11</sup> and Mr. Bernage;<sup>12</sup> the latter sends me a melancholy account of lady Shelburn's death, and his own disappointments, and would gladly be a captain; if I can help him I will.

27. Morning. I bespoke a lodging over the way for to-morrow, and the dog let it yesterday to another; I gave him no earnest, so it seems he could do it; Patrick would have had me give him earnest to bind him; but I would not. So I must go saunter to-day for a lodging somewhere else. Did you ever see so open a winter in England? We have not had two frosty days; but it pays it off in rain: we have not had three fair days these six weeks. O faith I dreamt mightily of MD last night; but so confused I can't

arily taken into custody for printing *The Publick Spirit of the Whigs*. He lost his government places on the accession of George I; but he had then established himself and acquired wealth as one of the few successful speculators in the South Sea. He was elected a city alderman in 1722; Sheriff in 1730; and Lord Mayor of London in 1732-3. He and Swift remained friends and correspondents throughout life. For some years Mrs. Manley (p. 123 n.<sup>34</sup>) was Barber's mistress. She died in his office. See Nichols, op. cit. i. 72-4; *Prose Works*, xii. 9-12; *Corresp. passim*; Plomer's *Dictionary of Booksellers and Printers, 1668-1725*; and Curll's *Life of Barber, 1741*.

<sup>11</sup> Archbishop King's letter of 16 Dec., to which Swift replied on the 30th (*Corresp.* i. 223-30).

<sup>12</sup> Presumably the Moses Bernage who appears as a Captain Lieutenant in the regiment of foot of Colonel Kilner Brasier, 28 Feb. 1711, and as promoted to Captain in the same regiment, 27 Sept. 1711 (Dalton's *Army Lists*, vi. 252-3). Nichols (*Swift's Works*, 1801, xv. 119) has a footnote: 'Dr. Swift obtained for Mr. Bernage, who was educated in the university of Dublin, an ensign's commission from the earl of Pembroke, when lord lieutenant. He was afterward made a captain, but was disbanded at the peace of Utrecht. He sent the dean some fine medals and other curiosities from Rome'. Cf. p. 370.

tell a word. I have made Ford acquainted with Lewis, and to-day we dined together; in the evening I called at one or two neighbours, hoping to spend a Christmas evening; but none were at home, they were all gone to be merry with others. I have often observed this, That in merry times everybody is abroad: where the duce are they? So I went to the Coffee-house, and talkt with Mr. Addison an hour, who at last remembered to give me two letters, which I can't answer to-night, nor to-morrow neither, I can assure you, young women, count upon that. I have other things to do<sup>13</sup> than to answer naughty girls, an old saying and true. Letters from MDs Must not be answered in ten days: 'tis but bad rhyme,<sup>14</sup> &c.

28. To-day I had a message from sir Thomas Hanmer to dine with him, the famous Dr. Smalridge<sup>15</sup> was of the company, and we sat till six, and I came home to my new lodgings in St. Alban street,<sup>16</sup> where I pay the same rent

<sup>13</sup> The allusion is again to *The Examiner*, No. 22 (21) was due for publication on the following day. In that number Swift discussed the status of the Church in relation to the Constitution and the country.

<sup>14</sup> To find the 'bad rhyme' pronounce 'MDs' as 'Em-Days'.

<sup>15</sup> George Smalridge, 1663-1719, a High Churchman and popular preacher, was appointed a chaplain to Queen Anne in 1710. He became successively Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, 1711; Dean of Carlisle, 1711-13; Dean of Christ Church, 1713; and Bishop of Bristol, 1714-19. On the death of Archbishop Marsh in 1713 Smalridge's name was among those suggested for the Primacy of Ireland by the Duke of Shrewsbury, then Lord Lieutenant (*MSS. of the Marquis of Bath*, i. 245). At one time he was credited with the authorship of *A Tale of a Tub* (Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, iii. 11). He is the 'Favonus' of *The Tatler*, Nos. 72, 114. See Nichols, *Lit. Illustr.* iii. 225-32.

<sup>16</sup> St. Albans Street, named after Henry Jermyn, first Earl of St. Albans (d. 1684), ran north from Pall Mall. It was demolished in 1815, and is now covered by parts of Waterloo Place and Lower Regent Street (Wheatley and Cunningham, *London Past and Present*, i. 11).

This was Swift's second change of residence since he came to London. On 20 Sept. 1710 he moved from Pall Mall to Bury Street. Thence he moved, 28 Dec., to St. Albans Street. On 26 Apr. 1711 he moved to Chelsea. On the following 5 July he moved to Suffolk Street to be near the Vanhomrighs. On 11 Oct. 1711 he moved to St. Martin's Street,

(eight shillings a week) for an apartment two pair of stairs; but I have the use of the parlour to receive persons of quality, and I am got into my new bed, &c.

29. Sir Andrew Fountain has been very ill this week; and sent to me early this morning to have prayers, which you know is the last thing. I found the doctors and all in despair about him. I read prayers to him, found he had settled all things; and when I came out, the nurse askt me, whether I thought it possible he could live; for the doctors thought not. I said, I believed he would live; for I found the seeds of life in him, which I observe seldom fail; (and I found them in poor dearest Stella, when she was ill many years ago) and to-night I was with him again, and he was mightily recovered, and I hope he will do well, and the doctor approved my reasons; but if he should die, I should come off scurvily. The secretary of state (Mr. St. John) sent to me to dine with him; Mr. Harley and lord Peterborow dined there too, and at night came lord Rivers. Lord Peterborow goes to Vienna in a day or two; he has promised to make me write to him. Mr. Harley went away at six, but we staid till seven. I took the secretary aside, and complained to him of Mr. Harley, that he had got the queen to grant the First-Fruits, promised to bring me to her, and get her letter to the bishops of Ireland; but the last part he had not done in six weeks, and I was in danger to lose reputation, &c. He took the matter right, desired me to be with him on Sunday morning, and promises me to finish the affair in four days; so I shall know in a little time what I have to trust to.—It is nine

Leicester Fields. A note by Swift in his account book for 1711-12 (Forster 508) gives his movements for a year:

‘Came to St. Martin’s Street Octbr. 11 1711 on Thursday. at 10s y week.

Left St. Martin’s Street Thursday. Novbr. 29 1711, came then to little Panton Street. at 10s y week.

Jun. 5. 1712. left Mrs Crane, & removd to Kensington.

Jul. 19. left Kensington. went to Windsor.

Sepbr. left Windsor. came to Mrs Hubbots in Rider Street.’

of clock, and I must go study, you little rogues; and so good night, &c.

30. Morning. The weather grows cold, you sauce-boxes. Sir Andrew Fountain, they bring me word, is better. I'll go rise, for my hands are starving while I write in bed.—Night. Now sir Andrew Fountain is recovering, he desires to be at ease; for I called in the morning to read prayers, but he had given orders not to be disturbed. I have lost a legacy by his living; for he told me he had left me a picture and some books, &c. I called to see my *quondam* neighbour Ford (do you know what *quondam* is? though) and he engaged me to dine with him; for he always dines at home on Opera-days.<sup>17</sup> I came home at six, writ to the archbishop,<sup>18</sup> then studied till past eleven, and stole to bed, to write to MD these few lines to let you know I am in good health at the present writing hereof, and hope in God MD is so too. I wonder I never write politicks to you: I could make you the profoundest politician in all the lane.—Well, but when shall we answer this letter N. 8. of MD's? Not till next year, faith. O Lord—bo—but that will be a Monday next. Cod's so, is it; and so it is: never saw the like.—I made a pun t'other day to Ben Portlack<sup>19</sup> about a pair of drawers. Poh, said he, that's mine a—— all over. Pray, pray, Dingley, let me go sleep; pray, pray, Stella, let me go slumber, and put out my wax candle.

31. Morning. It is now seven, and I have got a fire, but am writing a-bed in my bed-chamber. 'Tis not shaving-day, so I shall be ready early to go before church to Mr.

<sup>17</sup> Ford was fond of the Opera. Cf. 20 Jan. 1710–11; and *Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. Nichol Smith, pp. 1, 98.

<sup>18</sup> *Corresp.* 1. 225. In a long letter Swift refers to Archbishop Marsh's illness, and expresses a hope that in the event of his death King will be chosen for the primacy. He then gives him news of affairs in Spain, of the Queen's attitude to Marlborough, and informs him that he has been pressing St. John and Harley to get a letter from the Queen confirming the grant of the first fruits.

<sup>19</sup> The Duke of Ormonde's secretary. Cf. 20 Dec. 1710.

St. John, and to-morrow I will answer our MD's letter. Would you answer MD's letter, On New-year's-day you'll do it better: For when the year with MD 'gins, It without MD never lins. (These proverbs have always old words in them; *lins* is leaves off.) But if on New-year you write nones, MD then will bang your bones.<sup>20</sup>—But Patrick says I must rise.—Night. I was early this morning with secretary St. John, and gave him a memorial to get the queen's letter for the First-Fruits, who has promised to do it in a very few days. He told me he had been with the duke of Marlborough,<sup>21</sup> who was lamenting his former wrong steps in joining with the Whigs, and said he was worn out with age, fatigues, and misfortunes. I swear it pityed me; and I really think they will not do well in too much mortifying that man, although indeed it is his own fault. He is covetous as Hell, and ambitious as the Prince of it: he would fain have been general for life, and has broken all endeavours for Peace, to keep his greatness and get money. He told the queen, he was neither covetous nor ambitious. She said, if she could have conveniently turned about, she would have laughed, and could hardly forbear it in his face. He fell in with all the abominable measures of the late ministry, because they gratified him for their own designs. Yet he has been a successful general, and I hope he will continue his command. O Lord, smother the politicks to MD. Well; but if you like them, I will scatter a little now and then, and mine are all fresh from the chief hands. Well, I dined with Mr. Harley, and came away at six: there was much company, and I was not merry at all. Mr. Harley made me read a paper of verses

<sup>20</sup> The saying is, of course, Swift's invention, but not the word 'lin'. See *O.E.D.*

<sup>21</sup> Marlborough arrived in London on 28 Dec., and was received with popular acclamation in the streets. In the evening he waited upon the Queen, who gave him a civil but cold reception. The next day at noon he was again received, and informed by the Queen that he was not to expect a vote of thanks to be moved in Parliament. Swift sent King some account of this interview (*Corresp.* i. 226).

of Prior's. I read them plain without any fine manner, and Prior swore I should never read any of his again; but he would be revenged, and read some of mine as bad. I excused myself, and said, I was famous for reading verses the worst in the world,<sup>22</sup> and that every body snatcht them from me when I offered to begin. So we laughed.—Sir Andrew Fountain still continues ill. He is plagued with some sort of bile.

Jan. 1. Morning. I wish my dearest pretty Dingley and Stella a happy new-year, and health, and mirth, and good stomachs, and Fr's company. Faith, I did not know how to write Fr. I wondered what was the matter; but now I remember I always write pdf'r. Patrick wishes me a happy New-year and desires I would rise, for it is a good fire, and faith 'tis cold. I was so politick last night with MD, never saw the like. Get the *Examiners*, and read them; the last nine or ten are full of the reasons for the late change, and of the abuses of the last ministry; and the great men assure me they are all true. They are written by their encouragement and direction. I must rise and go see sir Andrew Fountain; but perhaps to-night I may answer MD's letter: so good morrow, my mistresses all, good morrow. I wish you both a merry New-year, Roast beef, minced pyes, and good strong beer, And me a share of your good cheer. That I was there, or you were here, And you're a little saucy dear.—Good morrow again, dear sirrahs, one cannot rise for your play.—At night. I went this morning to visit lady Kerry and lord Shelburn, and they made me dine with them. Sir Andrew Fountain is better. And now let us come and see what this saucy dear letter of MD says. Come out, letter, come out from between the sheets: here it is underneath, and it won't come out. Come out again, I say: so there. Here it is.

<sup>22</sup> Unprinted verses are probably meant, and possibly verses never printed. It is useless to guess at the identity of the pieces. On Swift's reading aloud Deane Swift has a footnote: 'Although it be said in jest, there is some truth in this.'

What says Presto to me, pray? says it. Come, and let me answer for you to your ladies. Hold up your head then, like a good letter. There. Pray, how have you got up with Presto? madam Stella. You write your eighth when you receive mine: now I write my twelfth, when I receive your eighth. Don't you allow for what are upon the road, simpleton? What say you to that? And so you kept Presto's little birth-day,<sup>23</sup> I warrant: would to God I had been at the health rather than here, where I have no manner of pleasure, nothing but eternal business upon my hands. I shall grow wise in time; but no more of that: only I say Amen with my heart and vitals, that we may never be asunder again ten days together while poor Presto lives. ————— I can't be merry so near any splenitick talk; so I made that long line, and now all's well again. Yes, you are a pretending slut, indeed, with your fourth and fifth in the margin, and your journal, and every thing. Wind—we saw no wind here, nothing at all extraordinary at any time. We had it once when you had it not. But an old saying and a true; I hate all wind, Before and behind, From cheeks with eyes, or from blind—. Your chimney fall down! God preserve you. I suppose you only mean a brick or two: but that's a damn'd lie of your chimney being carried to the next house with the wind. Don't put such things upon us; those matters won't pass here: keep a little to possibilities. My lord Hertford<sup>24</sup> would have been ashamed of such a stretch.

<sup>23</sup> Swift referred to the ladies' celebration of his birthday in the previous letter (p. 123).

<sup>24</sup> Algernon Seymour, 1684–1750, only son of Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset, styled Earl of Hertford until he succeeded to the dukedom in 1748. He served with distinction in Flanders 1708–13. He was Colonel of the 15th Foot, 1709–15; Colonel of the Horse Guards, 1740–50; General of the Horse, 1747. He married about 1713 Frances, first daughter of the Hon. Henry Thynne. She cultivated the patronage of letters. In 1727 Thomson dedicated 'Spring' to her. The Queen, according to Swift, could not tolerate Hertford's 'ungovernable temper' (*Prose Works*, v. 369).



You should take care of what company you converse with: when one gets that faculty, 'tis hard to break one's self of it. Jemmy Leigh talks of going over; but *quando*? I don't know when he'll go. O, now you had my ninth, now you are come up with me; marry come up with you, indeed. I know all that business of lady S——. Will nobody cut that D——y's throat?<sup>25</sup> Five hundred pounds do you call poor pay for living three months the life of a king? They say she died with grief, partly, being forced to appear as witness in Court about some squabble among their servants.—The bishop of Clogher shewed you a pamphlet. Well, but you must not give your mind to believe those things; people will say any thing. The character<sup>26</sup> is here reckoned admirable, but most of the facts are trifles. It was first printed privately here; and then some bold cur ventured to do it publicly, and sold two thousand in two days: who the author is must remain uncertain. Do you pretend to know, impudence? How durst you think so? Pox on your parliaments: the archbishop has told me of it; but we do not vouchsafe to know any thing of it here. No, no, no more of your<sup>27</sup> giddiness yet; thank you, Stella, for asking after it; thank you; God Almighty bless you for your kindness to poor Presto. You write to lady Giffard and your mother upon what I advise when it is too late.<sup>28</sup> But yet I fancy this bad news will bring down stocks so low, that one might buy to great advantage. I design to venture going to see your mother some day when lady Giffard is abroad. Well, keep your Rathburn and stuff. I thought he was to pay in your money upon his houses to be flung down about the what d'ye call it.—Well,

<sup>25</sup> See p. 28 n.<sup>10</sup>

<sup>26</sup> *A Short Character of Wharton* (p. 115 n.<sup>39</sup>). There were three issues of this pamphlet, 'Printed for William Coryton', followed by another edition published by the same bookseller, all dated 1711. There were also two issues of another (undated) edition. Teerink's *Bibliography of Swift*, Nos. 527-32. See *Prose Works of Swift*, ed. H. Davis, iii, pp. xix-xxi.

<sup>27</sup> On Swift's attacks of giddiness see p. 32 n.<sup>32</sup>

<sup>28</sup> p. 74 n.<sup>33</sup>

madam Dingley, I sent your inclosed to Bristol, but have not heard from Raymond since he went. Come, come, young women, I keep a good fire; it costs me twelve-pence a week, and I fear something more; vex me, and I'll have one in my bed-chamber too. No, did not I tell you but just now, we have no high winds here, Have you forgot already?—Now you're at it again, silly Stella; why does your mother say, my candles are scandalous? They are good sixes in the pound, and she said, I was extravagant enough to burn them by day-light. I never burn fewer at a time than one. What would people have? The D—burst Hawkshaw. He told me he had not the box, and the next day Sterne<sup>29</sup> told me he had sent it a fortnight ago; Patrick could not find him t'other day, but he shall to-morrow: Dear life and heart, do you teaze me? does Stella teaze Presto? That palsy-water was in the box; it was too big for a packet, and I was afraid of its breaking. Leigh was not in town then, or I would not have trusted it to Sterne, whom yet I have befriended enough to do me more kindness than that. I'll never rest till you have it, or till it is in a way for you to have it. Poor dear rogue, naughty to think it teazes me; How could I ever forgive myself for neglecting any thing that related to your health? Sure I were a Devil if I did?— See how far I am forced to stand from Stella, because I am afraid she thinks poor Presto has not been careful about her little things; I am sure I bought them immediately according to order, and packt them up with my own hands, and sent them to Sterne, and was six times with him about sending them away. I am glad you are pleased with your glasses. I have got another velvet cap, a new one lord Herbert<sup>30</sup> bought and presented me one morning I was at breakfast with him, where he was as merry and easy

<sup>29</sup> Enoch. See p. 32 n.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>30</sup> Henry Herbert, *c.* 1680–1738, sixth and last Baron Herbert of Cherbury, succeeded to the title in Jan. 1708–9. He was M.P. (Whig) for Bewdley, 1708–9. A ruined man, he committed suicide, 19 Apr. 1738.

as ever I saw him, yet had received a challenge half an hour before, and half an hour after fought a duel. It was about ten days ago. You are mistaken in your guesses about *Tatlers*: I did neither write that on Noses nor Religion,<sup>31</sup> nor do I send him of late any hints at all.—Indeed, Stella, when I read your letter, I was not uneasy at all; but when I came to answer the particulars, and found that you had not received your box, it grated me to the heart, because I thought through your little words, that you imagined I had not taken the care I ought. But there has been some blunder in this matter, which I will know to-morrow, and write to Sterne, for fear he should not be within.—And pray, pray Presto, pray now do.—No, Raymond was not above four times with me while he staid, and then only while I was dressing. Mrs. Fenton has written me another letter about some money of hers in Lady Giffard's hands,<sup>32</sup> that is intrusted to me by my mother, not to come to her husband. I send my letters constantly every fortnight, and if you will have them oftener you may, but then they will be the shorter. Pray, let Parvisol sell the horse. I think I spoke to you of it in a former letter: I am glad you are rid of him, and was in pain while I thought you rode him;<sup>33</sup> but if he would buy you another, or any body else, and that you could be often able to ride, why don't you do it?

2. I went this morning early to the secretary of state, Mr. St. John, and he told me from Mr. Harley, that the warrant was now drawn, in order for a patent for the First-Fruits: it must pass through several offices, and take up some time, because in things the queen gives they are always considerate;<sup>34</sup> but that he assures me 'tis granted and done, and past all dispute, and desires I will not be in

<sup>31</sup> Nos. 260 and 257 respectively, 7 Dec. and 30 Nov. 1710, written by Addison and Steele in conjunction.

<sup>32</sup> For the misfortunes of Mrs. Fenton, Swift's sister, see p. 101 n.<sup>38</sup>

<sup>33</sup> On Stella's fondness for riding see p. 8 n.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>34</sup> Given to consideration, deliberate.

any pain at all. I will write again to the archbishop to-morrow,<sup>35</sup> and tell him this, and I desire you will say it on occasion. From the secretary I went to Mr. Sterne, who said he would write to you to-night, and that the box must be at Chester, and that some friend of his goes very soon, and will carry it over. I dined with Mr. secretary St. John, and at six went to Darteneuf's house to drink punch with him, and Mr. Addison, and little Harrison, a young poet whose fortune I am making. Steele was to have been there, but came not, nor never did twice, since I knew him, to any appointment. I staid till past eleven, and am now in bed. Steele's last *Tatler*<sup>36</sup> came out to-day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprized as much as I; but, to say the truth, it was time, for he grew cruel dull and dry. To my knowledge he had several good hints to go upon; but he was so lazy and weary of the work, that he would not improve them. I think I'll send this *after*<sup>37</sup> to-morrow: Shall I before 'tis full Dingley?

3. Lord Peterborow yesterday called me into a barber's shop, and there we talkt deep politicks: he desired me to dine with him to-day at the Globe in the Strand,<sup>38</sup> he said he would shew me so clearly how to get Spain, that I could not possibly doubt it. I went to-day accordingly, and saw him among half a dozen lawyers and attornies and hang-dogs, signing of deeds and stuff before his journey,<sup>39</sup> for

<sup>35</sup> *Corresp.* i. 230.

<sup>36</sup> No. 271.

<sup>37</sup> '*After* is interlined'.—Deane Swift.

<sup>38</sup> The Globe Tavern in the Strand was one of a number of that name in London. Next to it, at the Three Crowns, stood the original Coutts's Bank, 1692.

<sup>39</sup> In Spence's *Anecdotes*, ed. Singer, 1820, p. 294, it is recorded that 'Lord Peterborough could dictate letters to nine amanuenses together. . . . One perhaps was a letter to the emperor, another to an old friend; a third to a mistress, a fourth to a statesman, and so on'. His mission to Vienna, designed to promote a better understanding between the Emperor and the Duke of Savoy, was delayed until 13 Jan. on a representation from the

he goes to-morrow to Vienna. I sat among that scurvy company till after four, but heard nothing of Sprin; only I find, by what he told me before, that he fears he shall do no good in his present journey. We are to be mighty constant correspondents. So I took my leave of him, and called at sir Andrew Fountain's, who mends much. I came home, and please you, at six, and have been studying till now past eleven.

4.<sup>40</sup> Morning. Morrow, little dears. O, faith, I have been dreaming; I was to be put in prison, I don't know why, and I was so afraid of a black dungeon; and then all I had been enquiring yesterday of Sir Andrew Fountain's sickness I thought was of poor Stella. The worst of dreams is, that one wakes just in the humour they leave one. Shall I send this to-day? With all my heart: it is two days within the fortnight; but may be MD are in haste to have a round dozen, and then how are you come up to me in your eighth, young women? But you indeed ought to write twice slower than I, because there are two of you; I own that.—Well then, I'll seal up this letter by my morning candle, and carry it into the city with me, where I go to dine, and put it in the post-office with my own fair hands. So, let me see whether I have any news to tell MD. They say, they will very soon make some enquiries into the corruptions of the late ministry; and they must do it, to justify their turning them out. Atterbury<sup>41</sup> we think is

Lords, who wished to stage an investigation into the miscarriages in Spain. The result of the inquiry was a vote of censure on Lord Galway and a vote of thanks to Peterborough for his 'great and eminent services'. The investigation was dictated by party motives.

<sup>40</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 23 (22), appeared on 4 Jan. Swift begins with an ironical answer to the previous number, and continues with ironical proofs of the friendship to the Church of 'the late ministry and their abettors'.

<sup>41</sup> Francis Atterbury, 1662–1732, made his reputation as a preacher and a zealous champion of ecclesiastical authority. In 1704 he was appointed Dean of Carlisle. The Deanery of Christ Church was vacant by the death, on 14 Dec., of Henry Aldrich. After a long delay Atterbury was appointed to fill the vacancy, and installed 27 Sept. 1711. Until he left in June 1713,

to be the dean of Christ-Church in Oxford; but the college would rather have Smalldridge—What's all this to you? What care you for Atterburys and Smalldridges? No, you care for nothing but Presto, faith. So I'll rise, and bid you farewell; yet I'm loth to do so, because there is a great bit of paper yet to talk upon; but Dingley will have it so: Yes, says she, make your journals shorter, and send them oftener; and so I will. And I have cheated you another way too; for this is clipt paper, and holds at least six lines less than the former ones. I'll tell you a good thing I said to my lord Carteret. So, says he, my lord — came up to me, and askt me, &c. No, said I, my lord — never did, nor ever can *come up* to you. We all pun here sometimes. Lord Carteret<sup>42</sup> set down Prior t'other day in his chariot, and Prior thanked him for his *Charity*;<sup>43</sup> that was fit for Dilly.<sup>44</sup> I don't remember I heard one good one from the ministry, which is really a shame. Henley is gone to the country for Christmas. The puppy comes here without his wife,<sup>45</sup> and keeps no house, and would have

to be Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Rochester, Christ Church was to suffer from his outbursts of tyrannical temper. He was then succeeded by Smalldridge (p. 142 n.<sup>15</sup>), who described himself as coming with 'a bucket of water' to quench the fires started by his friend Atterbury.

<sup>42</sup> John Carteret, born 22 Apr. 1690, succeeded his father in 1695 as second Baron Carteret of Hawnes. He had not yet, therefore, attained his majority. He took his seat in the House of Lords on 25 May 1711. From the first Swift was attracted by the brilliant and cultured young man, despite his Whig politics. Later they were to meet in different circumstances when Carteret came to Ireland in 1724 at the height of the agitation over Wood's coinage (*Poems*, p. 382). Carteret made for himself a distinguished career as a statesman. In 1744, on the death of his mother, he succeeded to the title of Earl Granville and Viscount Carteret. He died in 1763.

<sup>43</sup> 'Chariot' was pronounced 'Charet.' Cf. *The Dunciad*, ii. 23-4:

'From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets,  
On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots'.

<sup>44</sup> The Rev. Dillon Ashe, for whom see p. 28 n.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>45</sup> Mary, daughter and coheiress of Peregrine Bertie, second son of Montagu, Earl of Lindsey, brought her husband, Anthony Henley (p. 54 n.<sup>16</sup>), £30,000. After his death in Aug. 1711 she married, as his second wife, her relative, Henry Bertie, third son of James, first Earl of Abingdon.

me dine with him at eating-houses; but I have only done it once, and will do it no more. He had not seen me for some time in the Coffee-house, and asking after me, desired lord Herbert to tell me, I was a Beast for ever after the order of Melchisedec. Did you ever read the Scripture? It is only changing the word *Priest* to *Beast*.<sup>46</sup> —I think I am bewitched to write so much in a morning to you, little MD. Let me go, will you? and I'll come again to-night in a fine clean sheet of paper; but I can nor will stay no longer now; no, I won't, for all your wheedling: no, no, look off, don't smile at me, and say, Pray, pray, Presto, write a little more. Ah! you're a wheedling slut, you be so. Nay, but prithee turn about, and let me go, do: 'tis a good girl, and do. O faith, my morning candle is just out, and I must go now in spight of my teeth; for my bed-chamber is dark with curtains, and I'm at the wrong side. So farewell, &c. &c.

I am in the dark almost: I must have another candle, when I am up, to seal this; but I'll fold it up in the dark, and make what you can of this, for I can only see this paper I am writing upon. Service to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoite.

God Almighty bless you, &c. What I am doing I can't see; but I'll fold it up, and not look on it again.

## LETTER XIII

[THURSDAY]

London, January 4, 1710-II.

I WAS going into the city (where I dined) and put my 12th, with my own fair hands, into the post-office as I came back, which was not till nine this night. I dined with people that you never heard of, nor is it worth your while to know; an authoress and a printer.<sup>1</sup> I walked home for exercise, and at eleven got to bed, and all the while I was undressing my self, there was I speaking

<sup>46</sup> Psalm cx. 4; and Hebrews v. 6.

<sup>1</sup> Probably Mrs. Manley and John Barber. See pp. 123 n.<sup>34</sup>, 140 n.<sup>10</sup>

monkey things in air, just as if MD had been by, and did not recollect myself till I got into bed. I writ last night to the archbishop, and told him the warrant was drawn for the First-Fruits, and I told him lord Peterborow was set out for his journey to Vienna,<sup>2</sup> but it seems the lords have addressed to have him stay to be examined about Spanish affairs, upon this defeat there, and to know where the fault lay, &c. So I writ to the archbishop a lie; but I think it was not a sin.

5. Mr. secretary St. John sent for me this morning so early that I was forced to go without shaving, which put me quite out of method: I called at Mr. Ford's, and desired him to lend me a shaving, and so made a shift to get into order again. Lord! here's an impertinence: sir Andrew Fountain's mother and sister<sup>3</sup> are come above a hundred miles from Worcester to see him before he died. They got here but yesterday, and he must have been past hopes, or past fears, before they could reach him. I fell a scolding when I heard they were coming; and the people about him wondered at me, and said what a mighty content it would be on both sides to die when they were with him. I knew the mother; she is the greatest Overdo<sup>4</sup> upon earth, and the sister, they say, is worse; the poor man will relapse again among them. Here was the scoundrel brother always crying in the outer room till sir Andrew was in danger, and the dog was to have all his estate if he died; and 'tis an ignorant, worthless, scoundrel rake: and the nurses were comforting him, and desiring he would not

<sup>2</sup> In a postscript to his letter dated the 4th Swift told Archbishop King that he had taken leave of Peterborough, 'who, I suppose, is this day set out on his journey to Vienna' (*Corresp.* i. 231). For the cause of the delay see p. 151 n.<sup>39</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Sir Andrew Fountaine's mother was Sarah, daughter of Sir Thomas Chicheley, Master of the Ordnance. His sister, Elizabeth, married Colonel William Clent. Brig, the brother, described as a 'scoundrel', died in 1746 (Blomefield's *Norfolk*, ed. 1805-10, vi. 235; Nichols's *Lit. Anec.* v. 253-4).

<sup>4</sup> Dame Overdo, wife of Adam Overdo, a Justice, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*.



take on so. I dined to-day the first time with Ophy Butler and his wife; and you supped with the dean, and lost two and twenty pence at cards. And so Mrs. Walls is brought to-bed of a girl, who died two days after it was christened; and betwixt you and me, she is not very sorry: she loves her ease and diversions too well to be troubled with children. I'll go to bed.

6. Morning. I went last night to put some coals on my fire after Patrick was gone to bed; and there I saw in a closet a poor linnet he has bought to bring over to Dingley: it cost him six-pence, and is as tame as a dormouse. I believe he does not know he is a bird: where you put him, there he stands, and seems to have neither hope nor fear; I suppose in a week he will die of the spleen. Patrick advised with me before he bought him. I laid fairly before him the greatness of the sum and the rashness of the attempt; shewed how impossible it was to carry him safe over the salt sea: but he would not take my counsel, and he'll repent it. 'Tis very cold this morning in bed, and I hear there is a good fire in the room without, what do you call it, the dining-room. I hope it will be good weather, and so let me rise, sirrahs, do so.—At night. I was this morning to visit the dean, or Mr. Prolocutor,<sup>5</sup> I think you call him, don't you? Why should not I go to the dean's as well as you? A little black man of pretty near fifty? Aye, the same. A good pleasant man? Aye, the same. Cunning enough? Yes. One that understands his own interests? As well as any body. How comes it MD and I don't meet there sometimes? A very good face, and abundance of wit; do you know his lady? O Lord! whom do you mean?<sup>6</sup> I mean Dr. Atterbury, dean of Carlisle and Prolocutor. Pshaw, Presto, you are a fool:

<sup>5</sup> Atterbury (p. 152 n.<sup>41</sup>) was Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation.

<sup>6</sup> Dr. Stearne, Dean of St. Patrick's, of whom Stella is supposed to be thinking, was unmarried, 'which', as Deane Swift writes, 'seems to have been the cause of this surprize in MD'.

I thought you had meant our dean of St. Patrick's.—Silly, silly, silly, you are silly, both are silly, every kind of thing is silly. As I walked into the city, I was stopt with clusters of boys and wenches buzzing about the cake-shops like flies.<sup>7</sup> There had the fools let out their shops two yards forward into the streets, all spread with great cakes frothed with sugar, and stuck with streamers of tinsel. And then I went to Bateman's the bookseller,<sup>8</sup> and laid out eight and forty shillings for books. I bought three little volumes of Lucian in French for our Stella, and so and so. Then I went to Garraway's<sup>9</sup> to meet Stratford and dine with him; but it was an idle day with the merchants, and he was gone to our end of the town: so I dined with sir Thomas Frankland at the post-office, and we drank your Manley's health. It was in a news-paper that he was turned out;<sup>10</sup> but secretary St. John told me it was false, only that news-writer is a plaguy Tory. I have not seen one bit of Christmas merriment.

7. Morning. Your new lord chancellor<sup>11</sup> sets out

<sup>7</sup> On 6 Jan., Twelfth-Day, cakes were sold, each containing a bean. When the cake was cut, the recipient of the portion containing the bean was called the King of the Bean. See Chambers's *Book of Days*, i. 61-4.

<sup>8</sup> Christopher Bateman, publisher, bookseller, and book-auctioneer, who traded first in the Middle Row, Holborn, and later at the Bible and Crown, Paternoster Row, occupied the best known shop of the day. He had a large stock of new and second-hand books. See Plomer's *Dictionary of Booksellers and Printers, 1668-1725*; Nichols, *Lit. Anec.* i. 424; Dunton's *Life and Errors*, ed. 1818, p. 217; Hearne's *Collections*, iii. 50. Bateman was still selling books by auction in 1731 (*List of Catalogues of English Book Sales 1676-1900*). Stella does not seem to have received the volumes Swift bought for her. They appear in the sale catalogue of his books sold after his death (*Dean Swift's Library*, H. Williams, p. 4).

<sup>9</sup> Garraway's coffee-house, in Change Alley, was established by Thomas Garway. Tea was first sold in England at this house. In the height of the South Sea Bubble it became a business centre. The establishment survived until 1866. See *Poems*, p. 256 and n.

<sup>10</sup> On Isaac Manley's fear of dismissal see p. 11 n.4

<sup>11</sup> Sir Constantine Phipps, 1656-1723, was called to the English Bar in 1684. He became a Bencher of Gray's Inn in 1706. In 1710 he distinguished himself in the management of Sacheverell's defence; and the

very full, and young Manley<sup>15</sup> and I dined at sir Matthew Dudley's.—I must talk politicks. I protest I am afraid we shall all be embroiled with parties. The Whigs, now they are fallen, are the most malicious toads in the world. We have had now a second misfortune, the loss of several Virginia ships. I fear people will begin to think that nothing thrives under this ministry: and if the ministry can once be rendered odious to the people, the *parliament* may be chosen Whig or Tory as the queen pleases. Then I think our friends press a little too hard on the duke of Marlborough.<sup>16</sup> The country members<sup>17</sup> are violent to have past faults enquired into, and they have reason; but I do not observe the ministry to be very fond of it. In my opinion we have nothing to save us but a Peace, and I am sure we cannot have such a one as we hoped, and then the Whigs will bawl what they would have done had they continued in power. I tell the ministry this as much as I dare, and shall venture to say a little more to them, especially about the duke of Marlborough, who, as the Whigs give out, will lay down his command; and I question whether ever any wise state laid aside a general who had been successful nine years together, whom the enemy so much dread; and his own soldiers cannot but believe must always conquer; and you know that in war opinion is nine parts in ten. The ministry hear me always with appearance of regard, and much kindness; but I doubt they let personal quarrels mingle too much with their proceedings. Mean time, they seem to value all this as nothing, and are as easy and merry as if they had

<sup>15</sup> Probably a son of John Manley, M.P. (p. 37 n.<sup>10</sup>).

<sup>16</sup> Despite Swift's dislike of Marlborough, and his bitter attack on his avarice in *The Examiner*, No. 28 (see also *Poems*, pp. 155–8, 295–7; *Prose Works*, x. 273, 359), he recognized Marlborough's great qualities, and declared that he had prevented hard things being said of him (*Corresp.* ii. 39). Compare also Swift's remarks *post*, pp. 460, 597.

<sup>17</sup> The country squires suspected the Tory ministers of undue tolerance, and called for harsher measures with Whig leaders. These extremists later formed themselves into the October Club (*post*, p. 194 n.<sup>21</sup>).

nothing in their hearts or upon their shoulders, like physicians, who endeavour to cure, but feel no grief, whatever the patient suffers.—Pshaw, what's all this? Do you know one thing, that I find I can write politicks to you much easier than to any body alive. But I swear my head is full, and I wish I were at Laracor with dear charming MD, &c.

8. *Morning*. Methinks, young women, I have made a great progress in four days, at the bottom of this side already, and no letter yet come from MD. (that word interlined is morning.) I find I have been writing state affairs to MD. How do they relish it? Why, any thing that comes from Presto is welcome; though really, to confess the truth, if they had their choice, not to disguise the matter, they had rather, &c. Now, Presto, I must tell you, you grow silly, says Stella. That's but one body's opinion, madam. I promised to be with Mr. secretary St. John this morning; but I am lazy and won't go, because I had a letter<sup>18</sup> from him yesterday to desire I would dine there to-day. I shall be chid; but what care I?—Here has been Mrs. South<sup>19</sup> with me, just come from sir Andrew Fountain, and going to market. He is still in a fever, and may live or die. His mother and sister are now come up and in the house, so there's a lurry.<sup>20</sup> I gave Mrs. South half a pistole<sup>21</sup> for a New-year's gift. So good morrow, dears both, till anon.—At night. Lord, I have been with Mr. Secretary from dinner till eight; and though I drank wine and water, I am so hot! Lady Stanley<sup>22</sup> came to visit Mrs. St. John,<sup>23</sup> and sent up for me, to make up

<sup>18</sup> See p. 158 n.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>19</sup> Presumably Sir Andrew Fountaine's housekeeper.

<sup>20</sup> A confused crowd, a hubbub.

<sup>21</sup> Pistole was a name given from about 1600 to a Spanish gold coin, the value of which was taken at 16s. 6d. to 18s.

<sup>22</sup> See p. 37 n.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>23</sup> St. John's first wife, whom he married 22 May 1701, was Frances, first daughter and coheirress of Sir Henry Winchcombe, second baronet of Bucklebury. She was a very handsome woman (Hearne's *Collections*, vi.



ESTHER JOHNSON (STELLA)

*From an original drawing attributed to Dr. Thomas Parnell, Archdeacon of Clogher*



a quarrel with Mrs. St. John, whom I never yet saw; and do you think that devil of a secretary would let me go, but kept me by main force, though I told him I was in love with his lady, and it was a shame to keep back a lover, &c. But all would not do; so at last I was forced to break away, but never went up, it was then too late; and here I am, and have a great deal to do to-night, though it be nine o'clock; but one must say something to these naughty MDs, else there will be no quiet.

9. To-day Ford and I set apart to go into the city to buy books; but we only had a scurvy dinner at an alehouse, and he made me go to the tavern, and drink Florence, four and six-pence a flask; damned wine! so I spent my money, which I seldom do, and past an insipid day, and saw nobody, and 'tis now ten o'clock, and I have nothing to say, but that 'tis a fortnight to-morrow since I had a letter from MD, but if I have it time enough to answer here, 'tis well enough, otherwise wo betide you, faith; I'll go to the toyman's, here just in Pall-mall, and he sells great hugeous battoons;<sup>24</sup> yes, faith, and so he does. Does not he, Dingley? Yes, faith. Don't lose your money this Christmas.

10. I must go this morning to Mr. secretary St. John. I promised yesterday, but failed, so I can't write any more till night to poor dear MD.—At night. O faith, Dingley, I had company in the morning, and could not go where I designed; and I had a basket from Raymond at Bristol, with six bottles of wine and a pound of chocolate, and some tobacco to snuff;<sup>25</sup> and he writ under, the carriage was paid; but he lied, or I am cheated, or there is a mistake; and he has written to me so confusedly about some things, that Lucifer could not understand him. This wine

252), who retained her loyalty to her husband despite his unfaithfulness. Two of her letters to Swift have been printed (*Corresp.* ii. 313, 326). She died 25 Oct. 1718.

<sup>24</sup> The word was used either in the sense of a club or of a staff of office.

<sup>25</sup> On tobacco in the form of snuff see p. 31 n.<sup>25</sup>

is to be drank with Harley's brother<sup>26</sup> and Sir Robert Raymond, solicitor-general, in order to recommend the doctor<sup>27</sup> to your new lord chancellor, who left this place on Monday, and Raymond says he is hasting to Chester to go with him.—I suppose he leaves his wife behind; for when he left London he had no thoughts of stirring till Summer. So I suppose he will be with you before this. Ford came and desired I would dine with him, because it was Opera-day, which I did, and sent excuses to lord Shelburn who had invited me.

11.<sup>28</sup> I am setting up a new *Tatler*, little Harrison,<sup>29</sup> whom I have mentioned to you. Others have put him on it, and I encourage him; and he was with me this morning and evening, shewing me his first, which comes out on Saturday. I doubt he will not succeed, for I do not much approve his manner; but the scheme is Mr. secretary St. John's and mine, and would have done well enough in good hands. I recommended him to a printer,<sup>30</sup> whom I sent for, and settled the matter between them this evening. Harrison has just left me, and I am tired with correcting his trash.

12. I was this morning upon some business with Mr. secretary St. John, and he made me promise to dine with him, which otherwise I would have done with Mr. Harley, whom I have not been with these ten days. I cannot but think they have mighty difficulties upon them; yet I always find them as easy and disengaged as schoolboys on

<sup>26</sup> Harley's younger brother, Edward, was member for and Recorder of Leominster, and one of the auditors of the impost. The two brothers married sisters, daughters of Thomas Foley; and Edward's eldest son eventually became third Earl of Oxford (Burke's *Extinct Peerage*, p. 265). Another brother, Nathaniel, was for over thirty years a merchant at Aleppo.

<sup>27</sup> Raymond (p. 1 n.<sup>3</sup>), who was a D.D.

<sup>28</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 24 (23), appeared on 11 Jan. In it Swift justifies his paper on the army, *Examiner*, No. 21, with further comments, and refers to the affair of Meredyth, Maccartney, and Honeywood (see p. 120 n.<sup>17</sup>).

<sup>29</sup> On Harrison's continuation of *The Tatler* see pp. 54 n.<sup>13</sup>, 163 n.<sup>33</sup>

<sup>30</sup> Dryden Leach. See p. 72 n.<sup>30</sup>



a holiday. Harley has the procuring of five or six millions on his shoulders, and the Whigs will not lend a groat;<sup>31</sup> which is the only reason of the fall of stocks: for they are like quakers and fanaticks, that will only deal among themselves, while all others deal indifferently with them. Lady Marlborough offers, if they will let her keep her employments, never to come into the queen's presence.<sup>32</sup> The Whigs say the duke of Marlborough will serve no more; but I hope and think otherwise. I would to Heaven I were this minute with MD at Dublin; for I am weary of politicks, that give me such melancholy prospects.

13. O faith, I had an ugly giddy fit last night in my chamber, and I have got a new box of pills to take, and hope I shall have no more this good while. I would not tell you before, because it would vex you, little rogues; but now it is over. I dined to-day with lord Shelburn, and to-day little Harrison's new *Tatler* came out:<sup>33</sup> there is not much in it, but I hope he will mend. You must understand that upon Steele's leaving off, there were two or three

<sup>31</sup> See p. 76 n.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>32</sup> The Duchess of Marlborough was First Lady of the Bedchamber, Lady of the Wardrobe, and Privy Purse to her Majesty. On 18 Jan. Marlborough resigned these offices for the Duchess by delivering his wife's key to the Queen (Bolingbroke's *Letters*, 1798, i. 47). The Duchess retained her post as Ranger of Windsor Parks, a place assigned to her for a term of years.

<sup>33</sup> The last number, 271, of Steele's *Tatler* appeared on 2 Jan. On the 4th a spurious No. 272 was published by John Baker, 'at the Black Boy in Paternoster Row', and on the 6th appeared No. 273. On the same day John Morphew began another series with what purported to be Nos. 272, 273 of the original *Tatler*. Morphew continued this series till 19 May, No. 330. The first six numbers of Harrison's *Tatler* (p. 54 n.<sup>13</sup>) were published by A. Baldwin, thereafter by Morphew and Lillie. See Artken's *Steele*, i. 299-301. Swift's share in Harrison's series is doubtful, although subsequent references show that, on occasion, he did more than supply hints. Faulkner (*Works*, 1735, i. 321-45) printed No. 5, 27 Jan., and No. 20, 6 Mar. Herbert Davis includes in an Appendix to vol. ii of his edition of the *Prose Works* Nos. 1 and 2, 13 and 16 Jan., and Nos. 302 and 306, 15 and 24 Mar., in the belief that they may have been suggested by Swift, or revised by him.

scrub *Tatlers* came out, and one of them holds on still, and to-day it advertised against Harrison's; and so there must be disputes which are genuine, like the straps for razors.<sup>34</sup> I am afraid the little toad has not the true vein for it. I'll tell you a copy of verses. When Mr. St. John was turned out from being secretary at war, three years ago, he retired to the country: there he was talking of something he would have written over his *summer-house*, and a gentleman gave him these verses;

From business and the noisy world retir'd,  
Nor vex'd by love, nor by ambition fir'd;  
Gently I wait the call of Charon's boat,  
Still drinking like a fish, and — like a stoat.

He swore to me he could hardly bear the jest; for he pretended to retire like a philosopher, though he was but twenty-eight years old: and I believe the thing was true; for he had been a thorough rake. I think the three grave lines do introduce the last well enough. Od so, but I'll go sleep; I sleep early now.

14. O faith, young women, I want a letter from MD; 'tis now nineteen days since I had the last: and where have I room to answer it, pray? I hope I shall send this away without any answer at all; for I'll hasten it, and away it goes on Tuesday, by which time this side will be full. I'll send it two days sooner on purpose out of spight, and the very next day after, you must know, your letter will come, and then 'tis too late, and I'll so laugh, never saw the like! 'Tis Spring with us already. I eat asparagus t'other day. Did you ever see such a frostless winter? Sir Andrew Fountain lies still extreamly ill; it costs him ten guineas a day to doctors, surgeons, and apothecaries, and has done so these three weeks. I dined to-day with Mr. Ford; he sometimes chuses to dine at home, and I am

<sup>34</sup> In *The Tatler*, No. 224, 14 Sept. 1710, Addison referred to the polemical advertisements in the newspapers. "The Inventors of *Strops for Razors* have written against one another this Way for several Years, and that with great Bitterness." See also *The Spectator*, No. 428.

content to dine with him; and at night I called at the Coffee-house, where I had not been in a week, and talk'd coldly a while with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that's all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks: t'other day we were to have dined together at the comptroller's;<sup>35</sup> but I sent my excuses, being engaged to the secretary of state. Is not it odd? But I think he has used me ill, and I have used him too well, at least his friend Steele.

15. It has cost me three guineas to-day for a periwig.<sup>36</sup> I am undone! It was made by a Leicester lad, who married Mr. Worrall's<sup>37</sup> daughter, where my mother<sup>38</sup> lodged; so I thought it would be cheap, and especially since he lives in the city. Well, London lick-penny:<sup>39</sup> I find it true. I have given Harrison hints for another *Tatler* to-morrow. The jackanapes wants a right taste; I doubt he won't do. I dined with my friend Lewis of the secretary's office, and am got home early, because I have much business to do; but before I begin I must needs say something to MD, faith—No, faith, I lie, it is but nineteen days to-day since my last from MD. I have got Mr. Harley to promise,

<sup>35</sup> Sir John Holland (see p. 20 n.<sup>35</sup>).

<sup>36</sup> A plain, cheap wig. On the various forms of periwigs see Fairholt's *Costume in England*, 3rd edn., ii. 316–22.

<sup>37</sup> This Worrall may have been a relation of the Rev. John Worrall, who, since 1694, had been Dean's Vicar at St. Patrick's (*Fasti Ecc. Hib.* ii. 85, 206, 208, 417; Delany, *Observations*, 1754, pp. 91–2; Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, pp. 293–300; *Corresp. passim*).

<sup>38</sup> Swift's mother, Abigail Erick, or Herrick, the daughter, apparently, of Thomas Herrick of Wiston Magna, near Leicester, seems to have been born in 1630. She was married in Dublin in 1664. Her latter years were spent in Leicester, and she died there on 24 Apr. 1710. A moving note of her death was entered by Swift in one of his account books (Nichols, *Works*, 1801, xix. 12–13; *Prose Works*, xi. 387). See Nichols's *Leicestershire*, vol. ii, pt. ii. 620–1; *Transactions of the Leicestershire Architectural and Archaeological Society*, v. 28–9; *Notes and Queries*, 6 S. xi. 264, 435; *Corresp.* i. 37 n.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>39</sup> The word is used in the sense of 'that which makes money go'. Cf. 'London Lyckpeny', a poem at one time attributed to Lydgate.

that whatever changes are made in the council, the bishop of Clogher shall not be removed, and he has got a memorial accordingly. I will let the bishop know so much in a post or two. This is a secret; but I know he has enemies, and they shall not be gratified, if they designed any such thing, which perhaps they might; for some changes there will be made. So drink up your claret, and be quiet, and don't lose your money.

16. Morning. Faith I'll send this letter to-day to shame you, if I han't one from MD before night, that's certain. Won't you grumble for want of the third side, pray now? Yes, I warrant you; yes, yes, you shall have the third, you shall so, when you can catch it, some other time; when you be writing girls.—O faith, I think I won't stay till night, but seal up this just now, and carry it in my pocket, and whip it into the post-office as I come home at evening. I am going out early this morning.—Patrick's bills for coal and candles, &c. come sometimes to three shillings a week; I keep very good fires, though the weather be warm. Ireland will never be happy till you get small coal<sup>40</sup> likewise; nothing so easy, so convenient, so cheap, so pretty for lighting a fire. My service to Mrs. Stoite and Walls, has she a boy or a girl? A girl, hmm; and died in a week, hmmm, and was poor Stella forced to stand for god-mother?—Let me know how accounts stand, that you may have your money betimes.<sup>41</sup> There's four months for my lodging, that must be thought on too: and so go dine with Manley, and lose your money, do extravagant sluttikin, but don't fret.—It will be just three weeks when I have the next letter, that's to-morrow. Farewel, dearest beloved MD, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved.<sup>42</sup>—It is the last sally I will ever make, but I hope it will turn to some account. I have done more for these,<sup>43</sup> and I think

<sup>40</sup> Swift means ordinary household coal. Sometimes used of charcoal.

<sup>41</sup> See p. 137 n.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>42</sup> See p. 126 n.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>43</sup> The Tory Ministers.

they are more honest than the last; however, I will not be disappointed. I would make MD and me easy; and I never desired more.—Farewel, &c. &c.

## LETTER XIV

[TUESDAY]

London, Jan. 16, 1710-11.

O FAITH, young women, I have sent my letter N. 13, without one crumb of an answer to any of MD's, there's for you now; and yet Presto ben't angry faith, not a bit, only he will begin to be in pain next Irish post, except he sees MD's little hand-writing in the glass-frame at the bar of St. James's Coffee-house, where Presto would never go but for that purpose. Presto's at home, God help him, every night from six till bed-time, and has as little enjoyment or pleasure in life at present as any body in the world, although in full favour with all the ministry. As hope saved, nothing gives Presto any sort of dream of happiness but a letter now and then from his own dearest MD. I love the expectation of it, and when it does not come, I comfort myself, that I have it yet to be happy with. Yes faith, and when I write to MD, I am happy too; it is just as if methinks you were here and I prating to you, and telling you where I have been: Well, says you, Presto, come, where have you been to-day? come, let's hear now. And so then I answer; Ford and I were visiting Mr. Lewis, and Mr. Prior, and Prior has given me a fine Plautus,<sup>1</sup> and then Ford would have had me dine at his lodgings, and so I would not; and so I dined with him at an eating-house; which I have not done five times since I came here; and so I came home, after visiting sir Andrew Fountain's mother and sister, and sir Andrew Fountain is mending, though slowly.

17. I was making, this morning, some general visits,

<sup>1</sup> It is possible that this was the folio volume entered in the sale catalogue of Swift's books as '370 Plauti Comædiæ cum notis MSS. ex officina Rob. Stephani Paris. 1530'. Were the manuscript notes by Prior? See H. Williams, *Dean Swift's Library*, p. 44 and n.

and at twelve I called at the Coffee-house for a letter from MD; so the man said, he had given it to Patrick; then I went to the court of requests and treasury, to find Mr. Harley, and after some time spent in mutual reproaches, I promised to dine with him; I staid there till seven, then called at Sterne's and Leigh's to talk about your box, and to have it sent by Smyth; Sterne says he has been making enquiries, and will set things right as soon as possible. I suppose it lies at Chester, at least I hope so, and only wants a lift over to you. Here has little Harrison been to complain, that the printer I recommended to him for his *Tatler*, is a coxcomb; and yet to see how things will happen; for this very printer is my cousin, his name is Dryden Leach; did you never hear of Dryden Leach, he that prints the *Postman*? he acted *Oronoko*,<sup>2</sup> he's in love with miss Crosse.<sup>3</sup>—Well, so I came home to read my letter from Stella, but the dog Patrick was abroad; at last he came, and I got my letter; I found another hand had superscribed it; when I opened it, I found it written all in French, and subscribed Bernage: faith I was ready to fling it at Patrick's head. Bernage tells me, he had been to desire your recommendation to me to make him a captain, and your cautious answer, 'That he had as much power with me as you,' was a notable one; if you were here I would present you to the ministry as a person of ability. Bernage should let me know where to write to him; this is the second letter I have had without any direction; however, I beg I may not have a third, but that you will ask him, and send me how I shall direct to him. In the mean time, tell him, that if regiments are to be raised here, as he says, I will speak to George Granville,<sup>4</sup> secretary at

<sup>2</sup> A character in Southerne's tragedy, *Oronoko*, produced in 1695. The play was founded on Mrs. Aphra Behn's novel, *Oronoko, or the Royal Slave*.

<sup>3</sup> Steele's third play, *The Tender Husband*, produced with a strong cast in Apr. 1705, included Mrs. Cross in the part of Mrs. Clerimont (*Genest*, ii. 321).

<sup>4</sup> George Granville, 1667-1735, wrote plays and poems, and published

war, to make him a captain; and use what other interest I conveniently can. I think that is enough, and so tell him, and don't trouble me with his letters, when I expect them from MD; do you hear, young women, write to Presto.

18.<sup>5</sup> I was this morning with Mr. secretary St. John, and we were to dine at Mr. Harley's alone, about some business of importance; but there were two or three gentlemen there. Mr. secretary and I went together from his office to Mr. Harley's, and thought to have been very wise; but the deuce a bit, the company staid, and more came, and Harley went away at seven, and the secretary and I staid with the rest of the company till eleven; I would then have had him come away, but he was in for't; and though he swore he would come away at that flask, there I left him. I wonder at the civility of these people; when he saw I would drink no more, he would always pass the bottle by me, and yet I could not keep the toad from drinking himself, nor he would not let me go neither, nor Masham,<sup>6</sup> who was with us. When I got home, I found a parcel directed to me, and opening it, I found a pamphlet written entirely against myself, not by name, but against something I writ:<sup>7</sup> it is pretty civil, and affects to

his *Genuine Works* in two handsome quarto volumes, 1732. One of Pope's earliest patrons, he was M.P. for Fowey, 1702, and for Cornwall, 1710-11. Appointed Secretary at War in Sept. 1710, he was one of the twelve peers created in Dec. 1711 (*post*, p. 450 n.<sup>31</sup>), taking the title of Baron Lansdown.

<sup>5</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 25 (24), which appeared on 18 Jan., was directed to expose the vanity of any hopes of an early end to the Tory ascendancy.

<sup>6</sup> Samuel Masham, 1679?-1758, son of Sir Francis Masham, Bart., had been page to the Queen when she was Princess of Denmark, and later equerry and groom of the bedchamber to Prince George of Denmark. In 1707 he married privately Abigail Hill (*post*, p. 190 n.), the Queen's favourite; and in Dec. 1711 he was created Baron Masham. Under George I he was appointed Remembrancer of the Exchequer, 1716. Swift became very friendly with Lord and Lady Masham. As late as 1733 we find them inviting him to visit them in London (*Corresp.* iv. 417).

<sup>7</sup> The reference is to William Wotton's *The Case of the Present Convocation Consider'd*, written in reply to *The Examiner* for 28 Dec. Swift

be so, and I think I will take no notice of it; 'tis against something written very lately; and indeed I know not what to say, nor do I care: and so you are a sawcy rogue for losing your money to-day at Stoite's; to let that bungler beat you, fye Stella, an't you ashamed? Well, I forgive you this once, never do so again; no, noooo. Kiss and be friends, sirrah.—Come, let me go sleep, I go earlier to bed than formerly; and have not been out so late these two months; but the secretary was in a drinking humour. So good night, myownlittledearsawcyinsolentrogues.

19. Then you read that long word in the last line,<sup>8</sup> no faith, han't you. Well, when will this letter come from our MD? to-morrow or next day without fail; yes faith, and so it is coming. This was an insipid snowy day, no walking day, and I dined gravely with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and came home, and am now got to bed a little after ten; I remember old Culpepper's maxim. Would you have a settled *head*, You must early go to bed: I tell you and I tell't again, You must be in bed at ten.

20. And so I went to-day with my new wig, o hoao, to visit lady Worsley,<sup>9</sup> whom I had not seen before, although she was near a month in town; then I walkt in the Park to find Mr. Ford, whom I had promised to meet, and coming down the Mall, who should come towards me but Patrick, and gives me five letters out of his pocket. I read the superscription of the first, Pshoh, said I; of the second, Pshoh again; of the third, Pshah, Pshah, Pshah; of the fourth, A Gad, A Gad, A Gad, I'm in a rage; of the fifth and last, O hoooa; aye marry this is something, this

answered Wotton in *The Examiner* for 25 Jan. 1710-11, admitting that his critic had used no 'undue reflections or undecent language'.

<sup>8</sup> 'In that word there were some puzzling characters.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>9</sup> Frances, only daughter of Sir Thomas Thynne, first Viscount Weymouth, married in 1690 Sir Robert Worsley, Bart. Their daughter, Frances, was married to Lord Carteret. In 1732 Lady Worsley presented Swift with an escritoire japanned by herself (*Corresp.* iv. 332-3). It is mentioned in his will (*Prose Works*, xi. 411) and is now in St. Patrick's Deanery.



is our MD, so truly we opened it, I think immediately, and it began the most impudently in the world, thus; Dear Presto, We are even thus far. Now we are even, quoth Stephen, when he gave his wife six blows for one. I received your ninth four days after I had sent my thirteenth. But I'll reckon with you anon about that, young women. Why did not you recant at the end of your letter when you got my eleventh, tell me that huzzies base, were we even then, were we, sirrah? But I won't answer your letter now, I'll keep it for another time. We had a great deal of snow to-day, and 'tis terrible cold. I dined with Ford, because it was his Opera-day and snowed, so I did not care to stir further. I will send to-morrow to Smyth.

21. Morning. It has snowed terribly all night, and is vengeance cold. I am not yet up, but cannot write long; my hands will freeze. Is there a good fire, Patrick? Yes, Sir; then I'll rise, come take away the candle. You must know I write on the dark side of my bed-chamber, and am forced to have a candle till I rise, for the bed stands between me and the window, and I keep the curtains shut this cold weather. So pray let me rise, and, Patrick, here take away the candle.—At night. We are now here in high frost and snow, the largest fire can hardly keep us warm. It is very ugly walking, a baker's boy broke his thigh yesterday. I walk slow, make short steps, and never tread on my heel. 'Tis a good proverb the Devonshire people have; Walk fast in snow, In frost walk slow, And still as you go, Tread on your toe: When frost and snow are both together, Sit by the fire and spare shoe-leather. I dined to-day with Dr. Cockburn, but will not do so again in haste, he has generally such a parcel of Scots with him.

22. Morning. Starving, starving, Uth, uth, uth, uth, uth.<sup>10</sup>—Don't you remember I used to come into your chamber, and turn Stella out of her chair, and rake up the

<sup>10</sup> See note p. 487 n.<sup>15</sup>

fire in a cold morning, and cry Uth, uth, uth? &c. O faith I must rise, my hand is so cold I can write no more. So good morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I went this morning to lady Giffard's house, and saw your mother, and made her give me a pint bottle of palsey water, which I brought home in my pocket; and sealed and tyed up in a paper, and sent it to Mr. Smyth, who goes to-morrow for Ireland, and sent a letter to him to desire his care of it, and that he would enquire at Chester about the box. He was not within, so the bottle and letter were left for him at his lodgings, with strict orders to give them to him; and I will send Patrick in a day or two, to know whether it was given, &c. Dr. Stratford<sup>11</sup> and I dined to-day with Mr. Stratford in the city, by appointment; but I chose to walk there for exercise in the frost. But the weather had *given* a little, as you women call it, so it was something slobbery. I did not get home till nine, And now I'm in bed To break your head.

23. Morning. They tell me it freezes again, but 'tis not so cold as yesterday: so now I will answer a bit of your letter. —At night. O faith, I was just going to answer some of our MD's letter this morning, when a printer came in about some business, and staid an hour; so I rose, and then came in Ben Tooke, and then I shaved and scribbled, and it was such a terrible day I could not stir out till one, and then I called at Mrs. Barton's, and we went to lady Worsley's, where we were to dine by appointment. The earl of Berkeley<sup>12</sup> is going to be married to lady Louisa

<sup>11</sup> William Stratford, son of Nicholas Stratford, Bishop of Chester, 1689-1707, was Archdeacon of Richmond and Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. He was also chaplain to Robert Harley and took charge of Edward Harley, who went up to the university in 1707. His letters to Edward Harley, later the second Earl of Oxford, have been printed in vol. vii of the *Portland MSS*. He entertained Swift at Oxford on the occasion of his visit to England in 1727. Stratford died in 1729.

<sup>12</sup> James, third Earl of Berkeley, 1680-1736, served with distinction in the navy. He was Vice-Admiral of the Blue, 1707-8, of the Red, 1709, and First Lord of the Admiralty, 1717-27. He married, about 13 Feb.

Lenox, the duke of Richmond's daughter. I writ this night to dean Sterne, and bid him to tell you all about the bottle of palsey water by Smyth, and to-morrow morning I will say something to your letter.

24. Morning. Come now to your letter. As for your being even with me, I have spoken to that already. So now, my dearly beloved, let us proceed to the next. You are always grumbling that you han't letters fast enough, surely we shall have your tenth;<sup>13</sup> and yet before you end your letter, you own you have my eleventh.—And why did not MD go into the country with the bishop of Clogher? faith such a journey would have done you good; Stella should have rode, and Dingley gone in the coach. The bishop of Kilmore<sup>14</sup> I know nothing of; he is old and may dye; he lives in some obscure corner, for I never heard of him. As for my old friends, if you mean the Whigs, I never see them, as you may find by my journals, except lord Hallifax, and him very seldom; lord Somers never since the first visit, for he has been a false deceitful rascal. My new friends are very kind, and I have promises enough, but I do not count upon them, and besides my pretences<sup>15</sup> are very young to them. However, we will see what may be done, and if nothing at all, I shall not be disappointed; although perhaps poor MD may, and then I shall be sorryer for their sakes than my own.—Talk of a merry Christmas (why did you write it so then young

1710–11, Louisa, first daughter of Charles Lennox, first Duke of Richmond. She was then only just over sixteen. She died of the small-pox in her twenty-third year, 15 Jan. 1716–17.

<sup>13</sup> 'These are the words of MD.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>14</sup> Edward Wetenhall, 1636–1713, Bishop of Kilmore since 1699, would now be in his seventy-fifth year. He went to Ireland in 1672, and became Bishop of Cork and Ross seven years later. He was translated to Kilmore in 1679. A man of scholarly and devout character he drew up a memorial to Ormonde in 1710 in support of John Richardson's (p. 207 n.<sup>19</sup>) proposals to publish 'books of religion' in the Irish language. *Fasti Eccl. Hib.* i. 229, 253; iii. 168.

<sup>15</sup> Claims. A sense now almost obsolete.

women? sawce for the goose is sawce for the gander) I have wisht you all that two or three letters ago. Good lack; and your news, that Mr. St. John is going to Holland; he has no such thoughts to quit the great station he is in, nor if he had, could I be spared to go with him. So faith, politick Madam Stella, you come with your two eggs a penny, &c. Well, Madam Dingley, and so Mrs. Stoite invites you, and so you stay at Donnybrook,<sup>16</sup> and so you could not write. You are plaguy exact in your journals from Dec. 25, to Jan. 4th. Well, Smyth and the palsey water I have handled already, and he does not lodge (or rather did not, for poor man, now he is gone) at Mr. Jesse's, and all that stuff; but we found his lodging, and I went to Stella's mother on my own head, for I never remembered it was in the letter to desire another bottle; but I was so fretted, so tosticated, and so impatient, that Stella should have her water (I mean decently, don't be rogues) and so vexed with Sterne's carelessness.—Pray God Stella's illness<sup>17</sup> may not return. If they come seldom, they begin to be weary; I judge by myself; for when I seldom visit, I grow weary of my acquaintance.—Leave a good deal of my tenth unanswered!—Impudent slut, when did you ever answer my tenth, or ninth, or any other number? or who desires you to answer, provided you write? I defy the D—to answer my letters; sometimes there may be one or two things I should be glad you would answer, but I forget them, and you never think of them. I shall never love answering letters again, if you talk of answering. Answering, quotha; pretty answerers truly.—As for the pamphlet you speak of, and call it scandalous,<sup>18</sup> and that one Mr. Presto is said to write it, hear my answer. Fye, child, you must not mind what every idle body tells you—I believe you lie, and that the dogs were not crying

<sup>16</sup> Mrs. Stoyte lived at Donnybrook (p. 79 n.<sup>6</sup>), which was then, as Deane Swift notes: 'About a mile from *Dublin*.'

<sup>17</sup> Sheridan, followed by Ryland, reads 'illnesses'.

<sup>18</sup> The *Short Character of Wharton* (p. 115 n.<sup>39</sup>).

it when you said so; come, tell truth. I am sorry you go to St. Mary's<sup>19</sup> so soon, you'll be as poor as rats; that place will drain you with a vengeance: besides, I would have you think of being in the country in Summer. Indeed, Stella, pippins produced plentifully; Parvisol could not send from Laracor: there were about half a score, I would be glad to know whether they were good for any thing.—Mrs. Walls at Donnybrook with you; why is not she brought to bed? Well, well, well, Dingley, pray be satisfied; you talk as if you were angry about the bishop's<sup>20</sup> not offering you conveniencies for the journey; and so he should.—What sort of Christmas? Why I have had no Christmas at all; and has it really been Christmas of late? I never once thought of it. My service to Mrs. Stoite, and Catherine, and let Catherine get the coffee ready against I come, and not have so much care on her countenance; for all will go well—Mr. Bernage, Mr. Bernage, Mr. Fiddlenage, I have had three letters from him now successively; he sends no directions, and how the D— shall I write to him? I would have burnt his last, if I had not seen Stella's hand at the bottom: his request is all nonsense. How can I assist him in buying? and if he be ordered to go to Spain, go he must, or else sell, and I believe one can hardly sell in such a juncture. If he had staid, and new regiments raised, I would have used my endeavour to have had him removed; although I have no credit, that way, or very little: but if the regiment goes, he ought to go too; he has had great indulgence, and opportunities of saving; and I have urged him to it a hundred times. What can I do? whenever it lies in my power to do him a good office, I will do it. Pray draw up this into a handsome speech, and represent it to him from me, and that I would write, if I knew where to direct to him; and so I

<sup>19</sup> Deane Swift has a footnote: '*MD's* lodgings opposite to *St. Mary's* Church in *Stafford-Street*.' These were the lodgings let by Mrs. De Caudres. See p. 4 n.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>20</sup> The Bishop of Clogher. See p. 173.

have told you, and desired you would tell him, fifty times. Yes, Madam Stella, I think I can read your long concluding word, but you can't read mine after bidding you good night. And yet, methinks, I mend extremely in my writing; but when Stella's eyes are well, I hope to write as bad as ever.—So now I have answered your letter, and mine is an answer; for I lay yours before me, and I look and write, and write and look, and look and write again.—So good morrow, Madams both, and I'll go rise, for I must rise; for I take pills at night, and so I must rise early, I don't know why.—

25.<sup>21</sup> Morning. I did not tell you how I past my time yesterday, nor bid you good night, and there was good reason. I went in the morning to secretary St. John about some business; he had got a great Whig with him; a creature of the duke of Marlborough, who is a Go-between to make peace between the duke and the ministry; so he came out of his closet; and after a few words, desired I would dine with him at three, but Mr. Lewis staid till six before he came; and there we sat talking, and the time slipt so, that at last, when I was positive to go, it was past two of clock; so I came home and went straight to bed. He would never let me look at his watch, and I could not imagine it above twelve when we went away. So I bid you good night for last night, and now I bid you good morrow, and I am still in bed, though it be near ten, but I must rise.—

26, 27, 28, 29, 30. I have been so lazy and negligent these last four days that I could not write to MD. My head is not in order, and yet it is not absolutely ill, but giddyish, and makes me listless; I walk every day, and take drops of Dr. Cockburn, and I have just done a box of pills, and to-day lady Kerry sent me some of her bitter drink, which I design to take twice a day, and hope I shall grow better. I wish I were with MD, I long for

<sup>21</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 26 (25), which appeared on 25 Jan., ridiculed the Whigs by predicting what might be expected if they returned to power.

Spring and good weather, and then I will come over. My riding in Ireland keeps me well. I am very temperate, and eat of the easiest meats as I am directed, and hope the malignity will go off; but one fit shakes me a long time. I dined to-day with lord Mountjoy, yesterday at Mr. Stone's<sup>22</sup> in the city, on Sunday at Vanhomrigh's, Saturday with Ford, and Friday I think at Vanhomrigh's, and that's all the journal I can send MD, for I was so lazy while I was well, that I could not write. I thought to have sent this to-night, but 'tis ten, and I'll go to bed, and write on t'other side to Parvisol to-morrow, and send it on Thursday; and so good night my dears, and love Presto, and be healthy, and Presto will be so too, &c.

Cut off these notes handsomely, d'ye hear, sirrahs, and give Mrs. Brent hers, and keep yours till you see Parvisol, and then make up the letter to him, and send it him by the first opportunity, and so God Almighty bless you both, here and ever, and poor Presto.

What, I warrant you thought at first that these last lines were another letter.

Dingley, Pray pay Stella six Fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

Stella, Pray pay Dingley six Fishes, and place them to the account of your humble servant, Presto.

There's Bills of Exchange for you.

## LETTER XV

[WEDNESDAY]

London, Jan. 31, 1710-11.

I AM to send you my fourteenth to-morrow, but my head having some little disorders, confounds all my journals. I was early this morning with Mr. secretary St. John about some business, so I could not scribble my morning lines to MD. They are here intending to tax all little printed

<sup>22</sup> Andrew Stone, of Lombard Street, father of Andrew Stone, Under Secretary of State, and of the Rev. George Stone, D.D., who was Archbishop of Armagh, 1747-64.

penny papers a half-penny every half-sheet,<sup>1</sup> which will utterly ruin Grub-street, and I am endeavouring to prevent it. Besides, I was forwarding an impeachment against a certain great person; that was two of my businesses with the secretary, were they not worthy ones? It was Ford's Birth-day, and I refused the secretary and dined with Ford. We are here in as smart a frost for the time as I have seen; delicate walking weather, and the Canal and Rosamond's Pond<sup>2</sup> full of the rabble sliding and with skates,<sup>3</sup> if you know what those are. Patrick's bird's water freezes in the gally-pot,<sup>4</sup> and my hands in bed.

Feb. 1.<sup>5</sup> I was this morning with poor lady Kerry, who is much worse in her head than I. She send me bottles of her bitter, and we are so fond of one another, because our ailments are the same; don't you know that, Madam Stella? Han't I seen you conning ailments with Joe's wife,<sup>6</sup> and some others, sirrah? I walkt into the city to dine, because of the walk, for we must take care of Presto's health you know, because of poor little MD. But I walkt plaguy carefully, for fear of sliding against my will; but I am very busy.

2. This morning Mr. Ford came to me to walk into the city, where he had business, and then to buy books at

<sup>1</sup> The Stamp Act was not passed until 10 June 1712, to come into force on the 1st of August. See p. 553 n.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>2</sup> In the time of Charles II the scattered ponds in St. James's Park were united to form a single length of water known from its shape as the 'canal'. Rosamond's pond lay in the south-west corner of the park (Wheatley and Cunningham, *London Past and Present*, iii. 168). It was filled up in 1770. Frequently mentioned in the literature of the time. See Aitken's *Tatler*, ii. 79 n.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Blade skates were introduced into England from Holland by exiled Cavaliers, who had learned their use abroad. Evelyn mentions them in his *Diary* under 1 Dec. 1662; and they are mentioned by Pepys under 1 and 8 Dec. 1662.

<sup>4</sup> Used of any small earthenware pot. Now usually 'gallipot'.

<sup>5</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 27 (26), which appeared on 1 Feb., a clever paper, eulogized the virtues of the new ministers by contrast with their predecessors.

<sup>6</sup> Mrs. Beaumont.



Bateman's; and I laid out one pound five shilling for a Strabo and Aristophanes,<sup>7</sup> and I have now got books enough to make me another shelf, and I will have more, or it shall cost me a fall; and so as we came back, we drank a flask of right French wine at Ben Tooke's chamber; and when I got home, Mrs. Vanhomrigh sent me word her eldest daughter<sup>8</sup> was taken suddenly very ill, and desired I would come and see her; I went, and found it was a silly trick of Mrs. Armstrong, lady Lucy's sister, who, with Moll Stanhope, was visiting there: however, I rattled off the daughter.

3. To-day I went and dined at lady Lucy's, where you know I have not been this long time; they are plaguy Whigs, especially the sister Armstrong, the most insupportable of all women, pretending to wit, without any taste. She was running down the last *Examiner*, the prettiest I had read, with a character of the present ministry.—I left them at five, and came home. But I forgot to tell you, that this morning my cousin, Dryden Leach the printer, came to me with a heavy complaint, that Harrison the new *Tatler* had turned him off, and taken the last *Tatler's* printers again.<sup>9</sup> He vowed revenge; I answered gravely, and so he left me, and I have ordered Patrick to deny me to him from henceforth: and at night comes a letter from Harrison, telling me the same thing, and excused his doing it without my notice, because he would bear all the blame; and in his *Tatler* of this day he tells you the story,

<sup>7</sup> The Aristophanes was probably a copy of the folio edition printed at Geneva in 1607, which was in his library to the last. The manuscript list of his books drawn up by Swift in 1715 includes also a copy of the duodecimo edition printed at Leyden in 1624; but this had disappeared before the sale. The Strabo was the folio edition, edited by Casaubon, and published at Paris in 1620 (H. Williams, *Dean Swift's Library*, pp. 4-5).

<sup>8</sup> The first direct mention of Esther Vanhomrigh. Only twice again in the *Journal* does Swift refer to her—14 Feb. 1710-11 and 14 Aug. 1711.

<sup>9</sup> For Harrison's relations with Dryden Leach and the publishers of his continuation of *The Tatler* see pp. 162 n.<sup>30</sup> and 163 n.<sup>33</sup> The '*Tatler* of this day' was No. 7 of Harrison's series.

how he has taken his old officers, and there is a most humble letter from Morphew and Lilly to beg his pardon, &c. And lastly, this morning Ford sent me two letters from the Coffee-house (where I hardly ever go) one from the archbishop of Dublin,<sup>10</sup> and t'other from ———. Who do you think t'other was from?—I'll tell you, because you are friends; why then it was, faith it was from my own dear little MD, N. 10. Oh, but won't answer it now, no nooooooh, I'll keep it between the two sheets; here it is, just under; oh, I lifted up the sheet and saw it there: lie still, you shan't be answered yet, little letter; for I must go to bed, and take care of my head.

4. I avoid going to church yet, for fear of my head, though it has been much better these last five or six days, since I have taken lady Kerry's bitter. Our frost holds like a dragon. I went to Mr. Addison's, and dined with him at his lodgings; I had not seen him these three weeks, we are grown common acquaintance; yet what have not I done for his friend Steele? Mr. Harley reproached me the last time I saw him, that to please me he would be reconciled to Steele, and had promised and appointed to see him, and that Steele never came.<sup>11</sup> Harrison, whom Mr. Addison recommended to me, I have introduced to the secretary of state, who has promised me to take care of him; and I have represented Addison himself so to the ministry, that they think and talk in his favour, though they hated him before.—Well; he is now in my debt, and there's an end; and I never had the least obligation to him, and there's another end. This evening I had a message from Mr. Harley, desiring to know whether I was alive, and that I would dine with him to-morrow. They dine so late, that since my head has been wrong I have avoided being with them.—Patrick has been out of

<sup>10</sup> King wrote two letters to Swift during January, on the 9th and on the 13th (*Corresp.* i. 232-5).

<sup>11</sup> See, however, p. 128 n.<sup>51</sup>

favour these ten days; I talk dry and cross to him, and have called him Friend three or four times. But, sirrahs, get you gone.

5. Morning. I am going this morning to see Prior, who dines with me at Mr. Harley's; so I can't stay fiddling and talking with dear little brats in a morning, and 'tis still terribly cold.—I wish my cold hand was in the warmest place about you, young women, I'd give ten guineas upon that account with all my heart, faith; oh, it starves my thigh; so I'll rise, and bid you good morrow, my ladies both, good morrow. Come stand away, let me rise: Patrick, take away the candle. Is there a good fire?—So—up a-dazy.—At night. Mr. Harley did not sit down till six, and I staid till eleven; henceforth I will chuse to visit him in the evenings, and dine with him no more if I can help it. It breaks all my measures, and hurts my health; my head is disorderly, but not ill, and I hope it will mend.

6. Here has been such a hurry with the Queen's Birthday, so much fine cloaths,<sup>12</sup> and the Court so crowded that I did not go there. All the frost is gone. It thawed on Sunday, and so continues, yet ice is still on the Canal (I did not mean that of Laracor, but St. James's Park) and boys sliding on it. Mr. Ford pressed me to dine with him in his chamber.—Did not I tell you Patrick has got a bird, a linnet, to carry over to Dingley? It was very tame at first, and 'tis now the wildest I ever saw. He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing: I am as tame as a clout. When must we answer our MD's letter? One of these odd-come-shortlies.<sup>13</sup> This is a week old, you see, and no further yet. Mr. Harley desired I would dine with him again to-day; but I refused him, for

<sup>12</sup> Queen Anne was born 6 Feb. 1665. It was the custom to wear magnificent dresses at royal birthday celebrations. Cf. Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, i. 23; *Im. of Horace*, Ep. I. vi. 33, II. i. 332.

<sup>13</sup> An odd-come-short is an odd remainder of cloth, a fragment. See *O.E.D.*

I fell out with him yesterday, and will not see him again till he makes me amends:<sup>14</sup> and so I go to bed.

7. I was this morning early with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office, and saw a letter Mr. Harley had sent to him, desiring to be reconciled; but I was deaf to all intreaties, and have desired Lewis to go to him, and let him know I expect further satisfaction. If we let these great ministers pretend too much, there will be no governing them. He promises to make me easy, if I will but come and see him; but I won't, and he shall do it by message, or I will cast him off. I'll tell you the cause of our quarrel when I see you, and refer it to yourselves. In that he did something, which he intended for a favour; and I have taken it quite otherwise, disliking both the thing and the manner, and it has heartily vexed me, and all I have said is truth, though it looks like jest; and I absolutely refused to submit to his intended favour, and expect further satisfaction. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis. We have a monstrous deal of snow, and it has cost me two shillings to-day in chair and coach, and walk'd till I was dirty besides. I know not what it is now to read or write after I am in bed. The last thing I do up is to write something to our MD, and then get into bed, and put out my candle, and so go sleep as fast as ever I can. But in the mornings I do write sometimes in bed, as you know.

8.<sup>15</sup> Morning. *I have desired Apronia to be always careful, especially about the legs.* Pray, do you see any such great wit in that sentence? I must freely own that I do not. But party carries every thing now-a-days, and what a

<sup>14</sup> Harley sent Swift a bank bill for £50 (*post*, 7 Mar. 1710-11) as an acknowledgement of his *Examiners*. Swift was offended, and returned it in a letter addressed to Erasmus Lewis which was shown to Harley. In quoting this sentence from the original in his *Essay*, 1755, p. 323, Deane Swift reads 'me to dine' for 'I would dine'.

<sup>15</sup> Marlborough's love of money excited Swift's dislike, and in *The Examiner* for 8 Feb., No. 28 (27), he attacked the duke, as Marcus Crassus, for his avarice. A year later, 14 Feb. 1711-12, he returned to the attack in *The Fable of Midas* (*Poems*, pp. 155-8).

splutter have I heard about the wit of that saying, repeated with admiration above a hundred times in half an hour. Pray read it over again this moment, and consider it. I think the word is *advised*, and not *desired*. I should not have remembered it if I had not heard it so often. Why—aye—You must know I dreamt it just now, and waked with it in my mouth. Are you bit, or are you not, sirrahs? I met Mr. Harley in the court of requests, and he askt me how long I had learnt the trick of writing to myself? He had seen your letter through the glass-case at the Coffee-house, and would swear it was my hand;<sup>16</sup> and Mr. Ford, who took and sent it me, was of the same mind. I remember others have formerly said so too. I think I was little MD's writing-master.<sup>17</sup>—But come, what's here to do, writing to young women in a morning? I have other fish to fry; so good morrow, my ladies all, good morrow. Perhaps I'll answer your letter to-night, perhaps I won't; that's as saucy little Presto takes the humour.—At night. I walk'd in the park to-day in spite of the weather, as I do always when it does not actually rain. Do you know what? It has gone and done;<sup>18</sup> we had a thaw for three days, then a monstrous dirt and snow, and now it freezes, like a pot-lid, upon our snow. I dined with lady Betty Germain, the first time since I came for England; and there did I sit, like a booby, till eight, looking over her and another lady at picquet, when I had other business enough to do. It was the coldest day I felt this year.

9. Morning. After I had been a-bed an hour last night, I was forced to rise and call to the landlady and maid to have the fire removed in a chimney below stairs, which

<sup>16</sup> '*Stella's* hand had a great deal of the air of the doctor's; but she writ more legible, and rather better.'—Deane Swift. The resemblance is not very close; but a mistake might be made in reading the larger hand of an address to a letter. For a facsimile of *Stella's* hand see the frontispiece to vol. ii of the *Poems*.

<sup>17</sup> At Moor Park.

<sup>18</sup> Thus Deane Swift. Presumably he should have read: 'Do you know what it has gone and done? We . . .?'

made my bed-chamber smoke, though I had no fire in it. I have been twice served so. I never lay so miserable an hour in my life. Is it not plaguy vexatious?—It has snowed all night, and rains this morning.—Come, where's MD's letter? Come, Mrs. Letter, make your appearance. Here am I, says she, answer me to my face.—Oh, faith, I am sorry you had my twelfth so soon; I doubt you will stay longer for the rest. I'm so 'fraid you have got my fourteenth while I am writing this; and I would always have one letter from Presto reading, one travelling, and one writing. As for the box, I now believe it lost. It is directed for Mr. Curry at his house in Capel street, &c. I had a letter yesterday from Dr. Raymond in Chester, who says, he sent his man every where, and cannot find it; and God knows whether Mr. Smyth will have better success. Sterne spoke to him, and I writ to him with the bottle of palsy-water; that bottle I hope, will not miscarry: I long to hear you have it. Oh, faith, you have too good an opinion of Presto's care. I am negligent enough of every thing but MD, and I should not have trusted Sterne.—But it shall not go so: I will have one more tug for it.—As to what you say of goodman Peasly and Isaac,<sup>19</sup> I answer as I did before. Fye, child, you must not give yourself the way to believe any such thing: and afterwards, only for curiosity, you may tell me how these things are approved, and how you like them; and whether they instruct you in the present course of affairs, and whether they are printed in your town, or only sent from hence.—Sir Andrew Fountain is recovered; so take your sorrow again, but don't keep it, fling it to the dogs. And does little MD walk, indeed?—I'm glad of it at heart.—Yes, we have done with the plague here: it was very saucy in you to pretend to have it before your betters. Your intelligence that the story is false about the officers forced to sell,<sup>20</sup> is admirable. You

<sup>19</sup> Scott suggests that the allusion is to an unidentified pamphlet of which Swift was supposed to be the author. Cf. p. 426.

<sup>20</sup> Swift is commenting on Stella's reply to Letter XI, in which he told

may see them all three every day, no more in the army than you. Twelve shillings for mending the strong box; that is, for putting a farthing's worth of iron on a hinge, and gilding it; give him six shillings, and I'll pay it, and never employ him or hers again.—No—indeed, I put off preaching as much as I can. I am upon another foot: nobody doubts here whether I can preach, and you are fools.—The account you give of that weekly paper<sup>21</sup> agrees with us here. Mr. Prior was like to be insulted in the street for being supposed the author of it; but one of the last papers cleared him.<sup>22</sup> No-body knows who it is, but those few in the secret, I suppose the ministry and the printer.—Poor Stella's eyes, God bless them, and send them better. Pray spare them, and write not above two lines a day in broad day-light. How does Stella look, madam Dingley? Pretty well; a handsome young woman still. Will she pass in a crowd? Will she make a figure in a country church?—Stay a little, fair ladies. I this minute sent Patrick to Sterne: he brings back word that your box is very safe with one Mr. Earl's sister in Chester, and that Colonel Edgworth's widow<sup>23</sup> goes for Ireland on Monday next, and will receive the box at Chester, and deliver it you safe: so there is some hopes now.—Well, let us go on to your letter.—The warrant is passed for the First-Fruits. The queen does not send a letter; but a patent will be drawn here, and that will take up time.<sup>24</sup> Mr. Harley of late has said nothing of presenting me to the queen:—I was overseen<sup>25</sup> when I mentioned it to you.

her that the report of the plague at Newcastle was false, and that Meredyth, Maccartney, and Honeywood had been cashiered (*ante*, pp. 118, 120).

<sup>21</sup> *The Examiner*.

<sup>22</sup> No. 27, 1 Feb.

<sup>23</sup> See p. 62 n.<sup>51</sup>

<sup>24</sup> The patent, bearing date 7 Feb. 1710–11, exonerated the clergy of Ireland from payment of twentieth parts; and it gave the first-fruits in trust to the Irish Archbishops, Sir Constantine Phipps, the Lord Chancellor, several of the Bishops, and other persons, to be applied towards purchasing glebes, building houses, and buying impropriations for the clergy. See Mant, *History of the Church of Ireland*, ii. 241.

<sup>25</sup> Mistaken.

He has such a weight of affairs on him, that he cannot mind all; but he talk'd of it three or four times to me, long before I dropt it to you. What, is not Mrs. Walls' business over yet? I had hopes she was up and well, and the child dead before this time.—You did right, at last, to send me your accounts; but I did not stay for them, I thank you. I hope you have your bill sent in my last, and there will be eight pounds interest soon due from Hawkshaw; pray look at his bond. I hope you are good managers, and that when I say so, Stella won't think I intend she should grudge herself wine. But going to those expensive lodgings requires some fund. I wish you had staid till I came over, for some reasons. That Frenchwoman<sup>26</sup> will be grumbling again in a little time, and if you are invited any where to the country, it will vex you to pay in absence; and the country may be necessary for poor Stella's health: but do as you like, and don't blame Presto.—Oh, but you are telling your reasons.—Well, I have read them; do as you please.—Yes, Raymond says, he must stay longer than he thought, because he cannot settle his affairs. M—— is<sup>27</sup> in the country at some friend's, comes to town in Spring, and then goes to settle in Herefordshire. Her husband is a surly ill-natured brute, and cares not she should see any body. O Lord, see how I blundered, and left two lines short; it was that ugly score in the paper<sup>28</sup> that made me mistake.—I believe you lie about the story of the fire, only to make it more odd. Bernage must go to Spain, and I will see to recommend him to the duke of Argyle, his general, when I see the duke next: but the officers tell me it would be dishonourable in the last degree for him to sell now, and he would never be preferred in the army; so that unless he designs to leave it for good and all, he must go. Tell him so, and that I would write if I knew where to direct to him; which I have said four-score times already. I had rather any thing almost than that you should

<sup>26</sup> Mrs. De Caudres. See p. 4 n.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>27</sup> See p. 30 n.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>28</sup> 'A crease in the sheet.'—Deane Swift.



strain yourselves to send a letter when it is inconvenient; we have settled that matter already. I'll write when I can, and so shall MD; and upon occasions extraordinary I will write, though it be a line; and when we have not letters soon, we agree that all things are well; and so that's settled for ever, and so hold your tongue.—Well, you shall have your pins; but for candles ends, I cannot promise, because I burn them to the stumps; besides, I remember what Stella told Dingley about them many years ago, and she may think the same thing of me.—And Dingley shall have her hinged spectacles.—Poor dear Stella, how durst you write those two lines by candle-light; bang your bones. Faith, this letter shall go to-morrow, I think, and that will be in ten days from the last, young women; that's too soon of all conscience: but answering yours has filled it up so quick, and I don't design to use you to three pages in folio, no noooooh. All this is one morning's work in bed;—and so good morrow, little sirrahs; that's for the rhyme.<sup>29</sup> You want politicks: faith, I can't think of any; but may be at night I may tell you a passage. Come, sit off the bed, and let me rise, will you?—At night. I dined to day with my neighbour Van-homrigh; it was such dismal weather I could not stir further. I have had some threatenings with my head, but no fits. I still drink Dr. Radcliffe's bitter, and will continue it.

10. I was this morning to see the secretary of state, and have engaged him to give a memorial from me to the duke of Argyle in behalf of Bernage. The duke is a man that distinguishes people of merit, and I will speak to him myself; but the secretary backing it will be very effectual, and I will take care to have it done to purpose. Pray tell Bernage so, and that I think nothing can be luckier for him, and that I would have him go by all means. I will order it that the duke shall send for him when they are

<sup>29</sup> 'In the original it was, *good mallows, little sollahs*. But in these words, and many others, he writes constantly *ll* for *rr*.'—Deane Swift.

in Spain; or, if he fails, that he shall receive him kindly when he goes to wait on him. Can I do more? Is not this a great deal?—I now send away this letter, that you may not stay.—I dined with Ford upon his Opera-day, and am now come home, and am going to study; don't you presume to guess, sirrahs, impudent saucy dear boxes. Towards the end of a letter I could not say saucy boxes without putting *dear* between. En't that right now? Farewel. *This should be longer, but that I send it to-night,*<sup>30</sup>

O silly, silly loggerhead!

I send a letter this post to one Mr. Staunton,<sup>31</sup> and I direct it to Mr. Acton's in St. Michael's-Lane. He formerly lodged there, but he has not told me where to direct. Pray send to that Acton, whether<sup>32</sup> the letter is come there, and whether he has sent it to Staunton.

If Bernage designs to sell his commission and stay at home, pray let him tell me so, that my recommendation to the duke of Argyle may not be in vain.

## LETTER XVI

[SATURDAY]

London, Feb. 10, 1710-11.

I HAVE just dispatched my fifteenth to the post; I tell you how things will be, after I have got a letter from MD. I am in furious haste to finish mine, for fear of having two of MD's to answer in one of Presto's, which would be such

<sup>30</sup> 'Those letters which are in *Italicks*, in the original are of a monstrous size, which occasioned his calling himself a loggerhead.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>31</sup> British Museum, Add. MS. 38671. This letter, dated 10 Feb. 1710-11, has been printed by A. Martin Freeman, *Vanessa and her Correspondence with Jonathan Swift*, pp. 193-5. Thomas Staunton carried out legal business for Swift over many years (*Corresp.* ii. 314, 316, 345; iii. 241). The letter about which Stella was asked to make inquiries informed Staunton that Swift had recommended him to Harry Temple. In Jan. 1725-6 Swift accused Temple, who had then become Viscount Palmerston, of the spiteful dismissal of Staunton (*Corresp.* iii. 297-302). Staunton's daughter, Deborah, married, 19 June 1722, Swift's friend John Rochfort, M.P. for Ballyshannon.

<sup>32</sup> i.e. to ask whether.

a disgrace, never saw the like; but before you write to me I write at my leisure, like a gentleman, a little every day, just to let you know how matters go, and so and so; and I hope before this comes to you, you'll have got your box and chocolate, and Presto will take more care another time.

11. Morning. I must rise and go see my lord keeper,<sup>1</sup> which will cost me two shillings in coach-hire. Don't you call them two thirteens?<sup>2</sup>—At night. It has rained all day, and there was no walking. I read prayers to sir Andrew Fountain in the forenoon,<sup>3</sup> and I dined with three Irishmen, at one Mr. Cope's<sup>4</sup> lodgings; the other two were one Morris an archdeacon,<sup>5</sup> and Mr. Ford. When I came home this evening, I expected that little jackanapes Harrison would have come to get help about his *Tatler* for Tuesday: I have fixed two evenings in the week which I allow him to come. The toad never came, and I expecting him fell a reading, and left off other business.—Come, what are you doing? How do you pass your time this ugly weather? Gaming and drinking, I suppose: fine diversions for young ladies, truly. I wish you had some of our Seville oranges, and we some of your wine. We have the

<sup>1</sup> Sir Simon Harcourt.

<sup>2</sup> In 1687 James II, by proclamation, made an English shilling equivalent to thirteen pence in Ireland, and an English guinea to twenty-four shillings.

<sup>3</sup> This is Deane Swift's reading. Nichols, followed by Scott, changed the word to 'afternoon'. Ryland, Aitken, and Moorhead revert to the original reading.

<sup>4</sup> This is the only mention in the *Journal* of Robert Cope, who had a country seat at Loughgall in the county of Armagh. A strong Tory, he sat for his country in Queen Anne's last Irish Parliament. Swift paid summer visits to Loughgall in 1717, probably in 1720, in 1722, and almost certainly on other occasions (*Corresp.* ii. 392; iii. 53, 131 n.<sup>1</sup>; *Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. Nichol Smith, p. 95; Sheridan's *Life of Swift*, 1784, pp. 217 n., 431). Swift addressed verses to Cope's second wife, who was a daughter of Sir William Fownes (*Poems*, pp. 320-2).

<sup>5</sup> Theodore Morris (or Maurice), who took his M.A. at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1692, became rector of Desertcreat in 1708. He was Archdeacon of Tuam from 1706 till his death in 1731 (J. B. Leslie, *Armagh Clergy*, p. 219). See also *Corresp.* ii. 392-3.

finest oranges for two-pence apiece, and the basest wine for six shillings a bottle. They tell me wine grows cheap with you. I am resolved to have half a hogshead when I get to Ireland, if it be good and cheap, as it used to be; and I'll treat MD at my table in an evening, oh hoa, and laugh at great ministers of state.

12. The days are grown fine and long, — be thanked. O faith, you forget all our little sayings, and I am angry. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John: I went to the court of requests at noon, and sent Mr. Harley into the house to call the secretary, to let him know I would not dine with him if he dined late. By good luck the duke of Argyle was at the lobby of the house too, and I kept him in talk till the secretary came out, then told them I was glad to meet them together, and that I had a request to the duke which the secretary must second, and his grace must grant. The duke said he was sure it was something insignificant, and wished it was ten times greater. At the secretary's house I writ a memorial, and gave it to the secretary to give the duke, and shall see that he does it. It is, that his Grace will please to take Mr. Bernage into his protection; and if he finds Bernage answers my character, to give him all encouragement. Colonel Masham and Colonel Hill (Mrs. Masham's<sup>6</sup> brother) tell me my request is reasonable, and they will second it heartily to the duke too: so I reckon Bernage is on a very good foot when he goes to Spain. Pray tell him this,

<sup>6</sup> Abigail Hill, daughter of Francis Hill, a merchant in the city, was first cousin to the Duchess of Marlborough and related to Harley. After she had been made bedchamber woman to the Queen, by the influence of the Duchess, she gradually supplanted her in Anne's favour. In 1707 she was privately married to Samuel Masham (p. 169 n.<sup>6</sup>). In 1711, on the dismissal of the Duchess of Marlborough, she was given the charge of the Privy Purse. See *Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough*, 1742, pp. 214-28, 243-54, 264-6, 308, 315-16. After the Queen's death Lady Masham lived in retirement at Hagley, near Slough. She died in 1734. For Swift's account of the part she played in politics see *Memoirs relating to that Change in the Queen's Ministry*, *Prose Works*, v. 365 ff.

though perhaps I will write to him before he goes; yet where shall I direct? for I suppose he has left Conolly's.<sup>7</sup>

13. I have left off lady Kerry's bitter, and got another box of pills. I have no fits of giddiness, but only some little disorders towards it; and I walk as much as I can. Lady Kerry is just as I am, only a great deal worse: I dined to-day at lord Shelburn's, where she is, and we conn ailments, which makes us very fond of each other. I have taken Mr. Harley into favour again, and called to see him, but he was not within; I will use to visit him after dinner, for he dines too late for my head: then I went to visit poor Congreve, who is just getting out of a severe fit of the gout, and I sat with him till near nine o'clock. He gave me a *Tatler*<sup>8</sup> he had written out, as blind as he is, for little Harrison. 'Tis about a scoundrel that was grown rich, and went and bought a Coat of Arms at the Herald's, and a set of ancestors at Fleet-ditch; 'tis well enough, and shall be printed in two or three days, and if you read those kind of things, this will divert you. 'Tis now between ten and eleven, and I am going to bed.

14. This was Mrs. Vanhomrigh's daughter's Birthday, and Mr. Ford and I were invited to dinner to keep it, and we spent the evening there drinking punch. That was our way of beginning Lent;<sup>9</sup> and in the morning lord Shelburn, lady Kerry, Mrs. Pratt and I went to Hyde-park, instead of going to church; for till my head is a little settled, I think it better not to go; it would be so silly and troublesome to go out sick. Dr. Duke<sup>10</sup> died suddenly

<sup>7</sup> See p. 31 n.<sup>27</sup>

<sup>8</sup> No. 14 of Harrison's series.

<sup>9</sup> Ash Wednesday. In 1711 Easter Day fell on 1 Apr., O.S.

<sup>10</sup> Richard Duke, born in 1658, was briefly noticed by Johnson (*Lives of the Poets*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, ii. 24-5). He was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became a fellow in 1683. A friend of Otway and of Dryden, he contributed to the first volume of Dryden's *Miscellanies*. He took orders about 1685, and in 1687 was presented to the living of Blaby in Lincolnshire. In the following year he was made prebendary of Gloucester. Later he became chaplain to the Bishop of Winchester, chaplain to the Queen; and in 1708 received the

two or three nights ago; he was one of the wits when we were children, but turned parson, and left it, and never writ further than a prologue or commendatory copy of verses. He had a fine living given him by the bishop of Winchester<sup>11</sup> about three months ago; he got his living suddenly, and he got his dying so too.

15.<sup>12</sup> I walked purely<sup>13</sup> to-day about the Park, the rain being just over, of which we have had a great deal, mixt with little short frosts. I went to the court of requests, thinking if Mr. Harley dined early, to go with him. But meeting Leigh and Sterne, they invited me to dine with them, and away we went. When we got into his room, one H——, <sup>14</sup> a worthless Irish fellow, was there ready to dine with us, so I stept out and whispered them, that I would not dine with that fellow; they made excuses, and begged me to stay, but away I went to Mr. Harley's, and he did not dine at home, and at last I dined at Sir John Germain's, and found lady Betty but just recovered of a miscarriage. I am writing an inscription for lord Berkeley's tomb:<sup>15</sup> you know the young rake his son, the new rich living of Witney in Oxfordshire (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, vi. 332). He died suddenly on 10 Feb. 1710-11.

<sup>11</sup> Sir Jonathan Trelawny, 1650-1721, successively Bishop of Bristol, 1685-9, of Exeter, 1689-1707, and of Winchester, 1707-21. He was one of the seven bishops committed to the Tower by James II in 1688.

<sup>12</sup> In *The Examiner*, No. 29 (28), which appeared on 15 Feb., Swift commented upon some of his pamphleteer critics, and confessed a difficulty in that he was 'worried on the one side by the Whigs for being too severe, and by the Tories on the other for being too gentle'.

<sup>13</sup> See p. 28 n.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>14</sup> Possibly the Rev. Francis Higgins (p. 408 n.<sup>18</sup>).

<sup>15</sup> On the previous day Robert Nelson, author of the popular *Companion for the Festivals and Fasts of the Church of England*, 1704, who had married a sister of the Earl, wrote to remind Swift of the Latin inscription he had promised to compose for Berkeley's monument (*Corresp.* i. 237). The original of this letter is in the British Museum (Add. MS. 4804, ff. 44, 45). Nelson characteristically dated it by the Church Fast only; and Swift endorsed the letter 'Mr Nelson | Ash-Wednesday 1710/11'. Some one has written, below Nelson's date, 'Feb. 22d.', and this date, that of Ash Wednesday in 1710, has been followed by all editors. The letter should

earl,<sup>16</sup> is married to the duke of Richmond's daughter, at the duke's country house, and are now coming to town. She'll be fluxed in two months, and they'll be parted in a year. You ladies are brave, bold, ventersome folks; and the chit is but seventeen, and is ill-natured, covetous, vicious, and proud in extreams. And so get you gone to Stoite to-morrow.

16. Faith this letter goes on but slow, 'tis a week old, and the first side not written. I went to-day into the city for a walk, but the person I designed to dine with was not at home; so I came back and called at Congreve's, and dined with him and Eastcourt, and laughed till six, then went to Mr. Harley's, who was not gone to dinner; there I staid till nine, and we made up our quarrel, and he has invited me to dinner to-morrow, which is the day of the week (Saturday) that lord keeper and secretary St. John dine with him privately, and at last they have consented to let me among them on that day. Atterbury and Prior went to bury poor Dr. Duke. Congreve's nasty white wine has given me the heart-burn.

17. I took some good walks in the Park to-day, and then went to Mr. Harley. Lord Rivers was got there before me, and I chid him for presuming to come on a day when only lord keeper and the secretary and I were to be there; but he regarded me not; so we all dined together,<sup>17</sup> and sat down at four; and the secretary has invited me to dine with him to-morrow. I told them I had no hopes they could ever keep in, but that I saw they loved one another so well, as indeed they seem to do. They call me nothing but Jonathan; and I said, I believed they

be dated 14 Feb., on which day Ash Wednesday fell in 1711. On the verso of Nelson's letter Swift has written a draft of the Latin inscription. See Nichols, *Works*, 1801, xi. 131, and xviii. 421; *Corresp.* i. 389.

<sup>16</sup> See p. 172 n.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>17</sup> This was the first occasion on which Swift was admitted to what may be described as Harley's inner cabinet meetings. In his *Memoirs relating to that Change in the Queen's Ministry* (*Prose Works*, v. 384) Swift gives some further account of these Saturday dinners.

set of above a hundred parliament-men of the country, who drink October beer at home, and meet every evening at a tavern near the parliament, to consult affairs, and drive things on to extreams against the Whigs, to call the old ministry to account, and get off five or six heads. The ministry seem not to regard them, yet one of them in confidence told me, that there must be something thought on to settle things better. I'll tell you one great state-secret; The queen, sensible how much she was governed by the late ministry, runs a little into t'other extream, and is jealous in that point, even of those who got her out of the others hands. The ministry is for gentler measures, and the other Tories for more violent. Lord Rivers, talking to me the other day, cursed the paper called *The Examiner*, for speaking civilly of the duke of Marlborough;<sup>22</sup> this I happened to talk of to the secretary, who blamed the warmth of that lord and some others, and swore, that if their advice were followed, they would be blown up in twenty-four hours. And I have reason to think, that they will endeavour to prevail on the queen to put her affairs more into the hands of a ministry than she does at present; and there are, I believe, two men thought on, one<sup>23</sup> of them you have often met the name of in my letters. But so much for politicks.

· 19. This proved a terrible rainy day, which prevented my walk into the city, and I was only able to run and dine with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, where Sir Andrew Fountain dined too, who has just began to sally out,<sup>24</sup> and

<sup>22</sup> The passage which incensed Lord Rivers was, doubtless, that which appeared in the last number of *The Examiner*, No. 29, for 15 Feb.: 'Nobody that I know of did ever dispute the Duke of M[arlborough]'s courage, conduct or success, they have been always unquestionable, and will continue to be so, in spite of the malice of his enemies, or, which is yet more, the *weakness of his advocates*. The nation only wished to see him taken out of ill hands, and put into better.'

<sup>23</sup> Harley.

<sup>24</sup> For a reference to Fountaine's illness and recovery see Hearne's *Collections*, iii. 121.



has shipt his mother and sister, who were his nurses, back to the country. This evening was fair, and I walkt a little in the Park, till Prior made me go with him to the Smyrna Coffee-house, where I sat a while, and saw four or five Irish persons, who are very handsome genteel fellows, but I know not their names. I came away at seven, and got home. Two days ago I writ to Bernage, and told him what I had done, and directed the letter to Mr. Curry's to be left with Dingley. Brigadiers Hill and Masham, brother and husband to Mrs. Masham, the queen's favourite, colonel Disney<sup>25</sup> and I, have recommended Bernage to the duke of Argyle; and secretary St. John has given the duke my memorial; and besides, Hill tells me, that Bernage's colonel, Fielding,<sup>26</sup> designs to make him his captain lieutenant: but I believe I said this to you before, and in this letter, but I will not look.

20. Morning. It snows terribly again, and 'tis mistaken, for I now want a little good weather; I bid you good morrow, and if it clear up, get you gone to poor Mrs. Walls, who has had a hard time of it, but is now pretty well again; I am sorry it is a girl; the poor archdeacon too,

<sup>25</sup> Henry Desaulnais, a French Huguenot, who anglicized his name as Disney, or Desney. In 1694 he was an Ensign in the First Foot Guards, and was promoted Lieutenant, 15 Feb. 1695. He became Captain in Colonel Meredyth's regiment of foot, 23 Apr. 1706, Captain of the Foot Guards (with the rank of Lt.-Col. of Foot), 13 Mar. 1708, and Colonel of Colonel Thomas Alnut's regiment of foot, 23 Oct. 1710. In 1711 he served with the expedition to Canada. On 25 July 1715 he sold his colonelcy. On 25 Dec. 1725 he became Colonel of the 29th Foot (Dalton's *Army Lists*, v. 44, 241, Pt. ii. 6; vi. 44, 241; *George the First's Army*, i. 365; ii. 400). Disney died 21 Nov. 1731, and was buried in the east cloister of Westminster Abbey. He was a friend of Bolingbroke (Sichel's *Bolingbroke*, i. 288). See further Gay's *Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece*, ll. 29-32; *Wentworth Papers*, p. 108; Lady M. W. Montagu's *Works*, 1817, v. 176; *Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. Nichol Smith, p. 58 n.

<sup>26</sup> Probably Col. Edmund Fielding, father of Henry Fielding, the novelist. In 1696 he became an Ensign in the First Foot Guards. Before 1704 he was a Captain in Brig.-General Webb's foot. In 1709 he was Colonel of a regiment of foot. In 1713 he was on half-pay. He died in 1741 as a Lieutenant-General (Dalton's *Army Lists*, v, Pt. ii. 43).

see how simply he lookt when they told him: what did it cost Stella to be gossip?<sup>27</sup> I'll rise, so d'ye hear, let me see you at night, and don't stay late out, and catch cold, sirrahs.—At night. It grew good weather, and I got a good walk, and dined with Ford upon his Opera-day: but now all his wine is gone, I shall dine with him no more. I hope to send this letter before I hear from MD, methinks there's—something great in doing so, only I can't express where it lies; and faith this shall go by Saturday, as sure as you're a rogue. Mrs. Edgworth was to set out but last Monday, so you won't have your box so soon perhaps as this letter; but Sterne told me since, that it is safe at Chester, and that she will take care of it. I'd give a guinea you had it.

21. Morning. Faith, I hope it will be fair for me to walk into the city, for I take all occasions of walking.—I should be plaguy busy at Laracor if I were there now, cutting down willows, planting others, scouring my canal, and every kind of thing. If Raymond goes over this summer, you must submit, and make them a visit, that we may have another eel and trout fishing; and that Stella may ride by and see Presto in his morning-gown in the garden, and so go up with Joe to the Hill of Bree, and round by Scurlock's Town;<sup>28</sup> O Lord, how I remember names; faith it gives me short sighs: therefore no more of that if you love me. Good morrow, I'll go rise like a gentleman, my pills say I must.—At night. Lady Kerry sent to desire me to engage some lords about an affair she has in their house here: I called to see her, but found she had already engaged every lord I knew, and that there was no great difficulty in the matter, and it rained like a dog; so I took coach, for want of better exercise, and dined privately with a hang-dog in the city, and walkt back in the evening. The days are now long enough to walk in the Park after dinner; and so I do whenever it is fair.

<sup>27</sup> Godmother.

<sup>28</sup> Scurlockstown is a parish near Trim.

This walking is a<sup>29</sup> strange remedy; Mr. Prior walks to make himself fat, and I to bring myself down; he has generally a cough, which he only calls a cold: we often<sup>29</sup> round the Park together. So I'll go sleep.

22.<sup>30</sup> It snowed all this morning prodigiously, and was some inches thick in three or four hours. I dined with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office at his lodgings: the chairmen that carried me squeezed a great fellow against a wall, who wisely turned his back, and broke one of the side glasses in a thousand pieces. I fell a scolding, pretended I was like to be cut to pieces, and made them set down the chair in the Park, while they pickt out the bits of glasses: and when I paid them, I quarrelled still, so they dared not grumble, and I came off for my fare: but I was plaguily afraid [they] would have said, God bless your honour, won't you give us something for our glass? Lewis and I were forming a project how I might get three or four hundred pounds,<sup>31</sup> which I suppose may come to nothing. I hope Smyth has brought you your palsy drops; how does Stella do? I begin more and more to desire to know. The three weeks since I had your last is over within two days, and I'll allow three for accidents.

23. The snow is gone every bit, except the remainder of some great balls made by the boys. Mr. Sterne was with me this morning about an affair he has before the treasury. That drab Mrs. Edgworth is not yet set out, but will infallibly next Monday, and this is the third infallible Monday, and pox take her! So you will have this letter first; and this shall go to-morrow; and if I have one from MD in that time, I will not answer it till my next; only I will say, Madam, I received your letter,

<sup>29</sup> The word 'walk' appears to have been omitted either in the original manuscript or by the printer.

<sup>30</sup> The contents of *The Examiner*, No. 30 (29), which appeared on 22 Feb. were general, but chiefly directed once again to show that a change of government was necessary on account of the corruptions and ambitions of previous ministers.

<sup>31</sup> See p. 194.

and so, and so. I dined to-day with my Mrs. Butler,<sup>32</sup> who grows very disagreeable.

24. Morning. This letter certainly goes this evening, sure as you're alive, young women, and then you'll be so shamed that I have had none from you; and if I was to reckon like you, I would say, I were six letters before you, for this is N. 16, and I have had your N. 10. But I reckon you have received but fourteen and have sent eleven. I think to go to-day a minister-of-state-hunting in the court of requests; for I have something to say to Mr. Harley. And 'tis fine cold sunshiny weather; I wish dear MD would walk this morning in your Stephen's-Green: 'tis as good as our Park, but not so large.<sup>33</sup> Faith this summer we'll take a coach for six-pence<sup>34</sup> to the Green Well, the two walks, and thence all the way to Stoite's.<sup>35</sup> My hearty service to goody Stoite and Catherine, and I hope Mrs. Walls had a good time. How inconstant I am? I can't imagine I was ever in love with her. Well, I'm going; what have you to say? *I don't care how I write now.*<sup>36</sup> I don't design to write on this side, these few lines are but so much more than your due, so I'll write *large* or small as I please. Oh, faith, my hands are starving in bed; I believe it is a hard frost. I must rise, and bid you good bye, for I'll seal this letter immediately, and carry it in my pocket, and put it into the post-office with my own fair hands. Farewel.

This letter is just a fortnight's journal to-day. Yes,

<sup>32</sup> See p. 12 n.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>33</sup> 'It is a measured mile round the outer wall; and far beyond any the finest *Square* in *London*.'—Deane Swift. It is still the finest open space within Dublin.

<sup>34</sup> 'The common fare for a set-down in *Dublin*.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>35</sup> 'Mrs. *Stoite* lived at Donnybrook, the road to which from *Stephen's-Green* ran into the country about a mile from the *South-East* corner.'—Deane Swift. See p. 79 n.<sup>6</sup> For a description of Donnybrook and its surroundings see Ball, *Hist. of the County of Dublin*, Pt. ii, pp. 48–63.

<sup>36</sup> 'Those words in *Italicks* are written in a very large hand, and so is the word in one of the next lines.'—Deane Swift.

and so it is, I'm sure, says you, with your two eggs a penny.

There, there, there.<sup>37</sup>

O Lord, I am saying There, There, to myself in all our little keys: and now you talk of keys, that dog Patrick broke the key general of the chest of drawers with six locks, and I have been so plagued to get a new one, besides my good two shillings.

## LETTER XVII

[SATURDAY]

London, Feb. 24, 1710-11.

NOW, young women, I gave in my sixteenth this evening. I dined with Ford, it was his Opera-day as usual; it is very convenient to me to do so, for coming home early after a walk in the Park, which now the days will allow. I called on the secretary at his office, and he had forgot to give the memorial about Bernage to the duke of Argyle; but two days ago I met the duke, who desired I would give it him myself, which should have more power with him than all the ministry together, as he protested solemnly, repeated it two or three times, and bid me count upon it. So that I verily believe Bernage will be in a very good way to establish himself. I think I can do no more for him at present, and there's an end of that; and so get you gone to bed, for it is late.

25. The three weeks are out yesterday since I had your last, and so now I will be expecting every day a pretty dear letter from my own MD, and hope to hear that Stella has been much better in her head and eyes; my head continues as it was, no fits, but a little disorder every day, which I can easily bear, if it will not grow worse. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, on condition I might chuse my company, which were lord Rivers, lord Carteret, Sir

<sup>37</sup> 'In his Cypher way of writing to *Stella*, he writes the word *There*, *Lele*.'—Deane Swift thus explains one of his editorial practices. On 'Lele' see Introduction, p. lvi.

Thomas Mansel,<sup>1</sup> and Mr. Lewis; I invited Masham, Hill, Sir John Stanley, and George Granville, but they were engaged; and I did it in revenge of his having such bad company when I dined with him before; so we laughed, &c. And I ventured to go to church to-day, which I have not done this month before. Can you send me such a good account of Stella's health, pray now? Yes, I hope, and better too. We dined (says you) at the dean's, and played at cards till twelve, and there came in Mr. French,<sup>2</sup> and Dr. Travers, and Dr. Whittingham, and Mr. (I forget his name, that I always tell Mrs. Walls of) the banker's son, a pox on him. And we were so merry; I vow they are pure good company. But I lost a crown; for you must know I had always hands tempting me to go out, but never took in any thing, and often two black aces without a manilio; was not that hard, Presto? Hold your tongue, &c.

26. I was this morning with Mr. secretary about some business, and he tells me, that colonel Fielding is now going to make Bernage his captain-lieutenant, that is, a captain by commission, and the perquisites of the company, but not captain's pay, only the first step to it. I

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Mansell, 1668?-1723, succeeded his father as sixth Baronet in 1706. He was Comptroller of the Household to Queen Anne, 1704-8, and again 1711-12, succeeding Sir John Holland on the second occasion. From 1712 to 1714 he was one of the Tellers to the Exchequer. On 1 Jan. 1712 he was created Baron Mansell of Margam. He died in 1750. Swift considered him of 'a very moderate capacity' (*Prose Works*, x. 281).

<sup>2</sup> It is possible that 'Mr. French' was John French, of French Park, co. Roscommon, M.P. co. Galway, 1703-13, who died in 1734; but, more probably, he was the Rev. Matthew French, who was elected a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1699 (*Alum. Dub.*). The Rev. John Travers, D.D., rector of St. Andrews, Dublin, was Chancellor of Christ Church, a prebendary of St. Patrick's, and chaplain to the Irish House of Commons. He died in 1727. The Rev. Charles Whittingham had been a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin. He was Archdeacon of Dublin from 1720 to the year of his death, 1743. The banker, whose son's name Swift could not remember, was Benjamin Burton (*post*, p. 266 n.<sup>29</sup>). He had six sons. The reference must be to the eldest, Samuel Burton, M.P. for Sligo, 1713-14.

suppose he will like it, and the recommendation to the duke of Argyle goes on. And so trouble me no more about your Bernage; the jackanapes understands what fair solicitors he has got, I warrant you. Sir Andrew Fountain<sup>3</sup> and I dined, by invitation, with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. You say they are of no consequence: why, they keep as good female company as I do male; I see all the drabs of quality at this end of the town with them; I saw two lady Bettys<sup>4</sup> there this afternoon, the beauty of one, the good breeding and nature of t'other, and the wit of neither,<sup>5</sup> would have made a fine woman. Rare walking in the Park now: why don't you walk in the Green of St. Stephen? The walks there are finer gravelled than the Mall. What beasts the Irish women are, never to walk!

27. Darteneuf and I and little Harrison, the new *Tailor*, and Jervas the painter, dined to-day with James, I know not his other name,<sup>6</sup> but it is one of Darteneuf's dining places, who is a true epicure. James is clerk of the kitchen to the queen, and has a little snug house at St. James's, and we had the queen's wine, and such very fine victuals, that I could not eat it.—Three weeks and three days since my last letter from MD, rare doings: why truly we were so busy with poor Mrs. Walls, that indeed, Presto, we could not write, we were afraid the poor woman would have died; and it pitied us to see the archdeacon, how concerned he was. The dean<sup>7</sup> never came to see her but

<sup>3</sup> Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, p. 259, quotes a few sentences from the entries for 26 Feb. and 1 Mar. 1710-II from the originals 'now lying before me'. For 26 Feb., between 'Sir Andrew Fountain' and 'fine woman' the following verbal variants occur: at this end] of this end *Essay*; t'other] both *Essay*.

<sup>4</sup> Lady Betty Butler and Lady Betty Germain.

<sup>5</sup> Without the wit of either.

<sup>6</sup> James Eckershall, who is twice again mentioned in the *Journal* (pp. 375, 587), was 'second clerk of the Queen's Privy Kitchen' (Chamberlayne, *Magnae Britanniae Notitia*, 1710, p. 356), and Gentleman Usher to Queen Anne. He died at Drayton in 1753, aged 74. He was a friend of Pope (Pope's *Works*, Elwin and Courthope, x. 228-9).

<sup>7</sup> John Stearne, Dean of St. Patrick's.

once; but now she is up again, and we go and sit with her in the evenings. The child died the next day after it was born, and I believe, between friends, she is not very sorry for it.—Indeed, Presto, you are plaguy silly to-night, and han't guest one word right; for she and the child are both well, and it is a fine girl, likely to live; and the dean was godfather, and Mrs. Catherine and I were god-mothers; I was going to say Stoite, but I think I have heard they don't put maids and married women together; though I know not why I think so, nor I don't care; what care I? but I must prate, &c.

28. I walked to-day into the city for my health, and there dined, which I always do when the weather is fair, and business permits, that I may be under a necessity of taking a good walk, which is the best thing I can do at present for my health. Some bookseller has raked up every thing I writ, and published it t'other day in one volume; but I know nothing of it, 'twas without my knowledge or consent: it makes a four shilling book, and is called *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*.<sup>8</sup> Took pretends he knows nothing of it, but I doubt he is at the bottom. One must have patience with these things; the best of it is, I shall be plagued no more. However, I'll bring a couple of them over with me for MD, perhaps you may desire to see them. I hear they sell mightily.

March 1.<sup>9</sup> Morning. I have been calling to Patrick to look in his Almanack for the day of the month; I did not know but it might be Leap-year. The Almanack says 'tis The third after Leap-year, and I always thought till now, that every third year was Leap-year. I'm glad they

<sup>8</sup> See p. 62 n.<sup>52</sup> Swift was fully cognizant of the intended publication. Advertisements of the book appeared in *The Post Boy*, 24-7 Feb., *The Daily Courant*, 28 Feb., and frequently thereafter in various newspapers.

<sup>9</sup> In *The Examiner* of 1 Mar., No. 31 (30), Swift stressed the danger of faction, extolled the merit of the Queen's ministers, and deplored the freedom allowed to 'every scurrilous libeller'.



come so seldom; but I'm sure 'twas otherwise when I was a young man; I see times are mightily changed since then.—Write to me, sirrahs, be sure do by the time this side is done, and I'll keep t'other side for the answer: so I'll go write to the bishop of Clogher; good morrow, sirrahs.—Night. I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, being a rainy day, and lady Betty Butler knowing it, sent to let me know she expected my company in the evening, where the *Vans* (so we call them) were to be. The duchess<sup>10</sup> and she<sup>11</sup> do not go over this summer with the duke; so I go to bed.

2. This rainy weather undoes me in coaches and chairs. I was traipsing to-day with your Mr. Sterne, to go along with them to Moor,<sup>12</sup> and recommend his business to the treasury. Sterne tells me his dependence is wholly on me; but I have absolutely refused to recommend it to Mr. Harley, because I troubled him lately so much with other folks affairs; and besides, to tell the truth, Mr. Harley told me he did not like Sterne's business; however, I will serve him, because I suppose MD would have me. But in saying his dependence lies wholly on me, he lies, and is a fool. I dined with lord Abercorn, whose

<sup>10</sup> In 1685 the Duke of Ormonde, then Earl of Ossory, married, as his second wife, Lady Mary Somerset, eldest surviving daughter of Henry, first Duke of Beaufort. She died in 1733. After her husband's exile in 1715 she is said never to have seen him again.

<sup>11</sup> Deane Swift, *Essay*, p. 259, quoting from the original (p. 202 n.<sup>3</sup>), reads 'she', which is obviously right. In the published letters the reading is 'they'. But the reference is to Lady Betty Butler, not to the 'Vans'.

<sup>12</sup> Arthur Moore, 1666?-1730, was a remarkable man. Born of humble parents in Ireland, he acquired an extensive knowledge of finance and trade. He was M.P. for Grimsby (with a short interval) 1695-1715. In 1704 he was appointed a Comptroller of Army Accounts, and, in Sept. 1710, a Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations. Towards the close of Anne's reign he supported Bolingbroke against Oxford. He was also a director of the South Sea Company, but in 1714 he was cited for clandestine trade and declared incapable of further employment. In his latter years his credit was broken by extravagance. See the observations of Dartmouth and Onslow, Burnet, *Own Time*, vi. 151-2.

son Peasley<sup>13</sup> will be married at Easter to ten thousand pounds.

3. I forgot to tell you that yesterday morning I was at Mr. Harley's levee: he swore I came in spight, to see him among a parcel of fools. My business was to desire I might let the duke of Ormond know how the affair stood of the First-Fruits. He promised to let him know it, and engaged me to dine with him to-day. Every Saturday lord keeper, secretary St. John, and I dine with him, and sometimes lord Rivers, and they let in none else. Patrick brought me some letters into the Park; among which was one from Walls, and t'other, yes faith, t'other was from our little MD, N. 11. I read the rest in the Park, and MD's in a chair as I went from St. James's to Mr. Harley, and glad enough I was faith to read it, and see all right: Oh, but I won't answer it these three or four days, at least, or may be sooner. An't I silly; Faith your letters would make a dog silly, if I had a dog to be silly, but it must be a little dog.—I staid with Mr. Harley till past nine, where we had much discourse together after the rest were gone; and I gave him very truly my opinion where he desired it. He complained he was not very well, and has engaged me to dine with him again on Monday. So I came home afoot, like a fine gentleman, to tell you all this.

4. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John; and after dinner he had a note from Mr. Harley, that he was much out of order; pray God preserve his health, every thing depends upon it. The Parliament at present cannot go a step without him, nor the queen neither. I long to be in Ireland; but the ministry beg me to stay: however,

<sup>13</sup> James Hamilton, 1686–1744, Lord Paisley, second son of the sixth Earl of Abercorn (p. 116 n.<sup>43</sup>), whom he succeeded in 1734, married Anne, eldest surviving daughter of Colonel John Plumer of Blakesware, Hertfordshire. She died in 1776. Lord Paisley had scientific tastes. In 1715 he was elected a F.R.S.; and in 1729 he published a work on the attractive power of loadstones.

when this parliament lurry<sup>14</sup> is over, I will endeavour to steal away; by which time I hope the First-Fruit business will be done. This kingdom is certainly ruined as much as was ever any bankrupt merchant. We must have *Peace*, let it be a bad or a good one, though no-body dares talk of it. The nearer I look upon things, the worse I like them. I believe the confederacy will soon break to pieces; and our factions at home increase. The ministry is upon a very narrow bottom, and stand like an Isthmus between the Whigs on one side, and violent Tories<sup>15</sup> on the other. They are able seamen, but the tempest is too great, the ship too rotten, and the crew all against them. Lord Somers had been twice in the queen's closet, once very lately; and your duchess of Somerset,<sup>16</sup> who now has the key, is a most insinuating woman, and I believe they will endeavour to play the same game that has been played against them.—I have told them of all this, which they know already, but they cannot help it. They have cautioned the queen so much against being governed, that she observes it too much. I could talk till to-morrow upon these things, but they make me melancholy. I could not but observe that lately, after much conversation with Mr. Harley, though he is the most fearless man alive, and the least apt to despond, he confessed to me, that uttering his mind to me gave him ease.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>14</sup> See p. 160 n.<sup>20</sup>

<sup>15</sup> The reference is in particular to the October Club. See p. 194 n.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>16</sup> Elizabeth, Baroness Percy, 1667-1722, was the only surviving daughter and sole heiress of Josceline Percy, eleventh and last Earl of Northumberland. She was three years old when her father died; and her early life was chequered. In 1679 she was married to Henry Cavendish, Earl of Ogle, who died in the following year. In 1681 she married Thomas Thynne of Longleat, a man of wealth, the Issachar of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*. She left him before the marriage was consummated; and, in Feb. 1681-2, Thynne was assassinated by friends of a rival suitor, Count Königsmark. Four months later she was married to Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset. Later she became a favourite with Queen Anne, and, as an active Whig, aroused Swift's hostility (*post*, p. 444 n.<sup>16</sup>; and *Poems*, p. 145).

<sup>17</sup> Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, pp. 317-19, quotes a large part of this

5. Mr. Harley continues out of order, yet his affairs force him abroad: he is subject to a sore throat, and was cupped last night: I sent and called two or three times. I hear he is better this evening. I dined to-day in the city with Dr. Freind at a third body's house, where I was to pass for some body else, and there was a plaguy silly jest carried on, that made me sick of it. Our weather grows fine, and I will walk like camomile.<sup>18</sup> And pray walk you to your dean's, or your Stoyte's, or your Manley's, or your Walls'. But your new lodgings make you so proud, you'll walk less than ever. Come, let me go to bed, sirrahs.

6. Mr. Harley's going out yesterday has put him a little backwards. I called twice, and sent, for I am in pain for him. Ford caught me, and made me dine with him on his Opera-day; so I brought Mr. Lewis with me, and sat with him till six. I have not seen Mr. Addison these three weeks; all our friendship is over. I go to no Coffee-house. I presented a parson of the bishop of Clogher's, one Richardson,<sup>19</sup> to the duke of Ormond to-day: he is translating prayers and sermons into Irish, and has a project about instructing the Irish in the protestant religion.

7. Morning. Faith, a little would make me, I could find in my heart, if it were not for one thing, I have a good

day's entry from the original manuscript with the following variant readings:

1755	1768
too is rotten	too rotten
the dutchess	your duchess
all this	of all this

<sup>18</sup> Camomile has been esteemed from the time of the Greeks as a tonic, or stomachic, and there were preparations for external application.

<sup>19</sup> John Richardson, 1664-1747, the son of Sir Edward Richardson, entered Trinity College, Dublin, in 1682, three months before Swift, and had the same tutor, St. George Ashe. He was ordained in 1693 and received the rectory of Annagh, co. Cavan. He distinguished himself by his study of the Irish language and by his constant endeavours to convert the native Irish. His proposals met with opposition in the Upper House of Convocation lest they should injure the English interest in Ireland, and his claims to preferment were neglected (*D.N.B.*; *Fasti Eccl. Hib.* iv. 204).

mind, if I had not something else to do, I would answer your dear saucy letter. O Lord, I am going awry with writing in bed. O faith, but I must answer it, or I shan't have room, for it must go on Saturday; and don't think I'll fill the third side, I an't come to that yet, young women. Well then, as for your Bernage, I have said enough: I writ to him last week.—Turn over that leaf. Now, what says MD to the world to come? I tell you, madam Stella, my head is a great deal better, and I hope will keep so. How came yours to be fifteen days coming, and you had my fifteenth in seven? Answer me that, rogues. Your being with goody Walls is excuse enough: I find I was mistaken in the sex, 'tis a boy.<sup>20</sup> Yes, I understand your<sup>21</sup> cypher, and Stella guesses right, as she always does. He<sup>22</sup> gave me al bsadnuk lboinlpl dfaonr ufainfbtoy dpionufnad,<sup>23</sup> which I sent him again by Mr. Lewis, to whom I writ a very complaining letter that was shewed him; and so the matter ended. He told me he had a quarrel with me; I said I had another with him, and we returned to our friendship, and I should think he loves me as well as a great minister can love a man in so short a time. Did not I do right? I am glad at heart you have got your palsey-water; pray God Almighty it may do my dearest little Stella good. I suppose Mrs. Edgworth set out last Monday se'nnight. Yes, I do read the *Examiners*, and they are written very finely, as you judge. I do not think they are too severe on the duke; they only tax him of avarice, and his avarice has ruined us.<sup>24</sup> You may count upon all things in them to be true. The author has said,

<sup>20</sup> See p. 203.

<sup>21</sup> For 'your' Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, p. 325, reads 'a'.

<sup>22</sup> Harley.

<sup>23</sup> 'A bank bill for fifty pound', taking the alternate letters. Cf. pp. 181, 182, 191.

<sup>24</sup> Nos. 28, 29, and 30. See pp. 182, 192, 198, and notes. Marlborough complained to Bolingbroke, who replied that he had not 'read the Examiner which your Grace mentions'. Later he assured the Duke that 'the examiner' had received a 'proper hint' (Bolingbroke's *Letters*, i. 60, 71).

It is not Prior; but perhaps it may be Atterbury.—Now, madam Dingley, says she, 'tis fine weather, says she: yes, says she, and we have got to our new lodgings.<sup>25</sup> I compute you ought to save eight pounds by being in the others five months; and you have no more done it than eight thousand. I am glad you are rid of that squinting, blinking Frenchman.<sup>26</sup> I will give you a bill on Parvisol for five pound for the half year. And must I go on at four shillings a week, and neither eat nor drink for it? Who the D—— said Atterbury and your dean were alike?<sup>27</sup> I never saw your chancellor, nor his chaplain.<sup>28</sup> The latter has a good deal of learning, and is a well-wisher to be an author: your chancellor is an excellent man. As for Patrick's bird, he bought him for his tameness, and is grown the wildest I ever saw. His wings have been quilled thrice, and are now up again: he will be able to fly after us to Ireland, if he be willing.—Yes, Mrs. Stella, Dingley writes more like Presto than you;<sup>29</sup> for all you superscribed the letter, as who should say, Why should not I write like our Presto as well as Dingley? You with your aukward SSs; cannot you write them thus, SS? No, but always SSS.<sup>30</sup> Spiteful sluts, to affront Presto's writing; as that when you shut your eyes you write most like Presto. I know the time when I did not write to you half so plain as I do now; but I take pity on you both. I am very much concerned for Mrs. Walls's eyes.<sup>31</sup> Walls says nothing of

<sup>25</sup> See pp. 4, 186, 194.

<sup>26</sup> Presumably a relation of Mrs. De Caudres.

<sup>27</sup> See p. 156.

<sup>28</sup> Sir Constantine Phipps and Joseph Trapp. See pp. 157 n.<sup>11</sup>, 158 n.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>29</sup> The best example of Rebecca Dingley's writing, a letter to her brother, Captain Robert Dingley, dated 21 May 1723, in the possession of Lady Mountbatten, hardly bears this out.

<sup>30</sup> 'Print cannot do justice to whims of this kind, as they depend wholly upon the aukward shape of the letters.'—Deane Swift. Stella's S, large or small, is clearly formed, and quite unlike that of Swift or Rebecca Dingley.

<sup>31</sup> Her eyes seem to have been a constant weakness (*post*, pp. 255, 336; and a letter of Swift to Sheridan of June 1735, *Corresp.* v. 189).

it to me in his letter dated after yours. You say, If she recovers she may lose her sight. I hope she is in no danger of her life. Yes, Ford is as sober as I please: I use him to walk with me as an easy companion, always ready for what I please, when I am weary of business and ministers. I don't go to a Coffee-house twice a month. I am very regular in going to sleep before eleven.—And so you say that Stella's a pretty girl; and so she be, and methinks I see her just now as handsome as the day's long. Do you know what? when I am writing in our language<sup>32</sup> I make up my mouth just as if I was speaking it. I caught myself at it just now. And I suppose Dingley is so fair and so fresh as a lass in May, and has her health, and no spleen.—In your account you sent do you reckon as usual from the 1st of November<sup>33</sup> was twelvemonth? Poor Stella, won't Dingley leave her a little day-light to write to Presto? Well, well, we'll have day-light shortly, spight of her teeth; and zoo<sup>34</sup> must cly Lele and Hele, and Hele aden. Must loo mimitate pdfr, pay? Iss, and so la shall. And so leles fol ee rettle. Dood mollow.—At night. Mrs. Barton sent this morning to invite me to dinner; and there I dined, just in that genteel manner that MD used when they would treat some better sort of body than usual.

8.<sup>35</sup> O dear MD, my heart is almost broken. You will

<sup>32</sup> Deane Swift has a footnote: "This refers to that strange spelling, *Œc.* which abounds in these journals; but which could be no entertainment to the reader."

<sup>33</sup> See p. 78 n.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>34</sup> 'Here is just one specimen given of his way of writing to *Stella* in these journals. The reader, I hope, will excuse my omitting it in all other places where it occurs. The meaning of this pretty language is; "And you must cry There, and Here, and Here again. Must you imitate *Presto*, pray? Yes, and so you shall. And so there's for your letter. Good morrow.'" —Deane Swift. A comparison with that part of the *Journal* which has been preserved induces a doubt, however, whether Deane Swift's transcript is quite accurate.

<sup>35</sup> On this fateful day *The Examiner*, No. 32 (31), was published. In it Swift illustrated the nature of faction by a fable, and showed how the description aptly fitted the Whig party.

hear the thing before this comes to you. I writ a full account of it this night to the archbishop of Dublin;<sup>36</sup> and the dean may tell you the particulars from the archbishop. I was in a sorry way to write, but thought it might be proper to send a true account of the fact; for you will hear a thousand lying circumstances. 'Tis of Mr. Harley's being stabbed this afternoon at three o'clock at a committee of the council. I was playing lady Catherine Morris's<sup>37</sup> cards, where I dined, when young Arundel<sup>38</sup> came in with the story. I ran away immediately to the secretary, which was in my way: no one was at home. I met Mrs. St. John in her chair; she had heard it imperfectly. I took a chair to Mr. Harley, who was asleep, and they hope in no danger; but he has been out of order, and was so when he came abroad to-day, and it may put him in a fever: I am in mortal pain for him. That desperate French villain, Marquis de Guiscard,<sup>39</sup> stabbed Mr.

<sup>36</sup> *Corresp.* i. 238-42. Swift's account of the affair, written for the Archbishop, is much lengthier and more detailed than that which he gives to Stella.

<sup>37</sup> Lady Catherine Morice was the eldest daughter of Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke (p. 75 n.<sup>39</sup>), and wife of Sir Nicholas Morice of Werrington, co. Devon, to whom she was married in 1704. She died in 1716.

<sup>38</sup> Perhaps Henry Arundell, son of Henry Arundell, who succeeded his father, Thomas, as fifth Baron Arundell of Wardour on 10 Feb. 1711-12, and died in 1726. The younger Henry, born 4 Oct. 1694, would be in his seventeenth year.

<sup>39</sup> Antoine de Guiscard, born in 1658, came of a good French family, and was at one time Abbé de la Bourlie. In 1703 licentious misconduct compelled him to leave France, and, after various adventures, including the fostering of insurrection by the Camisards against Louis XIV, he took refuge in England. He won the ear of Marlborough, Godolphin, and other influential persons, was placed in command of a regiment of refugees, and was granted a government pension. Harley, however, reduced his pension, and Guiscard, to mend his finances, entered into treasonable correspondence with France. His letters were intercepted, and he was brought up for examination. He had secreted a penknife with which, realizing the hopelessness of his position, he succeeded in stabbing Harley twice, although the blade broke at the first blow. In the uproar which



Harley. Guiscard was taken up by Mr. secretary St. John's warrant for high treason, and brought before the lords to be examined; there he stabbed Mr. Harley. I have told all the particulars already to the archbishop. I have now at nine sent again, and they tell me he is in a fair way. Pray pardon my distraction; I now think of all his kindness to me.—The poor creature now lies stabbed in his bed by a desperate French popish villain. Good night, and God preserve you both, and pity me; I want it.

9. Morning; seven, in bed. Patrick is just come from Mr. Harley's. He slept well till four; the surgeon<sup>40</sup> sat up with him: he is asleep again: he felt a pain in his wound when he waked: they apprehend him in no danger. This account the surgeon left with the porter, to tell people that send. Pray God preserve him. I am rising and going to Mr. secretary St. John. They say Guiscard will die with the wounds Mr. St. John and the rest gave him. I shall tell you more at night.—Night. Mr. Harley still continues on the mending hand; but he rested ill last night, and felt pain. I was early with the secretary this morning, and I dined with him, and he told me several particularities of this accident, too long to relate now. Mr. Harley is still mending this evening, but not at all out of danger; and till then I can have no peace. Good night, &c. and pity Presto.

10. Mr. Harley was restless last night; but he has no

followed Harley displayed the greatest composure (Bolingbroke, *Letters*, 1798, i. 63). See further accounts of the incident by Swift in *The Examiner*, No. 33, for 15 Mar., and in *Memoirs Relating to that Change which happened in the Queen's Ministry*, *Prose Works*, v. 387-90. See also *post*, 16 Apr. 1711; Boyer, *Political State*, i. 275-314; Monck Berkeley, *Literary Relics*, p. 370; Burnet, *Own Time*, vi. 37-40; *Wentworth Papers*, pp. 185-7; *Portland MSS.* ii. 225, 227-9; iv and v *passim*; viii. 291.

<sup>40</sup> The surgeon who first attended Harley was Paul Buisnière (*Corresp.* i. 240; and Mrs. Manley's *Examination of the Marquis de Guiscard*, p. 24), a French refugee, who gained a reputation in London; but Radcliffe, who was called in later, insisted upon consulting with Green, his own surgeon (*post*, pp. 225, 239, 315).

fever, and the hopes of his mending increase. I had a letter from Mr. Walls, and one from Mr. Bernage. I will answer them here, not having time to write. Mr. Walls writes about three things. First, about a hundred pounds from<sup>41</sup> Dr. Raymond, of which I hear nothing, and 'tis now too late. Secondly, about Mr. Clements:<sup>42</sup> I can do nothing in it, because I am not to mention Mr. Pratt; and I cannot recommend without knowing Mr. Pratt's objections, whose relation Clements is, and who brought him into the place. The third is about my being godfather to the child:<sup>43</sup> that is in my power, and (since there is no remedy) will submit. I wish you could hinder it; but if it can't be helped, pay what you think proper, and get the provost<sup>44</sup> to stand for me, and let his christian name be Harley, in honour of my friend, now lying stabbed and doubtful of his life. As for Bernage, he writes me word, that his colonel has offered to make him captain-lieutenant for a hundred pounds. He was such a fool to offer him money without writing to me till it was done, though I have had a dozen letters from him; and then he desires I would say nothing of this, for fear his colonel should be angry. People are mad. What can I do? I engaged colonel Disney, who was one of his solicitors to the secretary, and then told him the story. He assured me, that Fielding (Bernage's colonel) said he might have got that sum; but on account of those great recommendations he had, would give it him for nothing: and I would have Bernage write him a letter of thanks, as of a thing given him for nothing, upon recommendations, &c. Disney tells me he will again speak to Fielding, and clear up this matter; and then I will write to Bernage. A pox on him for promising money till I had it promised to me, and then making it such a ticklish point, that one cannot expostulate with the colonel upon it: but let him do as I

<sup>41</sup> Perhaps a mistake for 'for'.

<sup>42</sup> See p. 101 n.<sup>36</sup>

<sup>43</sup> Mrs. Walls's baby. Cf. pp. 203, 208, 234.

<sup>44</sup> Benjamin Pratt, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. See p. 9 n.<sup>16</sup>

say, and there's an end. I engaged the secretary of state in it; and am sure it was meant a kindness to me, and that no money should be given, and a hundred pounds is too much in a Smithfield bargain,<sup>45</sup> as a major general told me, whose opinion I asked. I am now hurried, and can say no more. Farewel, &c. &c.

How shall I superscribe to your new lodgings, pray madams? Tell me but that, impudence and saucy-face.

An't you sauceboxes to write lele [i.e. *there*]<sup>46</sup> like Presto?

O poor Presto!

Mr. Harley is better to-night, that makes me so pert, you saucy Gog and Magog.

## LETTER XVIII

[SATURDAY]

London, March 10, 1710-II.

PRETTY little MD must expect little from me till Mr. Harley is out of danger. We hope he is so now; but I am subject to fear for my friends. He has a head full of the whole business of the nation, was out of order when the villain stabbed him, and had a cruel contusion by the second blow. But all goes on well yet. Mr. Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis, and we hope the best.

11. This morning Mr. Secretary and I met at Court, where he went to the queen, who is out of order and aguish: I doubt the worse for this accident to Mr. Harley. We went together to his house, and his wound looks well, and he is not feverish at all, and I think it is foolish in me to be so much in pain as I am. I had the penknife in my

<sup>45</sup> A proverbial phrase borrowed from the sharp practices of Smithfield fairs and markets. It was often used of marriage contracts based upon interest only. In Sheridan's *Rivals*, v. 1, Lydia Languish exclaims upon finding herself 'a mere Smithfield bargain'. In another connotation Arbuthnot writes to Swift of Gay having 'made a pretty good bargain, that is a Smithfield one' (*Corresp.* iii. 434). See Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue* and the *Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*.

<sup>46</sup> The bracketed explanation is Deane Swift's.

hand, which is broken within a quarter of an inch of the handle.<sup>1</sup> I have a mind to write and publish an account of all the particularities<sup>2</sup> of this fact: it will be very curious, and I would do it when Mr. Harley is past danger.

12. We have been in terrible pain to-day about Mr. Harley, who never slept last night, and has been very feverish. But this evening I called there, and young Mr. Harley (his only son) tells me he is now much better, and was then asleep. They let no-body see him, and that is perfectly right. The parliament cannot go on till he is well, and are forced to adjourn their money businesses, which none but he can help them in. Pray God preserve him.

13. Mr. Harley is better to-day, slept well all night, and we are a little out of our fears. I send and call three or four times every day. I went into the city for a walk, and dined there with a private man; and coming home this evening broke my shin in the Strand over a tub of sand left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with gold-beaters skin, and have been peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door. It is my right shin, where never any humour fell when t'other used to swell;<sup>3</sup> so I apprehend it less: however I shall not stir till 'tis well, which I reckon will be in a week. I am very careful in these sort of things; but

<sup>1</sup> Deane Swift (*Essay*, 1755, p. 163) describes the broken penknife, which had a 'tortoise-shell handle'. It was in Swift's possession until his death, when John Lyon took charge of it, as also of the first plaster taken off Harley's wound. These he handed to Thomas Harley (*D.N.B.*), grandson of the second Earl of Oxford, who promised to hand them on to the then Earl of Oxford (Scott, *Memoirs of Swift*, 1814, p. 193 n.). See also Delany, *A Letter to Deane Swift*, 1755, pp. 19-22; Nichols, *Supplement*, 1779, xxv. 27, *Lit. Illustr.* v. 376-8.

<sup>2</sup> Which he did in *The Examiner*, No. 33, and in the pamphlet (*post*, p. 244 n.<sup>3</sup>) which he commissioned Mrs. Manley to write.

<sup>3</sup> Apparently Swift suffered periodic trouble with his shins. See *Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. D. Nichol Smith, p. 82.

I wish I had Mrs. J——s<sup>4</sup> water: she is out of town, and I must make a shift with allum. I will dine with Mrs. Vanhomrigh till I am well, who lives but five doors off; and that I may venture.

14. My journals are like to be very diverting, now I cannot stir abroad, between accounts of Mr. Harley's mending, and of my broken shin. I just walkt to my neighbour Vanhomrigh at two, and came away at six, when little Harrison the Tatler came to me, and begged me to dictate a paper to him, which I was forced in charity to do.<sup>5</sup> Mr. Harley still mends; and I hope in a day or two to trouble you no more with him, nor with my shin. Go to bed and sleep, sirrahs, that you may rise to-morrow and walk to Donnybrook, and lose your money with Stoite and the dean; do so, dear little rogues, and drink Presto's health. O, pray, don't you drink Presto's health sometimes with your deans, and your Stoites, and your Walls, and your Manleys, and your every body's, pray now? I drink MD's to myself a hundred thousand times.

15.<sup>6</sup> I was this morning at Mr. secretary St. John's for all my shin, and he has given me for young Harrison, the Tatler, the prettiest employment in Europe; secretary to my lord Raby,<sup>7</sup> who is to be ambassador extraordinary

<sup>4</sup> Presumably Mrs. Johnson's palsy-water (p. 39 n.<sup>20</sup>).

<sup>5</sup> Presumably No. 302, which appeared the next day (*Prose Works*, ed. Davis, ii. 257).

<sup>6</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 33 (32), for 15 Mar. was devoted to the Guiscard affair.

<sup>7</sup> Thomas Wentworth, 1672-1739, son of Sir William Wentworth, succeeded to the peerage as Baron Raby, in 1695, on the death of his cousin, the second Earl of Strafford. He served with distinction under William and Marlborough, reaching the rank of Lieut.-General in 1707. He was envoy at Berlin, 1701, 1703-4, 1705; and in 1706-11 Ambassador. On 29 June 1711 he was created Viscount Wentworth and Earl of Strafford. He was proud and badly educated, and his appointment to The Hague met with unfavourable criticism (Bolingbroke, *Letters*, 1798, i. 52, 64). In 1715 an attempt was made to impeach him for his part in the treaty of Utrecht. See *Wentworth Papers, passim*; *Prose Works*, x. 283; *Corresp.* ii. 267 n.<sup>4</sup>; v. 133 n.<sup>4</sup>; and Swift's *Four Last Years*.

at the Hague, where all the great affairs will be concerted; so we shall lose the *Tailors* in a fortnight. I will send Harrison to-morrow morning to thank the secretary. Poor Biddy Floyd<sup>8</sup> has got the small-pox. I called this morning to see lady Betty Germain; and when she told me so, I fairly took my leave. I have the luck of it;<sup>9</sup> for about ten days ago I was to see lord Carteret; and my lady was entertaining me with telling of a young lady, a cousin, who was then ill in the house of the small-pox, and is since dead: it was near lady Betty's, and I fancy Biddy took the fright by it. I dined with Mr. secretary, and a physician came in just from Guiscard, who tells us he is dying of his wounds, and can hardly live till to-morrow. A poor wench that Guiscard kept, sent him a bottle of sack; but the keeper would not let him touch it, for fear it was poison. He had two quarts of old clotted blood come out of his side to-day, and is delirious. I am sorry he is dying; for they had found out a way to hang him. He certainly had an intention to murder the queen.<sup>10</sup>

16. I have made but little progress in this letter for so many days, thanks to Guiscard and Mr. Harley; and it would be endless to tell you all the particulars of that odious fact. I do not yet hear that Guiscard is dead, but they say 'tis impossible he should recover. I walkt too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin; to-day I rested, and went no further than Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where I dined; and lady Betty Butler coming in about six, I was forced in good manners to sit with her till nine;

<sup>8</sup> Lady Betty Germain's friend and companion, and a noted beauty to whom Swift addressed verses in 1709 (*Poems*, p. 117). Writing to Robert Hunter, 12 Jan. 1708-9, Swift refers to the fact that the Thames was frozen over, and adds: 'Mrs. Floyd looked out with both her eyes, and we had one day's thaw: but she drew in her head, and it now freezes as hard as ever' (*Corresp.* i. 134).

<sup>9</sup> Swift never had the small-pox.

<sup>10</sup> In *The Examiner*, No. 33, Swift plainly states that Guiscard had designs upon the Queen's life; and the charge is repeated in Mrs. Manley's *True Narrative*. See also Burnet, *Own Time*, vi. 40.

then I came home, and Mr. Ford came in to visit my shin, and sat with me till eleven: so I have been very idle and naughty. It vexes me to the pluck<sup>11</sup> that I should lose walking this delicious day. Have you seen the *Spectator*<sup>12</sup> yet, a paper that comes out every day? 'Tis written by Mr. Steele, who seems to have gathered new life, and have a new fund of wit; it is in the same nature as his *Tatlers*, and they have all of them had something pretty. I believe Addison and he club. I never see them; and I plainly told Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, ten days ago, before my lord keeper and lord Rivers, that I had been foolish enough to spend my credit with them in favour of Addison and Steele; but that I would engage and promise never to say one word in their behalf, having been used so ill for what I had already done.—So, now I have got into the way of prating again, there will be no quiet for me. When Presto begins to prate, Give him a rap upon the pate.—O Lord, how I blot; 'tis time to leave off, &c.

17. Guiscard died this morning at two, and the coroner's inquest have found that he was killed by bruises received from a messenger, so to clear the cabinet counsellors from whom he received his wounds. I had a letter from Raymond, who cannot hear of your box; but I hope you have it before this comes to your hands. I dined to-day with Mr. Lewis of the secretary's office. Mr. Harley has abundance of extravasated blood comes from his breast out of his wound, and will not be well so soon as we expected. I had something to say, but cannot call it to mind. (What was it?)

18. I was to-day at Court to look for the duke of Argyle, and give him the memorial about Bernage. The duke goes with the first fair wind:<sup>13</sup> I could not find him, but I have given the memorial to another to give him;

<sup>11</sup> The heart.

<sup>12</sup> The first number of *The Spectator* appeared 1 Mar. 1711.

<sup>13</sup> Argyle was going to Spain as Ambassador Extraordinary and Commander-in-Chief of the forces.

and, however, it shall be sent after him. Bernage has made a blunder in offering money to his colonel without my advice; however he is made captain-lieutenant, only he must recruit the company, which will cost him forty pounds, and that is cheaper than a hundred. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John, and staid till seven, but would not drink his Champaign and Burgundy, for fear of the gout. My shin mends, but is not well. I hope it will by the time I send this letter, next Saturday.

19. I went to-day into the city, but in a coach, and sossed<sup>14</sup> up my leg on the seat; and as I came home I went to see poor Charles Barnard's<sup>15</sup> books, which are to be sold by auction, and I itch to lay out nine or ten pounds for some fine editions of fine authors. But 'tis too far, and I shall let it slip, as I usually do all such opportunities. I dined in a Coffee-house with Stratford upon chops, and some of his wine. Where did MD dine? Why, poor MD dined at home to-day, because of the archbishop, and they could not go abroad, and had a breast of mutton and a pint of wine. I hope Mrs. Walls mends; and pray give me an account what sort of godfather I made, and whether I behaved myself handsomely. The duke of Argyle is gone; and whether he has my memorial, I know not, till I see Dr. Arbuthnott,<sup>16</sup> to whom I gave it. That hard

<sup>14</sup> Rest softly. See *O.E.D.* Elsewhere Swift writes of Stella 'sossing in an elbow chair' (*Poems*, pp. 744, 750). Under 7 June 1711 he uses the word of a coach swaying up and down.

<sup>15</sup> See p. 33 n.<sup>34</sup>

<sup>16</sup> 'It is reasonable to suppose that *Swift's* acquaintance with *Arbuthnott* commenced just about this time; for in the original letter *Swift* misspels his name, and writes it *Arthburthnet*, in a clear large hand, that *MD* might not mistake any of the letters.'—Deane Swift. In a letter written to Arbuthnot in 1734 Swift speaks of 'above five-and-twenty years' acquaintance' with him (*Corresp.* v. 107), which would carry the date back to 1709; but Swift's references to years and dates cannot always be trusted. A doubtful anecdote, recorded by Scott (*Works*, 1814, i. 83 n.), suggests that they met as early as 1702, but this is most unlikely. John Arbuthnot, 1667–1735, took his medical degree at St. Andrews. In 1709 he was appointed Physician in Ordinary to the Queen, whom he attended in her last illness. In addition



name belongs to a Scotch doctor, an acquaintance of the duke's and me; Stella can't pronounce it. Oh, that we were at Laracor this fine day! the willows begin to peep, and the quicks to bud. My dream's out: I was a-dreamed last night that I eat ripe cherries.—And now they begin to catch the pikes, and will shortly the trouts (pox on these ministers), and I would fain know whether the floods were ever so high as to get over the holly bank or the river walk; if so, then all my pikes are gone; but I hope not. Why don't you ask Parvisol these things, sirrahs? And then my canal, and trouts, and whether the bottom be fine and clear? But hearkee, ought not Parvisol to pay in my last year's rents and arrears out of his hands? I am thinking, if either of you have heads to take his accounts it should be paid in to you; otherwise to Mr. Walls. I will write an order on t'other side; and do as you will. Here's a world of business; but I must go sleep, I'm drowsy: and so good night, &c.

20. This sore shin ruins me in coach hire; no less than two shillings to-day going and coming from the city, where I dined with one you never heard of, and passed an insipid day. I writ this post to Bernage, with the account I told you above. I hope he will like it; 'tis his own fault, or it would have been better. I reckon your next letter will be full of Mr. Harley's stabbing. He still mends, but abundance of extravasated blood has come out of the wound: he keeps his bed, and sees nobody. The speaker's eldest son<sup>17</sup> is just dead of the small-pox, and

to scientific works he wrote literary and political satires, of which the best known is the *History of John Bull* (1712). See *Life and Works*, G. A. Aitken, 1892; and *Arbutnot*, L. M. Beattie, 1935. Swift wrote of him that 'there does not live a better Man' (*Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. Nichol Smith, p. 99).

<sup>17</sup> Clobery Bromley, M.P. for Coventry, son of William Bromley (p. 104 n.<sup>1</sup>), Speaker of the House, died 20 Mar. 1711, and the House, 'out of respect to the father, and to give him time, both to perform the funeral rites and to indulge his just affliction' (Boyer, *Political State*, i. 355), adjourned until the 26th.

the house is adjourned a week, to give him time to wipe off his tears. I think it very handsomely done; but I believe one reason is, that they want Mr. Harley so much. Biddy Floyd is like to do well: and so go to your dean's, and roast his oranges, and lose your money, do so, you saucy sluts. Stella, you lost three shillings and four pence t'other night at Stoite's, yes, you did, and Presto stood in a corner, and saw you all the while, and then stole away. I dream very often I am in Ireland, and that I have left my cloaths and things behind me, and have not taken leave of any body; and that the ministry expect me to-morrow, and such nonsense.

21. I would not for a guinea have a letter from you till this goes; and go it shall on Saturday, faith. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, to save my shin, and then went on some business to the secretary, and he was not at home.

22.<sup>18</sup> Yesterday was a short day's journal: but what care I? what cares saucy Presto? Darteneuf invited me to dinner to-day. Don't you know Darteneuf? That's the man that knows every thing, and that every body knows; and that knows where a knot of rabble are going on a holiday, and when they were there last: and then I went to the Coffee-house. My shin mends, but is not quite healed: I ought to keep it up, but I don't; I e'en let it go as it comes. Pox take Parvisol and his watch. If I do not receive the ten pound bill I am to get towards it, I will neither receive watch nor chain; so let Parvisol know.

23. I this day appointed the duke of Ormond to meet him at Ned Southwell's, about an affair of printing Irish Prayer-Books,<sup>19</sup> &c. but the duke never came. There Southwell had letters that two pacquets are taken; so if MD writ then, the letters are gone; for they are pacquets

<sup>18</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 34 (33), for 22 Mar., defends the Tory doctrine of passive obedience against Whig misrepresentation; and contains further observations about Guiscard.

<sup>19</sup> Part of John Richardson's proposals. See p. 207 n.<sup>19</sup>

coming here. Mr. Harley is not yet well, but his extravasated blood continues, and I doubt he will not be quite well in a good while: I find you have heard of the fact, by Southwell's letters from Ireland: What do you think of it? I dined with sir John Percival,<sup>20</sup> and saw his lady sitting in the bed, in the forms of a lying-in woman; and coming home my sore shin itched, and I forgot what it was, and rubbed off the s—b,<sup>21</sup> and blood came; but I am now got into bed, and have put on allum curd, and it is almost well. Lord Rivers told me yesterday a piece of bad news, as a secret, that the Pretender is going to be married to the duke of Savoy's daughter.<sup>22</sup> 'Tis very bad, if it be true. We were walking in the Mall with some Scotch lords, and he could not tell it until they were gone, and he bade me tell it to none but the secretary of state and MD. This goes to-morrow, and I have no room but to bid my dearest little MD good night.

24. I will now seal up this letter, and send it; for I reckon to have none from you ('tis morning now) between this and night; and I will put it in the post with my own hands. I am going out in great haste; so farewell, &c.

## LETTER XIX

[SATURDAY]

London, March 24, 1710-II.

IT was a little cross in Presto not to send to-day to the Coffee-house to see whether there was a letter from MD

<sup>20</sup> Sir John Percival, or Perceval, 1683-1748, fifth baronet, married, 10 June 1710, Catharine, eldest daughter of Sir Philip Parker, Bart., of Erwarton, Suffolk. Sir John Perceval sat in the Irish Parliament for Cork, 1703-15. He was created successively Baron Perceval of Burton, 1715, Viscount Perceval of Kanturk, 1723, and Earl of Egmont, 1733, all in the Irish peerage. His first son, born at this time, 24 Feb., was created Baron Lovel and Holland of Enmore in the English peerage, 1762. Cf. p. 429 n.

<sup>21</sup> Scab.

<sup>22</sup> The rumour was false. James Francis Edward, the Old Pretender, remained unmarried till 1719, when he was united to the beautiful Princess Clementina Sobieski.

before I sent away mine; but faith I did it on purpose, because I would scorn to answer two letters of yours successively. This way of journal is the worst in the world for writing of news, unless one does it the last day; and so I will observe henceforward, if there be any politicks or stuff worth sending. My shin mends in spite of the scratching last night. I dined to-day at Ned Southwell's with the bishop of Ossory<sup>1</sup> and a parcel of Irish gentlemen. Have you yet seen any of the *Spectators*?<sup>2</sup> Just three weeks to-day since I had your last, N. 11. I am afraid I have lost one by the packet that was taken; that will vex me, considering the pains MD take to write, especially poor pretty Stella, and her weak eyes. God bless them and the owner, and send them well, and little me together, I hope ere long. This illness of Mr. Harley puts every thing backwards, and he is still down, and like to be so, by that extravasated blood which comes from his breast to the wound: it was by the second blow Guiscard gave him after the pen-knife was broken. I am shocked at that villainy whenever I think of it. Biddy Floyd is past danger, but will lose all her beauty: she had them mighty thick, especially about her nose.

25. Morning. I wish you a merry New-year; this is the first day of the year, you know, with us, and 'tis Lady-day. I must rise and go to my lord keeper: it is not shaving day to-day,<sup>3</sup> so I shall be early. I am to dine with Mr. secretary St. John. Good morrow, my mistresses both, good morrow. Stella will be peeping out of her room at Mrs. de Caudres'<sup>4</sup> down upon the folks as they come from church; and there comes Mrs. Proby,<sup>5</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> John Hartstonge, 1654-1717, one of the two bishops, the other was Thomas Lindsay of Killaloe (p. 62 n.<sup>53</sup>), to whom Swift's commission was addressed. Hartstonge had been Bishop of Ossory since 1693. In 1714 he was translated to Derry. *Fasti Eccl. Hib.* i. 407; ii. 282; iii. 322.

<sup>2</sup> See p. 218 n.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>3</sup> See p. 47 n.<sup>55</sup>

<sup>4</sup> See p. 4 n.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Proby, Chirurgeon-General in Ireland, won his reputation as a young man. Dunton (*Dublin Scuffle*, 1699, p. 426) mentions his 'mighty character' and 'skill in surgery'. He was one of the founders of

that's my lady Southwell,<sup>6</sup> and there's lady Betty Rochfort.<sup>7</sup> I long to hear how you are settled in your new lodgings. I wish I were rid of my old ones, and that Mrs. Brent could contrive to put up my books in boxes, and lodge them in some safe place, and you keep my papers of importance. But I must rise, I tell you.—At night. So I visited and dined as I told you, and what of that? We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after shewing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for two pence apiece: and the fellow that shewed would point to his body, and, See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his grace the duke of Ormond; and this is the wound, &c. and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in.<sup>8</sup> 'Tis hard our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of our law every man is innocent till then.—Mr. Harley is still very weak, and never out of bed.

26. This was a most delicious day; and my shin being past danger, I walkt like lightning above two hours in the Park. We have generally one fair day, and then a great deal of rain for three or four days together. All things are at a stop in parliament for want of Mr. Harley; they Dr. Steevens's Hospital in Dublin. His wife, one of Stella's friends, mentioned several times in the *Journal*, was a notable collector of coins and china. In his *Character of Wharton* (*Prose Works*, v. 11) Swift described Proby as 'a person universally esteemed' whom the Lord Lieutenant had persecuted. In 1724 Swift interested himself on behalf of Proby's eldest son, a Captain in Lord Tyrawley's regiment, who had been accused of leanings to Popery (*Corresp.* iii. 205–6, 213–14, and notes).

<sup>6</sup> Meliora, eldest daughter of Thomas Coningsby, Baron of Clanbrassil. In 1696 she married Sir Thomas Southwell, Bart., of Castle Mattress, co. Limerick. In 1717 he was created Baron Southwell. He represented co. Limerick in the Irish Parliament 1695–9, 1703–13, 1715–17. She survived her husband fifteen years, dying in 1735.

<sup>7</sup> Lady Betty Moore, the youngest daughter of Henry Moore, third Earl of Drogheda, married in 1704 George Rochfort, son of Robert Rochfort, Chief Baron of the Exchequer in Ireland.

<sup>8</sup> When the Queen heard of this unseemly exhibition she gave orders that the body should be buried, which was done in the common burying-ground for criminals at Newgate.

cannot stir an inch without him in their most material affairs: and we fear by the caprice of Radcliffe, who will admit none but his own surgeon,<sup>9</sup> he has not been well lookt after. I dined at an alehouse with Mr. Lewis, but had his wine. Don't you begin to see the flowers and blossoms of the field? How busy should I be now at Laracor? No news of your box? I hope you have it, and are this minute drinking the chocolate, and that the smell of the Brazil tobacco has not affected it. I would be glad to know whether you like it, because I would send you more by people that are now every day thinking of going to Ireland; therefore pray tell me, and tell me soon: and I will have the strong box.

27. A rainy wretched scurvy day from morning till night: and my neighbour Vanhomrigh invited me to dine with them: and this evening I passed at Mr. Prior's with Dr. Freind; and 'tis now past twelve, so I must go sleep.

28. Morning. Oh faith, you're an impudent saucy couple of sluttekings for presuming to write so soon, said I to myself this morning; who knows but there may be a letter from MD at the Coffee-house? Well, you must know, and so, I just now sent Patrick, and he brought me three letters, but not one from MD, no indeed, for I read all the superscriptions; and not one from MD. One I opened, it was from the archbishop;<sup>10</sup> t'other I opened, it was from Staunton; the third I took, and lookt at the hand. Whose hand is this? says I; yes, says I, whose hand is this? Then there was wax between the folds; then I began to suspect; then I peeped: faith, it was Walls's hand after all: then I opened it in a rage, and then it was little MD's hand, dear, little, pretty, charming MD's sweet hand again. O Lord, en't here a clutter and a stir, and a bustle, never saw the like. Faith, I believe yours lay some days at the post-office, and that it came before

<sup>9</sup> See p. 212 n.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Archbishop King's letter of 17 Mar. (*Corresp.* i. 242), in reply to Swift's letter of the 8th, which informed him of the Guiscard affair.

my eighteenth went, but that I did not expect it, and I hardly ever go there. Well, and so you think I'll answer this letter now; no faith, and so I won't. I'll make you wait, young women; but I'll enquire immediately about poor Dingley's exchequer trangum.<sup>11</sup> What, is that Vedel again a soldier? Was he broke? I'll put it in Ben Tooke's hand. I hope Vedel could not sell it.—At night. Vedel, Vedel, poh, pox, I think it is Vedeau; aye, Vedeau, now I have it; let me see, do you name him in yours? Yes, Mr. John Vedeau is the brother; but where does this brother live? I'll enquire. This was a fast-day for the publick; so I dined late with Sir Matthew Dudley, whom I have not been with a great while. He is one of those that must lose his employment whenever the great shake comes; and I can't contribute to keep him in, though I have dropt words in his favour to the ministry; but he has been too violent a Whig, and friend to the lord-treasurer,<sup>12</sup> to stay in. 'Tis odd to think how long they let those people keep their places; but the reason is, they have not enough to satisfy all expecters, and so they keep them all in hopes, that they may be good boys in the mean time; and thus the old ones hold in still. The comptroller<sup>13</sup> told me, that there are eight people expect his staff. I walkt after dinner to-day round the Park. What, do I write politicks to little young women? Hold your tongue, and go to your dean's.

29.<sup>14</sup> Morning. If this be a fine day I will walk into

<sup>11</sup> The word 'trangum', or 'tangram', was ordinarily used of a knick-knack, or a trumpery toy. See *O.E.D.* Here apparently, as Deane Swift notes, it seems to mean an exchequer tally.

<sup>12</sup> Godolphin, the late Lord Treasurer.

<sup>13</sup> Sir John Holland (p. 20 n.<sup>35</sup>). Sir Thomas Mansell (p. 201 n.<sup>1</sup>) succeeded to his office.

<sup>14</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 35 (34), for 29 Mar., maintained that the writer had never charged the Whig leaders with anything 'they will not openly profess, be proud of, and score up for merit'. The 'advantages which the kingdom hath received by the late change of ministry' are then enumerated.

the city, and see Charles Barnard's<sup>15</sup> library. What care I for your letter, saucy N. 12? I will say nothing to it yet: faith, I believe this will be full before its time, and then go it must. I will always write once a fortnight; and if it goes sooner by filling sooner, why then there is so much clear gain. Morrow, morrow, rogues and lasses both, I can't lie scribbling here in bed for your play; I must rise, and so morrow again.—At night. Your friend Montgomery<sup>16</sup> and his sister are here, as I am told by Patrick: I have seen him often, but take no notice of him: he is grown very ugly and pimpled. They tell me he is a gamester, and wins money.—How could I help it, pray? Patrick snuffs the candle too short, and the grease ran down upon the paper.<sup>17</sup> It en't my fault, 'tis Patrick's fault; pray now don't blame Presto. I walkt to-day into the city, and dined at a private house, and went to see the auction of poor Charles Barnard's books; they were in the middle of the physick books, so I bought none; and they are so dear, I believe I shall buy none, and there's an end; and go to Stoite's, and I'll go sleep.

30. Morning. This is Good-Friday, you must know, and I must rise and go to Mr. secretary about some business, and Mrs. Vanhomrigh desires me to breakfast with her, because she is to intercede for Patrick, who is so often drunk and quarrelsome in the house, that I was resolved to send him over; but he knows all the places where I send, and is so used to my ways, that it would be inconvenient to me; but when I come to Ireland, I will discharge him.—<sup>18</sup> Sir Thomas Mansel, one of the lords of the treasury, setting me down at my door to-day, saw Patrick, and swore he was a Teaguelander.<sup>19</sup> I am so

<sup>15</sup> See p. 219.

<sup>16</sup> Perhaps Alexander Montgomery, of Ballyleck, co. Monaghan; M.P. for Monaghan 1713–15 and 1715–23. He died in 1723.

<sup>17</sup> 'It caused a violent daub on the paper, which still continues much discoloured in the original.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>18</sup> 'He forgot here to say, At night. See what goes before.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>19</sup> 'Teague' was then used, like 'Patrick' or 'Paddy' now, as a generic



used to his face, I never observed it, but thought him a pretty fellow. Sir Andrew Fountain and I supped this fast-day with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. We were afraid Mr. Harley's wound would turn to a Fistula; but we think the danger is now past. He rises every day, and walks about his room, and we hope he will be out in a fortnight. Prior shewed me a handsome paper of verses he has writ on Mr. Harley's accident: they are not out; I will send them to you, if he will give me a copy.<sup>20</sup>

31. Morning. What shall we do to make April fools this year, now it happens on Sunday? Patrick brings word that Mr. Harley still mends, and is up every day. I design to see him in a few days: and he brings me word too that he has found out Vedeau's brother's shop: I shall call there in a day or two. It seems the wife lodges next door to the brother. I doubt the scoundrel was broke, and got a commission, or perhaps is a voluntier gentleman, and expects to get one by his valour. Morrow, sirrahs, let me rise.—At night. I dined to-day with Sir Thomas Mansel. We were walking in the Park, and Mr. Lewis came to us. Mansel askt Where we dined? We said, Together. He said, we should dine with him, only his wife<sup>21</sup> desired him to bring nobody, because she had only a leg of mutton. I said, I would dine with him to chuse; but he would send a servant to order a plate or two: yet this man has ten thousand pounds a year in land, and is a lord of the name for an Irishman. Teague O'Dively, for example, was the name of an Irish priest in Shadwell's *Lancashire Witches*.

<sup>20</sup> Guiscard's attack was followed by an outpouring of verse in Harley's honour (*Poems*, p. 141). Prior's poem, consisting of eight quatrains, appeared in the form of a folio half-sheet, *To the Right Honourable | Mr. Harley, | Wounded by Guiscard. | . . . London: Printed for Jacob Tonson at Shakespear's-head, over- | against Catherine-street in the Strand. MDCCXI. | (Price Two Pence)*. Another half-sheet edition, with the imprint of J. Morphew, also appeared. But Swift was here shown the verses in manuscript. See p. 232.

<sup>21</sup> While under age (1686) Sir Thomas Mansell (p. 201 n.<sup>1</sup>) married Martha, daughter and heiress of Francis Millington, a London merchant and a Commissioner of Customs under Charles II. She died in 1718.

treasury, and is not covetous neither, but runs out merely by slattering<sup>22</sup> and negligence. The worst dinner I ever saw at the dean's was better: but so it is with abundance of people here. I called at night at Mr. Harley's, who begins to walk in his room with a stick, but is mighty weak.—See how much I have lost with that ugly grease.<sup>23</sup> 'Tis your fault, pray; and I'll go to bed.

April 1. The duke of Buckingham's house fell down last night with an earth-quake, and is half swallowed up;—Won't you go and see it?—An April fool, an April fool, oh ho, young women. Well, don't be angry, I'll make you an April fool no more till the next time: we had no sport here, because it is Sunday, and Easter-Sunday. I dined with the secretary, who seemed terribly down and melancholy, which Mr. Prior and Lewis observed as well as I: perhaps something is gone wrong; perhaps there is nothing in it. God bless my own dearest MD, and all is well.

2. We have such windy weather, 'tis troublesome walking, yet all the rabble have got into our Park these Easter holidays. I am plagued with one Richardson, an Irish parson, and his projects of printing Irish Bibles, &c. to make you Christians in that country: I befriended him what I can on account of the archbishop and bishop of Clogher.—But what business have I to meddle, &c? Don't you remember that, sirrah Stella? what was that about, when you thought I was meddling with something that was not my business? Oh faith, you are an impudent slut, I remember your doings, I'll never forget you as long as I live. Lewis and I dined together at his lodgings. But where's the answer to this letter of MD's. O faith, Presto, you must think of that. Time enough, says saucy Presto.

3. I was this morning to see Mrs. Barton; I love her better than any body here, and see her seldomer. Why

<sup>22</sup> Slovenliness, waste.

<sup>23</sup> 'The candle-grease mentioned before, which soaked through, deformed this part of the paper on the second page.'—Deane Swift.

really now, so it often happens in the world, that where one loves a body best—pshah, pshah, you are so silly with your moral observations. Well, but she told me a very good story. An old gentle-woman died here two months ago, and left in her will, to have eight men and eight maids bearers, who should have two guineas apiece, ten guineas to the parson for a sermon, and two guineas to the clerk. But bearers, parson and clerk must be all true virgins; and not be admitted till they took their oaths of virginity: so the poor woman still lies unburied, and so must do till the general resurrection.—I called at Mr. secretary's, to see what the D— ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper speech, told him I observed he was much out of temper; that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of, Never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a school-boy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already (meaning from sir William Temple);<sup>24</sup> that I expected every great minister, who honoured me with his acquaintance, if he heard or saw any thing to my disadvantage, would let me know it in plain words, and not put me in pain to guess by the change or coldness of his countenance or behaviour; for it was what I would hardly bear from a crowned head, and I thought no subject's favour was worth it; and that I designed to let my lord keeper<sup>25</sup> and Mr. Harley know the same thing, that they might use me accordingly. He took all right; said, I had reason, vowed nothing ailed him but sitting up whole nights at business, and one night at drinking; would have had me dine<sup>26</sup> with him and Mrs. Masham's brother, to make up matters; but I would not. I don't know, but I would not. But indeed I was engaged

<sup>24</sup> The words in parentheses may be an editorial interpolation. Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, p. 326, quoting this passage from the original manuscript, was either unaware of them, or he deliberately omitted them.

<sup>25</sup> Harcourt, p. 18 n.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>26</sup> Deane Swift, 'dined'. Presumably only a printer's error.

with my old friend Rollinson,<sup>27</sup> you never heard of him before.

4. I sometimes look a line or two back, and see plaguy mistakes of the pen; how do you get over them? You are puzzled sometimes. Why, I think what I said to Mr. secretary was right. Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humour for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons? I have pluckt up my spirit since then, faith; he spoiled a fine gentleman. I dined with my neighbour Vanhomrigh, and MD, poor MD, at home on a loin of mutton and half a pint of wine, and the mutton was raw, poor Stella could not eat, poor dear rogue, and Dingley was so vext: but we'll dine at Stoyte's to-morrow. Mr. Harley promised to see me in a day or two, so I called this evening; but his son and others were abroad, and he asleep, so I came away, and found out Mrs. Vedeau. She drew out a letter from Dingley, and said she would get a friend to receive the money.<sup>28</sup> I told her I would employ Mr. Tooke in it henceforward. Her husband bought a lieutenancy of foot, and is gone to Portugal. He sold his share of the shop to his brother, and put out the money to maintain her, all but what bought the commission. She lodges within two doors of her brother. She told me, It made her very melancholy to change her manner of life thus, but trade was dead, &c. She says, she will write to you soon. I design to engage Ben Tooke, and then receive the parchment from her.—I gave Mr. Dopping a copy of Prior's verses on Mr.

<sup>27</sup> William Rollinson, a wine merchant, settled later in Oxfordshire, where he died, *c.* 1774, at about the age of 94. He was a friend of Bolingbroke, Pope, and Gay. Pope left him £5 to buy a ring, 'or any other memorial' (Pope's *Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, x. 230). He is mentioned by Gay in 'Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece', stanza xx. For further biographical details see *The Times Literary Supplement*, 16 Sept. 1944, p. 456.

<sup>28</sup> For further references to Rebecca Dingley's money transactions with Mrs. Vedeau see pp. 241, 284, 292.

the story of Mr. Harley from the archbishop; I warrant it never spoiled your supper, or broke off your game. Nor yet, have not you the box; I wish Mrs. Edgworth had the ——. But you have it now, I suppose; and is the chocolate good, or has the tobacco spoiled it? Leigh stays till Sterne has done his business, no longer; and when that will be, God knows: I befriend him as much as I can, but Mr. Harley's accident stops that as well as all things else. You guess, Madam Dingley, that I shall stay a round twelvemonth; as hope saved, I would come over, if I could, this minute; but we will talk of that by and bye.—Your affair of Vedeau I have told you of already; now to the next, turn over the leaf. Mrs. Dobbins<sup>33</sup> lies, I have no more provision here or in Ireland than I had. I am pleased that Stella the conjuror approved what I did with Mr. Harley;<sup>34</sup> but your generosity makes me mad; I know you repine inwardly at Presto's absence; you think he has broken his word of coming in three months, and that this is always his trick; and now Stella says, she does not see possibly how I can come away in haste, and that MD is satisfied, &c. An't you a rogue to overpower me thus? I did not expect to find such friends as I have done. They may indeed deceive me too. But there are important reasons [Pox on this grease, this candle tallow!]<sup>35</sup> why they should not.<sup>36</sup> I have been used barbarously by the late ministry; I am a little piqued in honour to let people see I am not to be despised. The assurances they give me, without any scruple or provocation, are such as are usually believed in the world; they may come to nothing, but the first opportunity that offers, and is neglected, I shall depend no more, but come away. I could say a

<sup>33</sup> Mary, wife of the Rev. James Dobbins, Chancellor of Armagh, 1724–32. He died in 1732. She was a niece of Thomas Lindsay, Bishop of Killaloe, and had previously been married to a Mr. Snugg.

<sup>34</sup> In relation to the bank bill. See p. 182 n.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>35</sup> The brackets are Deane Swift's.

<sup>36</sup> '*Swift* was, at this time, their great support and champion.'—Deane Swift.

thousand things on this head, if I were with you. I am thinking why Stella should not go to the Bath, if she be told it will do her good; I will make Parvisol get up fifty pounds, and pay it you; and you may be good houswives and live cheap there some months, and return in Autumn, or visit London, as you please: pray think of it. I writ to Bernage, directed to Curry's; I wish he had the letter. I will send the bohea tea, if I can. The bishop of Kilmore, I don't keep such company; an old dying fool whom I never was with in my life. So I am no godfather;<sup>37</sup> all the better. Pray, Stella, explain those two words of yours to me, what you mean by *Villian*, and *Dainger*,<sup>38</sup> and you, Madam Dingley, what is *Christianing*?—Lay your letter[s] *this way, this way*, and the devil a bit of difference between this way and t'other way. No; I'll shew you, lay them *this way, this way*, and not *that way, that way*.<sup>39</sup>—You shall have your aprons; and I'll put all your commissions as they come, in a paper together, and don't think I'll forget MD's orders, because they are friends; I'll be as careful, as if they were strangers. I know not what to do about this Clements. Walls will not let me say any thing, as if Mr. Pratt was against him; and now the bishop of Clogher has written to me in his behalf. This thing does not rightly fall in my way, and that people never consider: I always give my good offices where they are proper, and that I am judge of; however, I will do what I can. But, if he has the name of a Whig, it will be hard, considering my lord Anglesea and Hyde<sup>40</sup> are very much otherwise, and you know they have the employment of deputy treasurer. If

<sup>37</sup> See p. 213 and note.

<sup>38</sup> 'It may be somewhat amazing to declare; but *Stella*, with all her wit and good sense, spelled very ill. And Dr. *Swift* insisted greatly upon women's spelling well.'—Deane Swift. See p. 33 n.<sup>36</sup>

<sup>39</sup> 'The slope of the letters in the words *this way, this way*, is to the left hand, but the slope of the words *that way, that way*, is to the right hand.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>40</sup> The two were Joint Vice-Treasurers in Ireland. Anglesey was, furthermore, Treasurer at War, and Hyde Paymaster-General.

the frolick should take you of going to the Bath, I here send you a note on Parvisol; if not, you may tear it, and there's an end. Farewel.

If you have an imagination that the Bath will do you good, I say again, I would have you go; if not, or it be inconvenient, burn this note. Or, if you would go, and not take so much money, take thirty pounds, and I will return you twenty from hence. Do as you please, sirrahs. I suppose it will not be too late for the first season; if it be, I would have you resolve however to go the second season, if the doctors say it will do you good, and you fancy so.

## LETTER XX

[THURSDAY]

London, April 5, 1711.

I PUT my nineteenth in the post-office just now myself, as I came out of the city, where I dined. This rain ruins me in coach-hire; I walkt away sixpennyworth, and came within a shilling length, and then took a coach,<sup>1</sup> and got a lift back for nothing; and am now busy.

6. Mr. secretary desired I would see him this morning, said he had several things to say to me, and said not one; and the duke of Ormond sent to desire I would meet him at Mr. Southwell's by ten this morning too, which I did, thinking it was some particular matter. All the Irish in town were there, to consult upon preventing a bill for laying a duty on Irish yarn; so we talkt awhile, and then all went to the lobby of the house of commons, to solicit our friends, and the duke came among the rest; and lord Anglesea solicited admirably, and I did wonders.<sup>2</sup> But after all, the matter was put off till Monday, and then we are to be at it again. I dined with lord Mountjoy, and

<sup>1</sup> Act 9 Anne, c. 23, provided for an increase in the number of hackney coaches to 800. One shilling was the fare for a mile and a half, one shilling and sixpence for two miles, and so on.

<sup>2</sup> In a letter of 10 Apr. to Archbishop King Swift refers to his lobbying activities. See *Corresp.* i. 248 and n.<sup>2</sup>

lookt over him at chess, which put me in mind of Stella and Griffyth. I came home, and that dog Patrick was not within, so I fretted, and fretted, and what good did that do me? And so get you gone to your deans, You couple of queans. I can't find rhyme to Walls and Stoyte.—Yes, yes, You expect Mrs. Walls, Be dress'd when she calls, To carry you to Stoyte, Or else *honi soit*. Henley told me, that the Tories were insupportable people, because they are for bringing in French claret, and will not *sup-port*. Mr. Harley will hardly get abroad this week or ten days yet. I reckon when I send away this letter he will be just got into the house of commons. My last letter went in twelve days, and so perhaps may this. No it won't, for those letters that go under a fortnight are answers to one of yours, otherwise you must take the days as they happen, some dry, some wet, some barren, some fruitful, some merry, some insipid; some, &c.—I will write you word exactly the first day I see young gooseberries, and pray observe how much later you are. We have not had five fine days this five weeks, but rain or wind. 'Tis a late Spring they say here.—Go to bed, you two dear saucy brats, and don't keep me up all night.

7. Ford has been at Epsom, to avoid Good-Friday and Easter-Sunday. He forced me to-day to dine with him; and tells me, there are letters from Ireland giving an account of a great indiscretion in the archbishop of Dublin, who applied a story out of Tacitus<sup>3</sup> very reflectingly on

<sup>3</sup> In his letter to Swift of 17 Mar. King observed that Guiscard's attack might have convinced the world that Harley was not in the French interest, 'but it has not yet had that effect withal: nay some whisper the case of Faenius Rufus, and Scaevinus in the fifteenth book of Tacitus, *quem eundem conscium et inquisitorem non tolerabant*' (*Corresp.* i. 243; Tacitus, *Ann.* lib. xv. 66). The Archbishop's meaning is that some insinuated that Harley denounced Guiscard to conceal his own intrigues with France. A report got about that King had cited the passage in public; and in a letter dated 10 Apr. (*Corresp.* i. 246) Swift explained the trouble he had been at to prevent the story being published in *The Post Boy*. On 19 Apr. (*Corresp.* i. 250) King wrote to thank Swift for securing him from misrepresentation,



Mr. Harley, and that twenty people have written of it; I do not believe it yet. I called this evening to see Mr. secretary, who has been very ill with the gravel and pain in his back, by Burgundy and Champagne, added to the sitting up all night at business; I found him drinking tea while the rest were at Champagne, and was very glad of it. I have chid him so severely that I hardly knew whether he would take it well: then I went and sat an hour with Mrs. St. John, who is growing a great favourite of mine; she goes to the Bath on Wednesday, for she is much out of health, and has begged me to take care of the secretary.

8. I dined to-day with Mr. secretary St. John; he gave me a letter to read, which was from the publisher of the newspaper called the *Post-boy*;<sup>4</sup> in it there was a long copy of a letter from Dublin, giving an account of what the Whigs said upon Mr. Harley's being stabbed, and how much they abuse him and Mr. secretary St. John; and at the end there was half a dozen lines, telling the story of the archbishop of Dublin, and abusing him horribly; this was to be printed on Tuesday. I told the secretary I would not suffer that about the archbishop to be printed, and so I crosst it out; and afterwards, to prevent all danger, I made him give me the letter, and, upon further thought, would let none of it be published: and I sent for the printer and told him so, and ordered him, in the secretary's name, to print nothing reflecting on any body in Ireland till he had shewed it me. Thus I have prevented a terrible scandal to the archbishop, by a piece of perfect good fortune. I will let him know it by next post; and pray, if you pick it out, let me know, and whether he is thankful for it; but say nothing.

9. I was to-day at the house of commons again about their yarn,<sup>5</sup> at lord Anglesea's desire, but the business is

and in a reply of 10 May (*Corresp.* 1. 255) Swift related what further steps he had taken. See also p. 488.

<sup>4</sup> The leading Tory newspaper at this time, conducted by Abel Roper (p. 519 n.<sup>59</sup>). It appeared thrice weekly.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 235.

again put off till Monday. I dined with Sir John Stanley, by an assignation I had made with Mr. St. John, and George Granville, the secretary at war, but they let in other company, some ladies, and so we were not as easy as I intended. My head is pretty tolerable, but every day I feel some little disorders; I have left off snuff since Sunday, finding myself much worse after taking a good deal at the secretary's. I would not let him drink one drop of Champagne or Burgundy without water, and in compliment I did so myself. He is much better, but when he is well he is like Stella, and will not be governed. So go to your Stoyte's and I'll go sleep.

10. I have been visiting lady Worsley and Mrs. Barton to-day, and dined soberly with my friend Lewis. The dauphin is dead of an apoplexy;<sup>6</sup> I wish he had lived till the finishing of this letter, that it might be news to you; Duncomb,<sup>7</sup> the rich alderman, died to-day, and I hear has left the duke of Argyle, who married his niece, two hundred thousand pounds; I hope it is true, for I love that duke mightily. I writ this evening to the archbishop of Dublin, about what I told you;<sup>8</sup> and then went to take leave of poor Mrs. St. John, who gave me strict charge to take care of the secretary in her absence, said she had none to trust but me; and the poor creature's tears came fresh in her eyes. Before we took leave, I was drawn in by the other ladies and Sir John Stanley to raffle for a fan, with a pox; it was four guineas, and we put in seven shillings apiece, several raffling for absent people; but I lost, and so mist an opportunity of shewing my gallantry

<sup>6</sup> The Dauphin, Louis, son of Louis XIV, died of small-pox on 13 Apr., N.S., in his fiftieth year.

<sup>7</sup> Sir Charles Duncombe, the banker, knighted in 1699, elected Lord Mayor of London in 1708, died the richest commoner in England (Hearne's *Collections*, iii. 146). His niece, Mary Browne, daughter of Ursula Duncombe and John Browne, Receiver-General of the Excise, was the first wife of the second Duke of Argyle.

<sup>8</sup> *Corresp.* i. 246. About the Archbishop's indiscreet application of Tacitus.

to Mrs. St. John, whom I designed to have presented it to, if I had won. Is Dilly<sup>9</sup> gone to the Bath? His face will whizz in the water; I suppose he will write to us from thence, and will take London in his way back.—The rabble will say, There goes a drunken parson, and which is worse, they will say true. Oh, but you must know, I carried Ford to dine with Mr. St. John last Sunday, that he may brag when he goes back, of dining with a secretary of state. The secretary and I went away early, and left him drinking with the rest, and he told me, that two or three of them were drunk. They talk of great promotions to be made; that Mr. Harley is to be lord treasurer, and lord Poulet<sup>10</sup> master of the horse, &c. but they are only conjecture. The speaker is to make Mr. Harley a compliment the first time he comes into the house, which I hope will be in a week. He has had an ill surgeon, by the caprice of that puppy Dr. Radcliffe;<sup>11</sup> which has kept him back so long; and yesterday he got a cold, but is better to-day.—What; I think I am stark mad to write so much in one day to little saucy MD; here's a deal of stuff, indeed; can't you bid those little dear rogues good night, and let them go sleep, Mr. Presto? When your tongue runs there's no ho<sup>12</sup> with you, pray.

11. Again at the lobby, like a lobcock,<sup>13</sup> of the house of commons, about your Irish yarn, and again put off till Friday; and I and Patrick went into the city by water, where I dined, and then went to the auction of Charles

<sup>9</sup> The Rev. Dillon Ashe (p. 28 n.<sup>12</sup>).

<sup>10</sup> John, fourth Baron Poulett, 1663–1743, a lukewarm Tory, was created Earl Poulett in 1706. Since the previous 8th of August he had been nominally First Lord of the Treasury, although Harley held the direction of affairs. In June 1711 he became Lord Steward of the Household. On the accession of George I he lost his places. He married a daughter of Peregrine Bertie. Macky gives him the highest character, which Swift endorses as 'fair enough' (*Prose Works*, x. 278).

<sup>11</sup> See p. 212 n.<sup>40</sup>

<sup>12</sup> No limit.

<sup>13</sup> A clown, a stupid fellow. See Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*.

Barnard's books, but the good ones were so monstrous dear, I could not reach them, so I laid out one pound seven shillings but very indifferently, and came away, and will go there no more. Henley would fain engage me to go with Steele and Rowe, &c. to an invitation at Sir William Read's.<sup>14</sup> Surely you have heard of him. He has been a mountebank, and is the queen's oculist: he makes admirable punch, and treats you in gold vessels. But I am engaged, and won't go, neither indeed am I fond of the jaunt. So good night, and go sleep.

12.<sup>15</sup> I went about noon to the secretary, who is very ill with a cold, and sometimes of the gravel, with his Champagne, &c. I scolded him like a dog, and he promises faithfully more care for the future. To-day my lord Anglesea, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, and Prior and I dined, by appointment, with lieutenant general Webb.<sup>16</sup> My lord and I staid till ten o'clock, but we drank soberly, and I always with water. There was with us one Mr. Campain,<sup>17</sup> one of the October Club, if you know what

<sup>14</sup> Sir William Read, a quack, who was knighted in 1705 for curing seamen and soldiers of blindness gratis. He was also appointed Oculist in Ordinary to the Queen, and acquired wealth. He was a frequent advertiser in *The Tatler*. Addison satirized him in *The Spectator*, No. 547, 27 Nov. 1712. He died in 1715.

<sup>15</sup> On this day appeared *The Examiner*, No. 37 (36) in which Swift reviews the past record of the Dissenters, and offers them some good advice.

<sup>16</sup> Lieut.-General John Richmond Webb, 1667?-1724, who fought at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and was severely wounded at Malplaquet. He was a Tory, and ill-disposed to Marlborough, whose secretary, Cardonnel, assigned the credit of the action at Wynandaele (1708) not to Webb, but to his Whig subordinate, Cadogan. Webb was appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight, 1710; promoted a general in 1712, and commander of the land forces in Great Britain. After the accession of George I he lost his office.

<sup>17</sup> Henry Campion, a Commissioner of Public Works, was M.P. for Bossiney, 1710. Later he represented Helston, and afterwards the county of Sussex. He was a prominent member of the October Club, and a supporter of Bolingbroke. In 1714 he was regarded as a possible Chancellor of the Exchequer (W. P. Courtney, *Parliamentary Representation of Cornwall*, pp. 48, 332).

that is; a Club of country members, who think the ministers are too backward in punishing and turning out the Whigs. I found my lord and the rest thought I had more credit with the ministry than I pretend to have, and would have engaged me to put them upon something that would satisfy their desires, and indeed I think they have some reason to complain; however, I will not burn my fingers. I'll remember Stella's chiding; What had you to do with what did not belong to you, &c. However, you will give me leave to tell the ministry my thoughts when they ask them, and other people's thoughts sometimes when they do not ask; so thinks Dingley.

13. I called this morning at Mrs. Vedeau's again, who has employed a friend to get the money;<sup>18</sup> it will be done in a fortnight, and then she will deliver me up the parchment. I went then to see Mr. Harley, who I hope will be out in a few days; he was in excellent good humour, only complained to me of the neglect of Guiscard's cure, how glad he would have been to have had him live. Mr. secretary came in to us, and we were very merry till lord chamberlain (duke of Shrewsbury) came up, then colonel Masham and I went off, after I had been presented to the duke, and that we made two or three silly compliments suitable to the occasion. Then I attended at the house of commons about your yarn, and 'tis again put off. Then Ford drew me to dine at a tavern,<sup>19</sup> it happened to be the day and the house where the October Club dine. After we had dined, coming down we called to enquire, whether our yarn business had been over that day, and I sent into the room for Sir George Beaumont.<sup>20</sup> But I had like to be drawn into a difficulty; for in two minutes out comes

<sup>18</sup> See 4 Apr. 1711 and note.

<sup>19</sup> The Bell Tavern, King Street, Westminster. See p. 194 n.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Sir George Beaumont, Bart., of Stoughton Grange, Leicestershire, was born about 1665, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1690. He was M.P. for Leicester from 1702 till his death in 1737. He was a Commissioner of the Privy Seal, 1711-12, and one of the Lords of the Admiralty, Apr. to Oct. 1714.

Mr. Finch, lord Guernsey's son,<sup>21</sup> to let me know, that my lord Compton,<sup>22</sup> the steward of this feast, desired, in the name of the Club, that I would do them the honour to dine with them. I sent my excuses, adorned with about thirty compliments, and got off as fast as I could. It would have been a most improper thing for me to dine there, considering my friendship with the ministry. The Club is about a hundred and fifty, and near eighty of them were then going to dinner at two long tables in a great ground room. At evening I went to the auction of Barnard's books, and laid out three pounds three shillings, but I'll go there no more; and so I said once before, but now I'll keep to it. I forgot to tell, that when I dined at Webb's with lord Anglesea, I spoke to him of Clements, as one recommended for a very honest gentleman, and good officer, and hoped he would keep him: he said, he had no thought otherwise, and that he should certainly hold his place, while he continued to deserve it; and I could not find there had been any intentions from his lordship against him. But I tell you, hunny, the impropriety of this. A great man will do a favour for me, or for my friend; but why should he do it for my friend's friend? Recommendations should stop before they come to that. Let any friend of mine recommend one of his to me for a thing in my power, I will do it for his sake; but to speak to another for my friend's friend, is against all reason; and I desire you will understand this, and discourage any such troubles given me.—I hope this may do some good to Clements, it can do him no hurt; and I

<sup>21</sup> Heneage Finch, 1683–1757, who succeeded his father as second Earl of Aylesford in 1719, was son of the Heneage Finch who had been leading counsel for the seven bishops in 1688. The father was created Baron Guernsey in 1703, and Earl of Aylesford in 1714. The son was M.P. for Surrey, 1710–19.

<sup>22</sup> James Compton, 1687–1754, eldest son of George, fourth Earl of Northampton. He was Tory M.P. for Warwickshire, 1710–11. He was summoned to the House of Lords in his father's barony as Lord Compton, 28 Dec. 1711, and took his seat 2 Jan. 1711–12.

find by Mrs. Pratt, that her husband is his friend; and the bishop of Clogher says, Clements's danger is not from Pratt, but from some other enemies, that think him a Whig.

14. I was so busy this morning that I did not go out till late. I writ to-day to the duke of Argyle, but said nothing of Bernage, who, I believe, will not see him till Spain is conquered, and that is, not at all. I was to-day at lord Shelburn's, and spoke to Mrs. Pratt again about Clements; her husband himself wants some good offices, and I have done him very good ones lately, and told Mrs. Pratt, I expected her husband should stand by Clements in return. Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined with neighbour Vanhomrigh; he is mighty ill of an Asthma, and apprehends himself in much danger; 'tis his own fault, that will rake and drink, when he is but just crawled out of his grave. I will send this letter just now, because I think my half year is out for my lodging; and, if you please, I would be glad it were paid off, and some deal boxes made for my books, and kept in some safe place, I would give something for their keeping: but I doubt that lodging will not serve me when I come back; I would have a larger place for books, and a stable, if possible. So pray be so kind to pay the lodging, and all accounts about it; and get Mrs. Brent to put up my things. I would have no books put in that trunk where my papers are. If you do not think of going to the Bath, I here send a bill on Parvisol for twenty pounds Irish, out of which you will pay for the lodging, and score the rest to me. Do as you please, and love poor Presto that loves MD better than his life a thousand millions of times. Farewel, MD, &c. &c.

## LETTER XXI

[SATURDAY]

London, April 14, 1711.

REMEMBER, sirrahs, that there are but nine days between the dates of my two former letters. I sent away my twentieth this moment, and now am writing on like a fish, as if nothing was done. But there was a cause for my hasting away the last, for fear it should not come time enough before a new quarter began. I told you where I dined to-day, but forgot to tell you what I believe, that Mr. Harley will be lord treasurer in a short time, and other great removes and promotions made. This is my thought, &c.

15. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, and he is grown pretty well. I dined with him to-day, and drank some of that wine which the great duke of Tuscany<sup>1</sup> used to send to Sir William Temple: he always sends some to the chief ministers. I liked it mightily, but he does not; and he ordered his butler to send me a chest of it to-morrow. Would to God MD had it. The queen is well again, and was at chapel to-day, &c.

16.<sup>2</sup> I went with Ford into the city to-day, and dined with Stratford, and drank Tockay, and then we went to the auction; but I did not lay out above twelve shillings. My head is a little out of order to-night, though no formal fit. My lord keeper has sent to invite me to dinner to-morrow, and you'll dine better with the Dean, and God bless you. I forgot to tell you that yesterday was sent me *A Narrative* printed, with all the circumstances of Mr. Harley's stabbing. I had not time to do it myself; so I sent my hints to the author of the *Atalantis*,<sup>3</sup> and she has

<sup>1</sup> Among Temple's letters is one in which, writing from The Hague, 25 Aug. 1670, N.S., he thanks the Grand Duke of Tuscany for two letters 'accompagnée des plus riches vendanges d'Italie' (*Works*, 1720, ii. 236). The Duke was Cosimo III. Cf. p. 48 n.<sup>58</sup>

<sup>2</sup> On 16 Apr. Swift sent a letter to Argyle (*Corresp.* i. 248), who had gone to Spain.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Manley (p. 123 n.<sup>34</sup>). *A True Narrative of what pass'd at the*



cook'd it into a six-penny pamphlet, in her own style, only the first page is left as I was beginning it. But I was afraid of disobliging Mr. Harley or Mr. St. John in one critical point about it, and so would not do it myself. It is worth your reading, for the circumstances are all true. My chest of Florence was sent me this morning, and cost me seven and six-pence to two servants. I would give two guineas you had it, &c.

17. I was so out of order with my head this morning, that I was going to send my excuses to my lord keeper; but however I got up at eleven, and walked there after two, and staid till eight. There was Sir Thomas Mansel, Prior, George Granville, and Mr. Cæsar,<sup>4</sup> and we were very merry. My head is still wrong, but I have had no formal fit, only I totter a little. I have left off snuff altogether. I have a noble roll of tobacco for grating, very good. Shall I send it to MD, if she likes that sort? My lord keeper and our this day's company are to dine on Saturday with George Granville, and to-morrow I dine with lord Anglesea.

18. Did you ever see such a blundering goose-cap as Presto? I saw the number 21 a-top, and so I went on as if it were the day of the month, whereas this is but Wednesday the 18th. How shall I do to blot and alter them? I have made a shift to do it behind, but it is a great botch. I dined with lord Anglesea to-day, but did not go to the house of commons about the yarn; my head was not well enough. I know not what's the matter; it has never been thus before: two days together giddy from morning till night, but not with any violence or pain; and I totter a little, but can make shift to walk. I doubt I must fall to my pills again: I think of going into the *Examination of the Marquis De Guiscard*, ... London: Printed for John Morphew, ... 1711.

<sup>4</sup> Charles Caesar, M.P. for Hertford, who took the place of Robert Walpole as Treasurer of the Navy, June 1711. He died in broken circumstances in 1741, and his executors sold the family estate of Benington in Hertfordshire for the payment of his debts. For an account of the family see Clutterbuck's *County of Hertford*, ii. 282-5.

country a little way. I tell you what you must do henceforward: you must inclose your letters in a fair half sheet of paper, and direct the outside To Erasmus Lewis, esquire, at my Lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall: for I never go to the Coffee-house, and they will grudge to take in my letters. I forgot to tell you that your mother was to see me this morning, and brought me a flask of sweat water for a present, admirable for my head; but I shall not smell to it. She is going to Sheen with lady Giffard: she would fain send your papers over to you, or give them to me. Say what you would have done, and it shall be done; because I love Stella, and she is a good daughter, they say, and so is Dingley.

19.<sup>5</sup> This morning general Webb was to give me a visit: he goes with a crutch and stick, yet was forced to come up two pair of stairs. I promised to dine with him, but afterwards sent my excuses, and dined privately in my friend Lewis's lodgings at Whitehall, with whom I had much business to talk of, relating to the publick and myself. Little Harrison the Tatler goes to-morrow to the secretaryship I got him at the Hague, and Mr. St. John has made him a present of fifty guineas to bear his charges.<sup>6</sup> An't I a good friend? Why are not you a young fellow, that I might prefer you? I had a letter from Bernage from Kinsale: he tells me his commission for captain-lieutenant was ready for him at his arrival: so there are two jackanapeses I have done with. My head is something better this evening, though not well.

20. I was this morning with Mr. secretary, whose packets were just come in, and among them a letter from lord Peterborow to me:<sup>7</sup> he writes so well, I have no mind

<sup>5</sup> *The Examiner* of this day, No. 38 (37), is devoted to commenting upon the change of language observable in the Whigs and the unreasonableness of their stock complaints against the new administration.

<sup>6</sup> On this day St. John wrote to Lord Raby: 'Little Harrison goes away by the first packet' (Bolingbroke's *Letters*, 1798, i. 95).

<sup>7</sup> *Corresp.* i. 244. Written from Vienna, 18 Apr., N.S.

to answer him, and so kind, that I must answer him. The emperor's<sup>8</sup> death must, I think, cause great alterations in Europe, and, I believe, will hasten a Peace. We reckon our king Charles will be chosen emperor, and the duke of Savoy set up for Spain; but I believe he will make nothing of it. Dr. Freind and I dined in the city at a printer's, and it has cost me two shillings in coach hire, and a great deal more this week and month, which has been almost all rain, with now and then sun-shine, and is the truest April that I have known these many years. The lime-trees in the Park are all out in leaves, though not large leaves yet. Wise people are going into the country; but many think the Parliament can hardly be up these six weeks. Mr. Harley was with the queen on Tuesday. I believe certainly he will be lord treasurer: I have not seen him this week.

21. Morning. Lord keeper, and I, and Prior, and Sir Thomas Mansel have appointed to dine this day with George Granville. My head, I thank God, is better; but to be giddyish three or four days together mortified me. I take no snuff, and I will be very regular in eating little and the gentlest meats. How does poor Stella just now, with her deans and her Stoytes? Do they give you health for the money you lose at ombre, sirrah? What say you to that? Poor Dingley frets to see Stella lose that four and eleven pence, t'other night. Let us rise. Morrow,

<sup>8</sup> On 17 Apr. an express arrived reporting the death of Joseph I (1678-1711), the young Emperor of Austria. His next heir was his brother, already acknowledged by the Allies as Charles III of Spain. On the 20th a message was sent from the Queen to both Houses announcing her intention of supporting the election of Charles as Emperor and endeavouring to conclude the war with a safe and honourable peace. The Emperor's death was a blow to the Whig programme of 'No peace without Spain', for few could now be found to urge that England should go on fighting to add Spain and half America to the vast possessions Charles would inherit as Emperor of Austria. The partition of the Spanish Empire had been a declared objective of William III. That policy was to be embodied by St. John in the Peace of Utrecht (Bolingbroke's *Letters*, 1. 99; and Letter viii of his *Study and Use of History*).

sirrahs. I will rise, spight of your little teeth; good morrow.—At night. Oh, faith, you are little dear saucy boxes. I was just going in the morning to tell you that I began to want a letter from MD, and in four minutes after Mr. Ford sends me one that he had pickt up at St. James's Coffee-house; for I go to no Coffee-house at all. And faith, I was glad at heart to see it, and to see Stella so brisk. O Lord, what pretending? Well, but I won't answer it yet; I'll keep it for t'other side. Well, we dined to-day according to appointment; lord keeper went away at near eight, I at eight, and I believe the rest will be fairly fuddled: for young Harcourt,<sup>9</sup> lord keeper's son, began to prattle before I came away. It will not do with Prior's lean carcase. I drink little, miss my glass often, put water in my wine, and go away before the rest, which I take to be a good receipt for sobriety. Let us put it into rhyme, and so make a proverb;

Drink little at a time;  
Put water with your wine;  
Miss your glass when you can;  
And go off the first man.

God be thanked, I am much better than I was, though something of a totterer. I ate but little to-day, and of the gentlest meat. I refused ham and pigeons, pease-soup, stewed beef, cold salmon, because they were too strong. I take no snuff at all, but some herb-snuff prescribed by Dr. Radcliffe.

Go to your deans,  
You couple of queans.

I believe I said that already, What care I? what cares Presto?

<sup>9</sup> Simon Harcourt, born in 1684, second son of the Lord Keeper, M.P. for Wallingford. He was a friend of the poets, wrote verses, and acted as secretary to 'the Society' (pp. 294, 505, and notes). He died in 1720 and was buried at Stanton Harcourt, where a monument was erected to his memory bearing an epitaph written by Pope (Elwin and Courthope, *Works*, iv. 383; x. 196-7).

22. Morning. I must rise and go to the secretary's. Mr. Harley has been out of town this week to refresh himself before he comes into parliament. Oh, but I must rise, so there is no more to be said; and so morrow, sirrahs both.—Night. I dined to-day with the secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday: and I was an hour with him this morning deep in politicks, where I told him the objections of the October Club, and he answered all except one, That no Enquiries are made into past mismanagement. But indeed I believe they are not yet able to make any: the late ministry were too cunning in their rogueries, and fenced themselves with an Act of general Pardon. I believe Mr. Harley must be lord treasurer; yet he makes one difficulty which is hard to answer: he must be made a lord, and his estate is not large enough, and he is too generous to make it larger; and if the ministry should change soon by any accident, he will be left in the suds. Another difficulty is, that if he be made a peer, they will want him prodigiously in the House of Commons, of which he is the great mover, and after him the secretary, and hardly any else of weight.<sup>10</sup> Two shillings more to-day for coach and chair. I shall be ruined.

23. So you expect an answer to your letter, do you so? Yes, yes, you shall have an answer, you shall, young women. I made a good pun on Saturday to my lord keeper. After dinner we had coarse *Doiley*<sup>11</sup> napkins, fringed at each end, upon the table to drink with: my lord keeper spread one of them between him and Mr. Prior; I told him I was glad to see there was such a *Fringeship* [Friendship]<sup>12</sup> between Mr. Prior and his lordship. Prior swore it was the worst he ever heard: I said I thought so

<sup>10</sup> 'That is, among the ministry.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>11</sup> Named after Doiley, or Doyley, a seventeenth-century linen-draper 'who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel' (*The Spectator*, No. 283).

<sup>12</sup> The explanatory word within brackets is Deane Swift's.

too; but at the same time I thought it was most like one of Stella's that ever I heard. I dined to-day with lord Montjoy, and this evening saw the Venetian ambassador<sup>13</sup> coming from his first publick audience. His coach was the most monstrous, huge, fine, rich, gilt thing that ever I saw. I loitered this evening, and came home late.

24. I was this morning to visit the duchess of Ormond, who has long desired it, or threatened she would not let me visit her daughters. I sat an hour with her, and we were good company, when in came the countess of Bellamont,<sup>14</sup> with a pox. I went out, and we did not know one another; yet hearing me named, she asked, What, is that Dr. Swift? said she and I were very well acquainted, and fell a railing at me without mercy, as a lady told me that was there; yet I never was but once in the company of that drab of a countess. Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined with my neighbour Van. I design in two days, if possible, to go lodge at Chelsea for the air, and put myself under a necessity of walking to and from London every day. I writ this post to the bishop of Clogher a long politick letter to entertain him.<sup>15</sup> I am to buy statues and *Harnese*<sup>16</sup> for them, with a vengeance. I have packt and sealed up MD's twelve letters against I go to Chelsea. I have put the last commissions of MD in my account-book; but if there be any former ones, I have forgot them. I have Dingley's pocket-book down, and Stella's green silk apron, and the pound of tea; pray send me word if you have any other, and down they shall go. I will not answer your letter yet, saucy boxes. You are with the dean just now, madam Stella, losing your money. Why don't you name

<sup>13</sup> Apparently a special envoy. The Venetian Resident in 1710 was Signor Bianchi.

<sup>14</sup> Nanfan (Coote), third Earl of Bellamont (or Bellomont), married in Feb. 1705-6 Lucia Anna, youngest daughter of Henry, Count of Nassau and Lord of Auverquerque. He died in 1708, and she in 1744.

<sup>15</sup> This letter has not been preserved.

<sup>16</sup> '*Farnese*.'—Deane Swift. Apparently a reference to the statuary in the Farnese Palace at Rome. Cf. pp. 256, 414.

what number you have received? You say you have received my letters, but don't tell the number.

25. I was this day dining in the city with very insignificant, low, and scurvy company. I had a letter from the archbishop of Dublin,<sup>17</sup> with a long denial of the report raised on him, which yet has been since assured to me from those who say they have it from the first hand; but I cannot believe them. I will shew it to the secretary to-morrow. I will not answer yours till I get to Chelsea.<sup>18</sup>

26.<sup>19</sup> *Chelsea*. I have sent two boxes of lumber to my friend Darteneuf's house, and my chest of Florence and other things to Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I dined to-day. I was this morning with the secretary, and shewed him the archbishop's letter, and convinced him of his grace's innocence, and I will do the same to Mr. Harley. I got here in the stage coach with Patrick and my portmantua for six-pence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. We have had such a horrible deal of rain, that there is no walking to London, and I must go as I came until it mends; and besides the whelp has taken my lodgings as far from London as this town could afford, at least half a mile further than he need; but I must be content. The best is, I lodge just over-against Dr. Atterbury's house, and yet perhaps I shall not like the place the better for that. Well, I'll stay till to-morrow before I answer your letter; and you must suppose me always writing at Chelsea from henceforward, till I alter and say London. This letter goes on Saturday, which will be just a fortnight; so go and cheat goody Stoyte, &c.

27. Do you know that I fear my whole chest of Florence

<sup>17</sup> *Corresp.* i. 250. See p. 236 n.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>18</sup> For Swift's successive lodgings in London see p. 142 n.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>19</sup> In *The Examiner*, No. 39 (38), for 26 Apr., Swift more than hints that the Whig leaders were lucky to have evaded processes of law. 'It is very false reasoning, especially in the management of public affairs, to argue that men are innocent, because the law hath not pronounced them guilty.'

is turned sour, at least the two first flasks were so, and hardly drinkable. How plaguy unfortunate am I! and the secretary's own is the best I ever tasted; and I must not tell him, but be as thankful as if it were the best in Christendom. I went to town in the sixpenny stage to-day, and hearing Mr. Harley was not at home, I went to see him, because I knew by the message of his lying porter that he was at home. He was very well, and just going out, but made me promise to dine with him; and betwixt that and indeed strolling about, I lost four pound seven shillings at play—with a—a—a—bookseller, and got but half a dozen books.<sup>20</sup> I will buy no more books now, that's certain. Well, I dined at Mr. Harley's, came away at six, shifted my gown, cassock, and periwig, and walkt hither to Chelsea, as I always design to do when it is fair. I am heartily sorry to find my friend the secretary stand a little ticklish with the rest of the ministry; there have been one or two disobliging things that have happened, too long to tell:<sup>21</sup> and t'other day in parliament, upon a debate of about thirty-five millions that have not been duly accounted for, Mr. secretary in his warmth of speech, and zeal for his friend Mr. Brydges,<sup>22</sup> on whom part of the blame was falling, said, he did not know that

<sup>20</sup> 'This must have been at some raffling for books.'—Deane Swift. Advertisements of raffles for books appear from time to time in newspapers of the period.

<sup>21</sup> Swift refers, doubtless, to the failure of the Tories to influence the election (12 and 13 Apr.) of the governor and directors of the Bank of England. The election caused great excitement (Trevelyan, *England under Queen Anne*, iii. 103-5). All the Whig candidates were returned.

<sup>22</sup> Robert Walpole had been turned out of the Treasurership of the Navy in January, and a charge of peculation was brought against him. It was reported that thirty-five million pounds were unaccounted for. Walpole effectively vindicated himself. James Brydges (p. 21 n.<sup>40</sup>), afterwards first Duke of Chandos, was Paymaster-General of the forces abroad from 1707 to 1712, and St. John was anxious to clear him of any entanglements in the charge. See Cobbett, *Parliamentary History*, vi. 1016-19; Leadam, *Political History of England*, ix. 180; *Corresp.* i. 253 n.<sup>1</sup>; Trevelyan, *Queen Anne*, iii. 107-9, 351; *Huntington Library Quarterly*, i. 462-3.



either Mr. Brydges or the late ministry were at all to blame in this matter; which was very desperately spoken, and giving up the whole cause: for the chief quarrel against the late ministry was the ill management of the treasure, and was more than all the rest together. I had heard of this matter: but Mr. Foley<sup>23</sup> beginning to discourse to-day at table, without naming Mr. St. John, I turned to Mr. Harley, and said, If the late ministry were not to blame in that article, he [Mr. Harley]<sup>24</sup> ought to lose his head for putting the queen upon changing them. He made it a jest; but by some words dropt, I easily saw that they take things ill of Mr. St. John, and by some hints given me from another hand that I deal with, I am afraid the secretary will not stand long.<sup>25</sup> This is the fate of Courts. I will, if I meet Mr. St. John alone on Sunday, tell him my opinion, and beg him to set himself right, else the consequences may be very bad; for I see not how they can well want him neither, and he would make a troublesome enemy. But enough of politicks.

28. Morning. I forgot to tell you that Mr. Harley askt me yesterday, how he came to disoblige the archbishop of Dublin? Upon which (having not his letter about me) I told him what the bishop had written to me on that subject, and desired I might read him the letter some other time.<sup>26</sup> But after all, from what I have heard from other hands, I am afraid the archbishop is a little guilty. Here is one Brent Spencer, a brother of Mr. Proby's,<sup>27</sup> who

<sup>23</sup> Thomas Foley, eldest son of Thomas Foley, an iron-master, was M P. (Tory) for Stafford, 1694-1712. On 1 Jan. 1711-12 he was created Baron Foley of Kidderminster. His sister, Elizabeth (d. 1691), was first wife of Robert Harley and mother of the second Earl of Oxford.

<sup>24</sup> The brackets, and presumably the explanatory name, are Deane Swift's.

<sup>25</sup> A lack of cordial understanding between St. John and Harley began about this time. In a letter to Orrery, 18 May 1711, St. John dropped a plain hint of the difficulty of working with Harley (*Letters*, 1798, i. 132).

<sup>26</sup> See p. 251.

<sup>27</sup> Brother-in-law. See p. 223 n.<sup>5</sup>

affirms it, and says he has leave to do so from Charles Dering,<sup>28</sup> who heard the words; and Ingoldsby abused the archbishop, &c. Well, but now for your saucy letter: I have no room to answer it; O yes, enough on t'other side. Are you no sicker? Stella jeers Presto for not coming over by Christmas; but indeed Stella does not jeer but reproach poor poor Presto. And how can I come away, and the First-Fruits not finished? I am of opinion the duke of Ormond will do nothing in them before he goes, which will be in a fortnight, they say; and then they must fall to me to be done in his absence. No, indeed, I have nothing to print: you know they have printed the *Miscellanies* already.<sup>29</sup> Are they on your side yet? If you have my snuff-box, I'll have your strong box. Hi, does Stella take snuff again? or is it only because it is a fine box? Not the *Meddle*, but the *Medley*,<sup>30</sup> you fool. Yes, yes, a wretched thing, because it is against you Tories: now I think it is very fine, and the *Examiner* a wretched thing.—Twist you mouth, sirrah. Guiscard, and what you will read in the *Narrative*,<sup>31</sup> I ordered to be written, and nothing else. The *Spectator* is written by Steele, with Addison's help: 'tis often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an Indian supposed to write his travels into England.<sup>32</sup> I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written

<sup>28</sup> Second son of Sir Edward Dering, Bart., M.P. for Kent, and uncle of Sir Cholmeley Dering (p. 264 n.<sup>23</sup>). He was M.P. for Carlingford and Auditor of the Exchequer in Ireland.

<sup>29</sup> Published at the end of February. See pp. 62, 203, and notes.

<sup>30</sup> A Whig paper conducted by Arthur Mainwaring with the assistance of Oldmixon, Steele, and Anthony Henley. *The Medley* ran to forty-five numbers, appearing weekly from 5 Oct. 1710 to 6 Aug. 1711. It was chiefly devoted to rebutting *The Examiner*. In *The Examiner*, No. 42, 17 May 1711, Swift deals specifically with it and its 'indefatigable, incessant railings'. When *The Examiner* was revived by William Oldisworth, 6 Dec. 1711, it was followed by a reappearance of *The Medley*, which began afresh with No. 1, 3 Mar. 1711–12, and continued to No. 45, 4 Aug. 1712.

<sup>31</sup> By Mrs. Manley (pp. 123, 244, and notes).

<sup>32</sup> No. 50. By Addison.

a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the under-hints there are mine too; but I never see him or Addison. The queen is well, but I fear will be no long liver; for I am told she has sometimes the gout in her bowels (I hate the word *bowels*). My ears have been, these three months past, much better than any time these two years; but now they begin to be a little out of order again. My head is better, though not right; but I trust to air and walking. You have got my letter, but what number? I suppose 18. Well, my shin has been well this month. No. Mrs. Westley<sup>33</sup> came away without her husband's knowledge, while she was in the country: she has written to me for some tea. They lie; Mr. Harley's wound was very terrible: he had convulsions, and very narrowly escaped. The bruise was nine times worse than the wound: he is weak still. Well, Brooks married;<sup>34</sup> I know all that. I am sorry for Mrs. Wall's eye: I hope 'tis better. O yes, you are great walkers: but I have heard them say, Much talkers, Little walkers: and I believe I may apply the old proverb to you; If you talkt no more than you walkt, Those that think you wits would be baulkt. Yes, Stella shall have a large printed Bible: I have put it down among my commissions for MD. I am glad to hear you have taken the fancy of intending to read the Bible. Pox take the box; is not it come yet? This is trusting to your young fellows, young women; 'tis your fault: I thought you had such power with Sterne, that he would fly over Mount Atlas to serve you. You say you are not splenetick; but if you be, faith you will break poor Presto's—I won't say the rest; but I vow to God, if I could decently come over now, I would, and leave all schemes of politicks and ambition for ever. I have not

<sup>33</sup> Probably a mistake for 'Wesley'. See p. 3 n.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>34</sup> Probably a reference to the marriage, which took place 29 Mar. 1711, between Henry Brooke, of Colebrooke, co. Fermanagh, M.P. (ancestor of the Right Hon. Sir Basil Brooke, Bart.), and Lettice, daughter of Benjamin Burton, the leading Dublin banker.

the opportunities here of preserving my health by riding, &c. that I have in Ireland; and the want of health is a great cooler of making one's court. You guess right about my being bit with a direction from Walls, and the letter from MD: I believe I described it in one of my last. This goes to-night; and I must now rise and walk to town, and walk back in the evening. God Almighty bless and preserve poor MD. Farewel.

Oh faith, don't think, saucy noses, that I'll fill this third side: I can't stay a letter above a fortnight: It must go then; and you would rather see a short one like this, than want it a week longer.

My humble service to the dean, and Mrs. Walls, and good kind hearty Mrs. Stoyte, and honest Catherine.

## LETTER XXII

[SATURDAY]

Chelsea, April 28, 1711.

AT night. I say at night, because I finished my twenty-first this morning here, and put it into the post-office my own self, like a good boy. I think I am a little before you now, young women: I am writing my twenty-second, and have received your thirteenth. I got to town between twelve and one, and put on my new gown and periwig, and dined with lord Abercorn, where I had not been since the marriage of his son lord Peasley,<sup>1</sup> who has got ten thousand pound with a wife. I am now a country gentleman. I walked home as I went, and am a little weary, and am got into bed: I hope in God the air and exercise will do me a little good. I have been enquiring about statues for Mrs. Ashe;<sup>2</sup> I made lady Abercorn go with me; and will send them word next post to Clogher. I hate to buy for her: I'm sure she'll maunder. I am going to study.

29. I had a charming walk to and from town to-day: I washed, shaved and all, and changed gown and periwig,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Paisley. See p. 205 n.

<sup>2</sup> Wife of St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher (p. 2 n.7).

by half an hour after nine, and went to the secretary, who told me how he had differed with his friends in parliament: I apprehended this division, and told him a great deal of it. I went to Court, and there several mentioned it to me as what they much disliked. I dined with the secretary; and we proposed doing some business of importance in the afternoon, which he broke to me first, and said how he and Mr. Harley were convinced of the necessity of it; yet he suffered one of his under-secretaries to come upon us after dinner, who staid till six, and so nothing was done: and what care I? he shall send to me the next time, and ask twice. To-morrow I go to the election at Westminster-school, where lads are chosen for the University: they say 'tis a sight, and a great trial of wits. Our Expedition Fleet is but just sailed:<sup>3</sup> I believe it will come to nothing. Mr. secretary frets at their tediousness; but hopes great things from it, though he owns four or five princes are in the secret; and, for that reason, I fear it is no secret to France. There are eight regiments; and the admiral is your Walker's brother the midwife.<sup>4</sup>

30. Morn. I am here in a pretty pickle: it rains hard; and the cunning natives of Chelsea have outwitted me, and taken up all the three stage coaches. What shall I do?

<sup>3</sup> An expedition to take Quebec was promoted by St. John in face of Harley's opposition to the scheme. Five regiments were withdrawn from Flanders, and with other troops, about 5,000 in all, entrusted to General 'Jack' Hill. They were convoyed in transports by a squadron of ships of war commanded by Sir Hovenden Walker; and about the middle of August they entered the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Walker was incapable of navigating the river; a storm cast eight transports on the rocks with the loss of about 900 men; and the disheartened expedition returned home a complete failure (Trevelyan's *England under Queen Anne*, iii. 118-19, 143-5). Swift admitted that the leadership was at fault (p. 378).

<sup>4</sup> This is awkwardly expressed. 'Your Walker', the younger brother, was Sir Chamberlen Walker, a celebrated accoucheur. Sir Hovenden Walker served his life at sea. He was promoted Rear-Admiral and knighted in 1711. In 1712 he became Commander-in-chief in Jamaica. In 1720 he published a justification of himself under the title, *A Journal, Or Full Account of the Late Expedition to Canada*.

I must go to town: this is your fault. I can't walk: I'll borrow a coat. This is the blindside of my lodging out of town; I must expect such inconveniencies as these. Faith I'll walk in the rain. Morrow.—At night. I got a gentleman's chaise by chance, and so went to town for a shilling, and lie this night in town. I was at the election of lads at Westminster to-day, and a very silly thing it is; but they say there will be fine doings to-morrow. I dined with Dr. Freind, the second master<sup>5</sup> of the school, with a dozen parsons and others: Prior would make me stay. Mr. Harley is to hear the election to-morrow; and we are all to dine with tickets, and hear fine speeches. 'Tis terrible rainy weather again: I lie at a friend's in the city.

May 1. I wish you a merry May-day, and a thousand more. I was baulkt at Westminster; I came too late: I heard no speeches nor verses. They would not let me in to their dining place for want of a ticket; and I would not send in for one, because Mr. Harley excused his coming, and Atterbury was not there; and I cared not for the rest: and so my friend Lewis and I dined with Kit Musgrave,<sup>6</sup> if you know such a man: and, the weather mending, I walked gravely home this evening; and so I design to walk and walk till I am well: I fancy myself a little better already. How does poor Stella? Dingley is well enough. Go, get you gone, naughty girl, you are well enough. O dear MD, contrive to have some share of the country this spring: go to Finglass, or Donnybrook, or Clogher, or Killala, or Lowth. Have you got your box yet? Yes, yes.

<sup>5</sup> Robert Freind, elder brother of John Freind (p. 91 n.<sup>4</sup>), the physician, had been under-master of Westminster School since 1698. He became headmaster in 1711, and in the same year he was presented to the rectory of Witney in Oxfordshire (*Hearne's Collections*, iii. 117). He also became successively a Canon of Windsor, a prebendary of Westminster, and a Canon of Christ Church. Westminster prospered under his headmastership, which ended with his retirement in 1733.

<sup>6</sup> Christopher Musgrave, second son of Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart., of Edenhall. He succeeded his elder brother, Philip, as Clerk of the Council.

Don't write to me again till this letter goes: I must make haste, that I may write two for one. Go to the Bath: I hope you are now at the Bath, if you had a mind to go; or go to Wexford: do something for your living. Have you given up my lodging according to order? I have had just now a compliment from dean Atterbury's lady,<sup>7</sup> to command the garden and library, and whatever the house affords. I lodge just over against them; but the dean is in town with his convocation: so I have my dean and prolocutor as well as you,<sup>8</sup> young women, though he has not so good wine, nor so much meat.

2. A fine day, but begins to grow a little warm; and that makes your little fat Presto sweat in the forehead. Pray, are not the fine buns sold here in our town; was it not *Rrrrrrrrrrare Chelsea buns*? I bought one to-day in my walk;<sup>9</sup> it cost me a penny; it was stale, and I did not like it, as the man said, &c. Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and had a flask of my Florence, which lies in their cellar; and so I came home gravely, and saw nobody of consequence to-day. I am very easy here, nobody plaguing me in a morning; and Patrick saves many a score lies. I sent over to Mrs. Atterbury, To know whether I might wait on her? but she is gone a visiting: we have exchanged some compliments, but I have not seen her yet. We have no news in our town.

3.<sup>10</sup> I did not go to town to-day, it was so terrible

<sup>7</sup> Atterbury married Katherine Osborne, daughter of a clergyman related to the Duke of Leeds. His charming lines written on a fan, and addressed to her, are quoted in *The Tatler*, No. 239, 19 Oct. 1710. See also Nichols's *Select Collection*, v. 1. The description of Flavia in *The Tatler*, No. 212, 17 Aug. 1710, may be intended as a representation of her.

<sup>8</sup> Atterbury was Prolocutor of Convocation, and Stearne, Dean of St. Patrick's, held the same position in Ireland.

<sup>9</sup> On his walks to and from town Swift passed the famous Chelsea Bun House, which stood at the bottom of Jews Row. It disappeared in 1839 (Wheatley and Cunningham, *London Past and Present*, i. 381).

<sup>10</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 40 (39), which appeared on 3 May, is a brilliant piece of irony. Swift suggests that Whig sentiments and politics are likely

rainy; nor have I stirred out of my room till eight this evening; when I crost the way to see Mrs. Atterbury, and thank her for her civilities. She would needs send me some veal, and small beer, and ale, to-day at dinner; and I have lived a scurvy, dull, splenetick day, for want of MD: I often thought how happy I could have been, had it rained eight thousand times more, if MD had been with a body. My lord Rochester<sup>11</sup> is dead this morning; they say at one o'clock; and I hear he died suddenly. To-morrow I shall know more. He is a great loss to us: I cannot think who will succeed him as lord president. I have been writing a long letter to lord Peterborow<sup>12</sup> and am dull.

4. I dined to-day at lord Shelburn's, where lady Kerry made me a present of four India handkerchiefs, which I have a mind to keep for little MD, only that I had rather, &c. I have been a mighty handkerchief-monger, and have bought abundance of snuff ones since I have left off taking snuff. And I am resolved, when I come over, MD shall be acquainted with lady Kerry: we have struck up a mighty friendship; and she has much better sense than any other lady of your country. We are almost in love with one another: but she is most egregiously ugly; but perfectly well bred, and governable as I please. I am resolved, when I come, to keep no company but MD: you know I kept my resolution last time; and, except Mr. Addison, conversed with none but you and your club of deans and Stoytes. 'Tis three weeks, young women, since I had a letter from you; and yet, methinks, I would not have another for five pound till this is gone; and yet I send every day to the Coffee-house, and I would fain have a letter, and not have a letter: and I don't know what, nor

to introduce 'Popery, arbitrary power, and the Pretender' more surely than even the most extreme Tory designs.

<sup>11</sup> See p. 84 n.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>12</sup> *Corresp.* i. 252. The letter is dated the following day. In it Swift informed Peterborough, in general terms, of the ministerial disagreements.



I don't know how, and this goes on very slow; 'tis a week to-morrow since I began it. I am a poor country gentleman, and don't know how the world passes. Do you know that every syllable I write I hold my lips just for all the world as if I were talking in our own little language to MD. Faith, I am very silly; but I can't help it for my life. I got home early to-night. My solicitors,<sup>13</sup> that used to ply me every morning, knew not where to find me; and I am so happy not to hear *Patrick, Patrick*, called a hundred times every morning. But I lookt backward, and find I have said this before. What care I? go to the dean, and roast the oranges.

5. I dined to-day with my friend Lewis, and we were deep in politicks how to save the present ministry; for I am afraid of Mr. secretary, as I believe I told you. I went in the evening to see Mr. Harley; and, upon my word, I was in perfect joy. Mr. secretary was just going out of the door; but I made him come back, and there was the old Saturday Club, lord keeper, lord Rivers, Mr. secretary, Mr. Harley and I; the first time since his stabbing.<sup>14</sup> Mr. secretary went away; but I staid till nine, and made Mr. Harley shew me his breast, and tell all the story: and I shewed him the archbishop of Dublin's letter,<sup>15</sup> and defended him effectually. We were all in mighty good humour. Lord keeper and I left them together, and I walkt here after nine two miles, and I found a parson drunk fighting with a seaman, and Patrick and I were so wise to part them, but the seaman followed him to Chelsea, cursing at him, and the parson slipt into a house, and I know no more. It mortified me to see a man in my coat so overtaken. A pretty scene for one that just came from sitting with the prime ministers: I had no money in my pocket, and so could not be robbed. However, nothing

<sup>13</sup> Swift uses the word not of lawyers, but of those who came to beg some benefit of him.

<sup>14</sup> Swift mentions this gathering in a letter to Archbishop King of 10 May (*Corresp.* i. 256).

<sup>15</sup> See p. 251.

but Mr. Harley shall make me take such a journey again. We don't yet know who will be president in lord Rochester's room. I measured, and found that the pen-knife would have killed Mr. Harley, if it had gone but half the breadth of my thumb-nail lower; so near was he to death. I was so curious to ask him what were his thoughts, while they were carrying him home in the chair. He said, he concluded himself a dead man. He will not allow that Guiscard gave him the second stab, though my lord keeper, who is blind, and I that was not there, are positive in it. He wears a plaister still as broad as half a crown. Smoak how wide the lines are, but faith I don't do it on purpose: but I have changed my side in this new Chelsea bed, and I don't know how, methinks, but it is so unfit, and so awkward, never saw the like.

6. You must remember to inclose your letters in a fair paper, and direct the outside thus; To Erasmus Lewis, esq., at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall; I said so before, but it may miscarry you know, yet I think none of my letters did ever miscarry; faith I think never one; among all the privateers and the storms: oh faith, my letters are too good to be lost. MD's letters may tarry, but never miscarry, as the old woman used to say. And indeed, how should they miscarry, when they never come before their time? It was a terrible rainy day; yet I made a shift to steal fair weather over head enough to go and come in. I was early with the secretary, and dined with him afterwards. In the morning I began to chide him, and tell him my fears of his proceedings. But Arthur Moore came up and relieved him. But I forgot, for you never heard of Arthur Moore. But when I get Mr. Harley alone, I will know the bottom. You will have Dr. Raymond over before this letter, and what care you?

7. I hope, and believe my walks every day do me good. I was busy at home, and set out late this morning, and dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, at whose lodgings I always change my gown and periwig. I visited this afternoon,

and among others, poor Biddy Floyd, who is very red, but I believe won't be much marked.<sup>16</sup> As I was coming home I met sir George Beaumont in the Pall-mall, who would needs walk with me as far as Buckingham house.<sup>17</sup> I was telling him of my head; he said he had been ill of the same disorder, and by all means forbid me bohea tea; which he said always gave it him; and that Dr. Radcliffe said it was very bad. Now I had observed the same thing, and have left it off this month, having found my self ill after it several times; and I mention it, that Stella may consider it for her own poor little head: a pound lies ready packt up and directed for Mrs. Walls, to be sent by the first convenience. Mr. secretary told me yesterday, that Mr. Harley would this week be lord treasurer and a peer, so I expect it every day; yet perhaps it may not be 'till Parliament is up, which will be in a fortnight.

8. I was to-day with the duke of Ormond, and recommended to him the care<sup>18</sup> of poor Joe Beaumont, who promises me to do him all justice and favour, and give him encouragement; and desired I would give a memorial to Ned Southwell about it, which I will, and so tell Joe when you see him, though he knows it already by a letter I writ to Mr. Warburton.<sup>19</sup> It was bloody hot walking to-day. I dined in the city, and went and came by water; and it rained so this evening again, that I thought I should hardly be able to get a dry hour to walk home in. I'll send to-morrow to the Coffee-house for a letter from MD; but I would not have one methinks, 'till this is gone, as it shall on Saturday. I visited the duchess of Ormond this morning; she does not go over with the duke. I spoke

<sup>16</sup> p. 217 n.<sup>8</sup> She was recovering from small-pox.

<sup>17</sup> In St. James's Park, built in 1705 for the Duke of Buckingham (p. 84 n.<sup>24</sup>). Buckingham Palace now stands on the site.

<sup>18</sup> Deane Swift's reading 'care' may be a mistake for 'case'.

<sup>19</sup> The Rev. Thomas Warburton, Swift's curate at Laracor, who also had a school at Trim. He married in 1716-17 and obtained the living of Magherafelt in the Diocese of Armagh, which he held until his death in 1736 (Leslie, *Armagh Clergy*, p. 364).

to her to get a lad touched for the evil,<sup>20</sup> the son of a grocer in Caple-street, one Bell, the ladies have bought sugar and plumbs of him. Mrs. Mary<sup>21</sup> used to go there often. This is Patrick's account; and the poor fellow has been here some months with his boy. But the queen has not been able to touch, and it now grows so warm, I fear she will not at all. Go, go, go to the dean's, and let him carry you to Donnybrooke, and cut asparagus. Has Parvisol sent you any this year?<sup>22</sup> I cannot sleep in the beginnings of the nights, the heat or something hinders me, and I am drowsy in the mornings.

9. Dr. Freind came this morning to visit Atterbury's lady and children as physician, and persuaded me to go with him to town in his chariot. He told me he had been an hour before with Sir Cholmley Dering,<sup>23</sup> Charles Dering's nephew, and head of that family in Kent, for which he is knight of the shire. He said he left him dying of a pistol-shot quite through the body, by one Mr. Thornhill. They fought at sword and pistol this morning

<sup>20</sup> Queen Anne was the last English sovereign to touch for the King's evil. The practice was then falling into disrepute and was dropped by the Hanoverian Kings. See R. Crawford's *The King's Evil*, 1911. Dr. Johnson was touched by Queen Anne, but without avail (Boswell, *Life*, ed. Hill and Powell, i. 42-3; Hill, *Johnsonian Miscellanies*, i. 133 n.).

<sup>21</sup> Perhaps Mrs. Mary Davys, for whom see p. 625 n.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>22</sup> 'From Dr. *Swift's* garden at *Laracor*.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>23</sup> Sir Cholmeley Dering, fourth Baronet of Surrenden Dering, co. Kent. On 27 Apr. he and Richard Thornhill came to blows, and Thornhill had some teeth knocked out. Thornhill refused Dering's expressed readiness to apologize, and sent him a challenge. They fought with pistols discharged at a sword's length, and Dering fell mortally wounded. Thornhill was tried at the Old Bailey, 18 May 1711, and found guilty of manslaughter. Shortly afterwards he was assassinated (*post*, p. 337). See *The Spectator*, No. 84; a contemporary pamphlet published by Morphew, *An Account at Large . . . relating to the Tryal of Richard Thornhill, Esq*; Hist. MSS. Com., 15th Report, iv. 686; and, further, Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, ii. 192-4. Dering married, 17 July 1704, Mary, only daughter of Edward Fisher of Fulham, by whom he left two children, and was to have been married a second time within a few days (Hearne's *Collections*, iii. 160, 163, 164).

in Tuttle-fields,<sup>24</sup> their pistols so near, that the muzzles touched. Thornhill discharged first, and Dering having received the shot, discharged his pistol as he was falling, so it went into the air. The story of this quarrel is long. Thornhill had lost seven teeth by a kick in the mouth from Dering, who had first knocked him down; this was above a fortnight ago. Dering was next week to be married to a fine young lady. This makes a noise here, but you won't value it. Well, Mr. Harley, lord keeper, and one or two more are to be made lords immediately; their patents are now passing, and I read the preamble<sup>25</sup> to Mr. Harley's, full of his praises. Lewis and I dined with Ford; I found the wine; two flasks of my Florence, and two bottles of six that Dr. Raymond sent me of French wine; he sent it to me to drink with Sir Robert Raymond, and Mr. Harley's brother, whom I had introduced him to; but they never could find time to come; and now I have left the town, and it is too late. Raymond will think it a cheat. What care I, sirrah?

10.<sup>26</sup> Pshaw, pshaw. Patrick brought me four letters to-day: from Dilly at Bath; Joe; Parvisol; and what was the fourth, who can tell? Stand away, who'll guess? Who can it be? You old man with a stick, can you tell who the fourth is from? Iss, an please your honour, it is from one madam MD, Number Fourteen. Well; but I can't send this away now, because it was here, and I was in town,

<sup>24</sup> Tothill Fields, Westminster. Ashton, op. cit. ii. 191, names other favourite duelling-places of the time.

<sup>25</sup> The composition of the preamble to the patent has been ascribed to Swift. Another story has it that the patent was drawn by Robert Freind (p. 258 n.<sup>5</sup>). It may have been Harley's own composition, possibly revised by Swift. Harley met with censure on account of its pompous style and the fact that it was published. It appeared, in Latin and English, with the title, *The Reasons Which induc'd Her Majesty To Create the Right Honourable Robert Harley, Esq; A Peer of Great-Britain*, in two distinct quarto editions.

<sup>26</sup> *The Examiner*, No. 41 (40), which appeared 10 May, eulogizes Harley and justifies the proposal to advance him to the peerage.

but it shall go on Saturday, and this is Thursday night, and it will be time enough for Wexford. Take my method: I write here to Parvisol to lend Stella twenty pound, and to take her note promissary to pay it in half a year, &c. You shall see, and if you want more, let me know afterwards; and be sure my money shall be always paid constantly too. Have you been good or ill housewives pray?

11. Joe<sup>27</sup> has written to me to get him a collector's place, nothing less; he says all the world knows of my great intimacy with Mr. Harley, and that the smallest word to him will do. This is the constant cant of puppies who are at a distance, and strangers to Courts and ministers. My answer is this; which pray send; That I am ready to serve Joe, as far as I can; that I have spoken to the duke of Ormond about his money, as I writ to Warburton;<sup>28</sup> that for the particular he mentions, it is a work of time, which I cannot think of at present. But if accidents and opportunities should happen hereafter, I would not be wanting; that I know best how far my credit goes; that he is at distance, and cannot judge; that I would be glad to do him good; and if Fortune throws an opportunity in my way, I shall not be wanting. This is my answer; which you may send or read to him. Pray contrive that Parvisol may not run away with my two hundred pound, but get Burton's<sup>29</sup> note, and let the money be returned me by bill. Don't laugh, for I will be suspicious. Teach Parvisol to inclose, and direct the outside to Mr. Lewis. I will answer your letter in my next, only what I take notice of here excepted. I forgot to tell you, that at the

<sup>27</sup> Joseph Beaumont (p. 1 n.).

<sup>28</sup> No correspondence between Swift and Warburton has been preserved.

<sup>29</sup> Benjamin Burton, a Dublin banker, and a brother-in-law of Swift's friend Stratford. As subsequent references show, Swift had no love of him, presumably on account of his Whig politics. He served both as Lord Mayor of Dublin and M.P. for the city. In 1713 he was compelled to face a riotous election (*Corresp.* ii. 75, 101-2). He died in 1728. Sir J. T. Gilbert's *Hist. of Dublin*, i. 17-18.

court of requests to-day I could not find a dinner I liked, and it grew late, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, &c.

12. Morning. I will finish this letter before I go to town, because I shall be busy, and have neither time nor place there. Farewel, &c. &c.

## LETTER XXIII

[SATURDAY]

Chelsea, May 12, 1711.

I SENT you my twenty-second this afternoon in town. I dined with Mr. Harley and the old club, lord Rivers, lord keeper, and Mr. secretary. They rallied me last week, and said I must have Mr. St. John's leave, so I writ to him yesterday,<sup>1</sup> that foreseeing I should never dine again with Sir Simon Harcourt, knight, and Robert Harley, esq; I was resolved to do it to-day. The jest is, that before Saturday next we expect they will be lords: for Mr. Harley's patent is drawing to be earl of Oxford. Mr. secretary and I came away at seven, and he brought me to our town's end in his coach; so I lost my walk. St. John read my letter to the company, which was all raillery, and past purely.

13. It rained all last night and this morning as heavy as lead; but I just got fair weather to walk to town before church. The roads are all over in deep puddle. The hay of our town is almost fit to be mowed. I went to court after church (as I always do on Sundays) and then dined with Mr. secretary, who has engaged me for every Sunday; and poor MD dined at home upon a bit of veal, and a pint of wine. Is it not plaguy insipid to tell you every day where I dine; yet now I have got into the way of it, I cannot forbear it neither. Indeed, Mr. Presto, you had better go answer MD's letter, N.14. I'll answer it when I please, Mr. Doctor. What's that you say? The Court was very full this morning, expecting Mr. Harley would be declared earl of Oxford, and have the treasurer's staff.

<sup>1</sup> *Corresp.* i. 258.

Mr. Harley never comes to Court at all; somebody there askt me the reason; Why, said I, the lord of Oxford knows. He always goes to the queen by the back stairs. I was told for certain, your jackanapes, lord Santry,<sup>2</sup> was dead, captain Cammock<sup>3</sup> assured me so; and now he's alive again, they say; but that shan't do: he shall be dead to me as long as he lives. Dick Tighe and I meet and never stir our hats. I am resolved to mistake him for Witherington,<sup>4</sup> the little nasty lawyer that came up to me so sternly at the Castle the day I left Ireland. I'll ask the gentleman I saw walking with him, how long Witherington has been in town.

14. I went to town to-day by water. The heat<sup>5</sup> quite discouraged me from walking, and there is no shade in the greatest part of the way: I took the first boat; and had a footman my companion; then I went again by water, and dined in the city with a printer, to whom I carried a pamphlet in manuscript, that Mr. secretary gave me. The printer sent it to the secretary for his approbation, and he

<sup>2</sup> Henry Barry, 1680–1735, third Baron Barry of Santry, was the fourth, but first surviving, son of Richard, the second Lord Santry. In 1702 he married Bridget, daughter of Sir Thomas Domville, Bart., and first cousin of William Domville (p. 100 n.<sup>34</sup>), Swift's friend. Swift disliked Lord Santry for his extreme Whiggism, but held his wife, who was apparently a member of St. Patrick's congregation (*Poems*, p. 1029), in regard (*Corresp.* v. 437–9). Santry's son and heir, the fourth Baron Santry, was condemned to death by his peers for the murder of a footman in 1738, and banished the country. See B. W. Adams's *History of Santry and Clogran parishes, co. Dublin*.

<sup>3</sup> Probably Captain George Camocke, 1666?–1722?, who had been for eight years in command of the *Speedwell* frigate, cruising off the coast of Ireland in search of enemy privateers. About the time Swift met him he was appointed to the *Monck* of 60 guns. He deserted to the Spanish service, was appointed a Rear-Admiral, and fought against the English fleet. But he fell out of favour, was banished to Ceuta, and died in poverty (*D.N.B.*; Charnock, *Biographia Navalis*, iii. 221–8).

<sup>4</sup> John Witherington, a Dublin barrister, who doubtless had influence with the government, for he was appointed Second Serjeant-at-Law in 1717. He died in the following year.

<sup>5</sup> Deane Swift, followed by all subsequent editors without comment, reads 'hail'. The context shows that 'heat' must be the true reading.



desired me to look it over, which I did, and found it a very scurvy piece. The reason I tell you so, is because it was done by your parson *Slap, Scrap, Flap*, (what d'ye call him) *Trap*, your chancellor's chaplain. 'Tis called *A Character* of the present set of Whigs, and is going to be printed,<sup>6</sup> and no doubt the author will take care to produce it in Ireland. Dr. Freind was with me, and pulled out a two-penny pamphlet just published, called, *The State of Wit*,<sup>7</sup> giving a character of all the papers that have come out of late. The author seems to be a Whig, yet he speaks very highly of a paper called the *Examiner*, and says the supposed author of it is Dr. Swift. But above all things he praises the *Tatlers* and *Spectators*; and I believe Steele and Addison were privy to the printing of it. Thus is one treated by these impudent dogs. And that villain Curl has scraped up some trash, and calls it Dr. Swift's miscellanies,<sup>8</sup> with the name at large: and I can get no satisfaction of him. Nay, Mr. Harley told me he had read it, and only laughed at me before lord keeper, and the rest. Since I came home I have been sitting with the prolocutor, dean Atterbury, who is my neighbour over the way; but generally keeps in town with his convocation. 'Tis late, &c.

<sup>6</sup> Joseph Trapp, p. 158 n.<sup>12</sup> *The Character and Principles of the Present Set of Whigs*. . . . London: Printed for John Morphew, . . . 1711. 8vo, pp. 48.

<sup>7</sup> *The Present State of Wit In a Letter to a Friend in the Country*. This pamphlet, dated 3 May 1711, and signed 'J. G.', was probably written by John Gay. It is of value for the light it throws on the periodicals of the time. Swift is named as the 'reputed author' of *The Examiner*. The pamphlet has been reprinted in editions of Swift's *Works* (Nichols, 1801, xviii. 27-43; Scott, 1814, i. xlix-lviii, and in Arber's *English Garner*).

<sup>8</sup> Swift's *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*, published by Morphew, appeared at the end of Feb. 1711 (pp. 62, 203). Edmund Curl, 1675-1747, the piratical bookseller, brought out, probably in April, at the price of one shilling, *Miscellanies by Dr. Jonathan Swift*, a made-up volume consisting of the previously published *Meditation upon a Broom-Stick*, 1710, with a 'Complete Key to the Tale of a Tub', and other matter prefixed. See also *Poems*, p. 394 n., *et passim*; and *The Unspeakable Curl*, Ralph Straus, 1927.

by water, as it was to-day with one parson Richardson, who came to see me, on his going to Ireland; and with him I sent Mrs. Walls's tea, and three books I got from the lords of the treasury for the College.<sup>11</sup> I dined with lord Shelburn to-day; lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going likewise for Ireland.—Lord I forgot, I dined with Mr. Prior to-day at his house, with dean Atterbury and others; and came home pretty late, and I think I'm in a fuzz, and don't know what I say, never saw the like.

17.<sup>12</sup> Sterne came here by water to see me this morning, and I went back with him to his boat. He tells me, that Mrs. Edgworth married a fellow in her journey to Chester; so I believe she little thought of any body's box but her own. I desired Sterne to give me directions where to get the box in Chester, which he says he will to-morrow, and I will write to Richardson to get it up there as he goes by, and whip it over. It is directed to Mrs. Curry: you must caution her of it, and desire her to send it you when it comes. Sterne says Jemmy Leigh loves London mightily; that makes him stay so long, I believe, and not Sterne's business, which Mr. Harley's accident has put much backward. We expect now every day that he will be earl of Oxford and lord treasurer. His patent is passing; but they say, lord keeper's not yet, at least his son, young Harcourt, told me so t'other day. I dined to-day privately with my friend Lewis at his lodgings at Whitehall. T'other day at Whitehall I met a lady of my

<sup>11</sup> Presumably vols. x, xi, and xii of Rymer's *Foedera*, successive volumes of which Swift continued to obtain for Trinity College, Dublin (*post*, pp. 493, 498, 536). These three volumes were published 1710–11. The complete series of twenty volumes was published 1704–35. A bookplate in the first volume of the set in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, states that the first fifteen volumes were 'ex Dono Jonath: Swift S: T: D: Decani Eccl: Cathed: S. Patricii Dub: hujus Academiae quondam alumni'.

<sup>12</sup> In *The Examiner*, No. 42 (41), for 17 May, Swift replied to the attacks of *The Medley* (p. 254 n.<sup>30</sup>), and poured scorn on Abel Boyer's *Political State of Great Britain*, a publication which made its first appearance in the previous January.

acquaintance, whom I had not seen before since I came to England; we were mighty glad to see each other, and she has engaged me to visit her, as I design to do. It is one Mrs. Colledge: she has lodgings at Whitehall, having been seamstress to king William, worth three hundred a year. Her father<sup>13</sup> was a fanatick joiner, hanged for treason in Shaftsbury's plot. This noble person and I were brought acquainted, some years ago, by lady Berkeley. I love good creditable acquaintance: I love to be the worst of the company: I am not of those that say, For want of company welcome trumpery. I was this evening with lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt at Vauxhall, to hear the nightingals; but they are almost past singing.

18. I was hunting the secretary to-day in vain about some business, and dined with colonel Crowe,<sup>14</sup> late governor of Barbadoes, and your friend Sterne was the third: he is very kind to Sterne, and helps him in his business, which lies asleep till Mr. Harley is lord treasurer, because nothing of moment is now done in the treasury, the change being expected every day. I sat with dean Atterbury till one o'clock after I came home; so 'tis late, &c.

19. Do you know that about our town we are mowing already and making hay, and it smells so sweet as we walk through the flowry meads; but the hay-making nymphs are perfect drabs, nothing so clean and pretty as further in the country. There is a mighty increase of dirty wenches in straw hats since I knew London. I staid at home till five o'clock, and dined with dean Atterbury; then went by water to Mr. Harley's, where the Saturday Club<sup>15</sup> was met, with the addition of the duke of Shrewsbury. I

<sup>13</sup> Stephen College, 1635?-81, a fanatical carpenter, who published attacks on the Roman Catholics and invented the 'Protestant flail'. He was accused of concerting a rising against the King, and was convicted and executed at Oxford in 1681.

<sup>14</sup> Mitford Crowe, employed as British diplomatic agent in Catalonia, persuaded the Catalans to espouse the cause of the Archduke Charles. He was Governor of Barbados 1707-11. He died in 1719.

<sup>15</sup> p. 261 n.<sup>14</sup>

whispered lord Rivers, that I did not like to see a stranger among us; and the rogue told it aloud: but Mr. secretary said, The duke writ to have leave; so I appeared satisfied, and so we laughed. Mr. secretary told me the duke of Buckingham had been talking to him much about me, and desired my acquaintance. I answered, It could not be; for he had not made sufficient advances. Then the duke of Shrewsbury said, he thought that duke was not used to make advances. I said, I could not help that; for I always expected advances in proportion to men's quality, and more from a duke than other men.<sup>16</sup> The duke replied, that he did not mean any thing of his quality; which was handsomely said enough; for he meant his pride: and I have invented a notion to believe that nobody is proud. At ten all the company went away; and from ten till twelve Mr. Harley and I sat together, where we talked through a great deal of matters I had a mind to settle with him, and then walked, in a fine moon-shine night, to Chelsea, where I got by one. Lord Rivers conjured me not to walk so late; but I would, because I had no other way; but I had no money to lose.

20. By what lord keeper told me last night, I find he will not be made a peer so soon; but Mr. Harley's patent for earl of Oxford is now drawing, and will be done in three days. We made him own it, which he did scurvily, and then talkt of it like the rest. Mr. secretary had too much company with him to-day; so I came away soon after dinner. I give no man liberty to swear or talk b—dy, and I found some of them were in constraint, so I left them to themselves. I wish you a merry Whitsuntide, and pray tell me how you pass away your time: but faith,

<sup>16</sup> Swift could scarcely have forgotten that he had been refused when he called on the Duke five months before (p. 131). He never liked Buckingham. In Sept. 1711 the two were 'terribly fallen out' (*post*, p. 355). On the other hand, his praise of Buckingham in *The Examiner*, No. 27, 1 Feb. 1711, goes further than was dictated by political motives. But he endorsed Macky's harsh verdict on the Duke's character (*Prose Works*, x. 273-4).

you are going to Wexford,<sup>17</sup> and I fear this letter is too late; it shall go on Thursday, and sooner it cannot, I have so much business to hinder me answering yours. Where must I direct in your absence? Do you quit your lodgings?

21. Going to town this morning, I met in the Pall-mall a clergyman of Ireland, whom I love very well and was glad to see, and with him a little jackanapes of Ireland too, who married Nanny Swift, uncle Adam's<sup>18</sup> daughter, one Perry; perhaps you may have heard of him. His wife has sent him here to get a place from Lownds;<sup>19</sup> because my uncle and Lownds married two sisters, and Lownds is a great man here in the treasury; but by good luck I have no acquaintance with him: however, he expected I should be his friend to Lownds, and one word of mine, &c. the old cant. But I will not go two yards to help him. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, where I keep my best gown and periwig to put on when I come to town and be a spark.

22. I dined to-day in the city, and coming home this evening, I met Sir Thomas Mansel and Mr. Lewis in the Park. Lewis whispered me, that Mr. Harley's patent for earl of Oxford was passed in Mr. secretary St. John's office; so to-morrow or next day I suppose he will be

<sup>17</sup> Entries for this period are missing in Swift's account books; and there is no record of a visit by Stella to Wexford at this time.

<sup>18</sup> Adam Swift, seventh son of the Rev. Thomas Swift of Goodrich, was baptized 21 Mar. 1641. In 1671 he was admitted a solicitor in Ireland; and in 1703 was elected M.P. for the borough of Newry. He lived in Dublin and at Greencastle, co. Down. His death took place on 8 Apr. 1704. He married (1) Ann Cotterill, (2) Martha Hopper. By his first wife he had a son, William, and a daughter, Anne; and by his second a daughter, Martha. Anne married James Perry, of Perrymount, co. Down. The other daughter, Martha, became the Mrs. Whiteway who tended Swift in his latter years.

<sup>19</sup> William Lowndes, 1652-1724, successively M.P. for Seaford, St. Mawes, and East Looe, was Secretary to the Treasury from 1695 till his death. He is credited with having invented the enduring phrase, 'Ways and means'. He married in 1683, as his second wife, a sister of Martha Hopper. Gay addressed some verses to Lowndes (*Poetical Works*, ed. Faber, p. 174).

declared earl of Oxford, and have the staff. This man has grown by persecutions, turnings out, and stabbing. What waiting, and crowding, and bowing, will be at his levee? yet, if human nature be capable of so much constancy, I should believe he will be the same man still, bating the necessary forms of grandeur he must keep up. 'Tis late, sirrahs, and I'll go sleep.

23. Morning. I sate up late last night, and waked late to-day; but will now answer your letter in bed before I go to town, and I will send it to-morrow; for perhaps you mayn't go so soon to Wexford.—No, you are not out in your number; the last was Number 14, and so I told you twice or thrice; will you never be satisfied? What shall we do for poor Stella? Go to Wexford, for God's sake: I wish you were to walk there by three miles a day, with a good lodging at every mile's end. Walking has done me so much good, that I cannot but prescribe it often to poor Stella. Parvisol has sent me a bill for fifty pounds, which I am sorry for, having not written to him for it, only mentioned it two months ago; but I hope he will be able to pay<sup>20</sup> you what I have drawn upon him for: he never sent me any sum before but one bill of twenty pounds, half a year ago. You are as welcome as my blood to every farthing I have in the world; and all that grieves me is, I am not richer, for MD's sake, as hope saved. I suppose you give up your lodgings when you go to Wexford; yet that will be inconvenient too: yet I wish again you were under the necessity of rambling the country until Michaelmas, faith. No, let them<sup>21</sup> keep the shelves, with a pox; yet they are exacting people about those four weeks, or Mrs. Brent may have the shelves, if she please. I am obliged to your dean for his kind offer of lending me money. Will that be enough to say? A hundred people would

<sup>20</sup> Deane Swift, Sheridan, Ryland, Aitken, Moorhead, read 'pay'; Nichols and Scott 'tell'.

<sup>21</sup> Deane Swift, Ryland, Aitken, read 'them'; Sheridan, Nichols, Scott, Moorhead, 'him'.

lend me money, or to any man who has not the reputation of a squanderer. O faith, I should be glad to be in the same kingdom with MD, however, although you are<sup>22</sup> at Wexford. But I am kept here by a most capricious fate, which I would break through, if I could do it with decency or honour.—To return without some mark of distinction would look extremely little; and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy, 'till Fortune take her course, and to believe that MD's felicity is the great end I aim at in all my pursuits. And so let us talk no more on this subject, which makes me melancholy, and that I would fain divert. Believe me, no man breathing at present has less share of happiness in life than I: I do not say I am unhappy at all, but that every thing here is tasteless to me for want of being as I would be. And so, a short sigh, and no more of this. Well, come and let's see what's next, young women. Pox take Mrs. Edgworth and Sterne: I will take some methods about that box. What orders would you have me give about the picture?<sup>23</sup> Can't you do with it as if it were your own? No, I hope Manley will keep his place; for I hear nothing of Sir Thomas Frankland's losing his. Send nothing under cover to Mr. Addison, but to Erasmus Lewis, Esq.; at my lord Dartmouth's office at Whitehall. Direct your outside so.—Poor dear Stella, don't write in the dark, nor in the light neither, but dictate to Dingley; she is a naughty healthy girl, and may drudge for both. Are you good company together? and don't you quarrel too often? Pray, love one another, and kiss one another just now, as Dingley is reading this; for you quarrelled this morning just after Mrs. Marget<sup>24</sup> had poured water

<sup>22</sup> 'were' Deane Swift 4to, Sheridan, Nichols, Scott, Ryland, Moorhead; 'are' Deane Swift 8vo, Aitken.

<sup>23</sup> See p. 129.

<sup>24</sup> Margaret, Stella's maid. There are two entries naming her in Swift's account book for 1709–10 (Forster 507). Leaves containing accounts for 1711–12, in Rebecca Dingley's hand, have been bound into this book. These entries relate to expenses incurred by Stella and Rebecca Dingley during two visits to Portrane, 20 Aug. to 9 Sept. and 18 Sept. to 26 Nov. 1712.

on Stella's head: I heard the little bird say so. Well, I have answered every thing in your letter that required it, and yet the second side is not full. I'll come home at night, and say more; and to-morrow this goes for certain. Go, get you gone to your own chambers, and let Presto rise like a modest gentleman, and walk to town. I fancy I begin to sweat less in the forehead by constant walking than I used to do; but then I shall be so sun-burnt, the ladies won't like me. Come, let me rise, sirrahs. Morrow. —At night. I dined with Ford to-day at his lodgings, and I found wine out of my own cellar, some of my own chest of the great duke's wine:<sup>25</sup> it begins to turn. They say wine with you in Ireland is half a crown a bottle. 'Tis as Stella says, nothing that once grows dear in Ireland ever grows cheap again, except corn, with a pox, to ruin the parson. I had a letter to-day from the archbishop of Dublin,<sup>26</sup> giving me further thanks about vindicating him to Mr. Harley and Mr. St. John, and telling me a long story about your mayor's election, wherein I find he has had a finger, and given way to further talk about him; but we know nothing of it here yet. This walking to and fro, and dressing myself, takes up so much of my time, that I cannot go among company so much as formerly; yet what must a body do? I thank God I yet continue much better since I left the town; I know not how long it may last. I am sure it has done me some good for the present. I do not totter as I did, but walk firm as a cock, only once or twice for a minute, I don't know how; but it went off,

<sup>25</sup> See p. 244.

<sup>26</sup> Archbishop King's letter (*Corresp.* i. 259), dated 15 May 1711, is largely devoted to a civic dispute which had now lasted two years. In 1709 Alderman Constantine lost his election to the mayoralty of Dublin to a junior alderman. He appealed to an old by-law by which aldermen were required to serve as mayors by their ancestry. After further dispute and hearings the citizens repealed the by-law and re-elected the same alderman as before. The corporation of Dublin was Whig in complexion, and the ground of the dispute was political. There is a hint of boredom in Swift's dismissal of King's letter.



and I never followed it. Does Dingley read my hand as well as ever? do you, sirrah? Poor Stella must not read Presto's ugly small hand. 'Preserve your eyes, If you be wise. Your friend Walls's tea will go in a day or two towards Chester by one parson Richardson. My humble service to her, and to good Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine; and pray walk while you continue in Dublin. I expect your next but one will be from Wexford. God bless dearest MD.

24.<sup>27</sup> Morning. Mr. secretary has sent his groom hither to invite me to dinner to-day, &c. God Almighty for ever bless and preserve you both, and give you health, &c. Amen. Farewel, &c.

Don't I often say the same thing two or three times in the same letter, sirrah?

Great wits, they say, have but short memories; that's good vile conversation.

## LETTER XXIV

[THURSDAY]

Chelsea, May 24, 1711.

MORNING. Once in my life the number of my letters and of the day of the month is the same; that's lucky, boys; that's a sign that things will meet, and that we shall make a figure together. What, will you still have the impudence to say *London, England*, because I say *Dublin, Ireland*? Is there no difference between London and Dublin, saucy boxes? I have sealed up my letter, and am going to town. Morrow, sirrahs.—At night. I dined with the secretary to-day; we sat down between five and six. Mr. Harley's patent passed this morning: he is now earl of Oxford, earl Mortimer, and lord Harley of Wigmore-Castle.<sup>1</sup> My letter was sealed, or I would have

<sup>27</sup> In *The Examiner*, No. 43 (42), 24 May, Swift was 'content to bestow a paper' on the proposal for the building of fifty new churches in London and Westminster.

<sup>1</sup> On 23 May Harley was created Baron Harley of Wigmore, in the

told you this yesterday; but the publick news may tell it you. The queen, for all her favour, has kept a rod for him in her closet this week; I suppose he will take it from her though in a day or two.<sup>2</sup> At eight o'clock this evening it rained prodigiously, as it did from five; however I set out, and in half way the rain lessened, and I got home, but tolerably wet; and this is the first wet walk I have had in a month's time that I am here: but however I got to bed, after a short visit to Atterbury.

25. It rained this morning, and I went to town by water; and Ford and I dined with Mr. Lewis by appointment. I ordered Patrick to bring my gown and periwig to Mr. Lewis, because I designed to go to see lord Oxford, and so I told the dog; but he never came, though I staid an hour longer than I appointed; so I went in my old gown, and sat with him two hours, but could not talk over some business I had with him; so he has desired me to dine with him on Sunday, and I must disappoint the secretary. My lord set me down at a Coffee-house, where I waited for the dean of Carlisle's<sup>3</sup> chariot to bring me to Chelsea; for it has rained prodigiously all this afternoon. The dean did not come himself, but sent me his chariot, which has cost me two shillings to the coachman; and so I am got home, and Lord knows what is become of Patrick. I think I must send him over to you; for he is an intolerable rascal. If I had come without a gown, he would have served me so, though my life and preferment should have lain upon it: and I am making a livery for him will cost me four pounds; but I will order the taylor to-morrow to stop till further orders. My lord Oxford can't yet abide to be called My lord; and when I called him My lord, he

county of Hereford, and Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, an extraordinarily worded and audacious title, for there was no descent from either the De Veres or the Mortimers. See Collins's *Peerage of England*, iv. 37 ff.; G. E. C., *Complete Peerage*.

<sup>2</sup> The Lord Treasurer's staff. On the dismissal of Godolphin the office had been placed in commission.

<sup>3</sup> Atterbury. See p. 152 n.<sup>41</sup>

called me Dr. Thomas Swift, which he always does when he has a mind to teaze me.<sup>4</sup> By a second hand, he proposed my being his chaplain, which I by a second hand excused; but we had no talk of it to-day: but I will be no man's chaplain alive. But I must go and be busy.

26. I never saw Patrick till this morning, and that only once, for I dressed myself without him; and when I went to town, he was out of the way. I immediately sent for the taylor, and ordered him to stop his hand in Patrick's cloaths till further orders. Oh, if it were in Ireland, I should have turned him off ten times ago; and it is no regard to him, but myself, that has made me keep him so long. Now I am afraid to give the rogue his cloaths. What shall I do? I wish MD were here to intreat for him, just here at the bed's side. Lady Ashburnham<sup>5</sup> has been engaging me this long time to dine with her, and I set to-day apart for it; and whatever was the mistake, she sent me word, she was at dinner and undressed, but would be glad to see me in the afternoon; so I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh, and would not go see her at all, in a huff. My fine Florence is turning sour with a vengeance, and I have not drank half of it. As I was coming home to-night, Sir Thomas Mansel and Tom Harley<sup>6</sup> met me in

<sup>4</sup> The Rev. Thomas Swift, the 'little parson cousin', was with Swift at Kilkenny School and at Trinity College, Dublin. In 1690 he was incorporated at Oxford, and graduated M.A. from Balliol College in 1692. He seems to have been chaplain and secretary to Sir William Temple during the interval, May 1694 to May 1696, when Swift was absent from Moor Park. Later he became rector of Puttenham, where he remained 'for the space of threescore years', dying in 1752 (Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, Appendix, p. 35). The authorship of *A Tale of a Tub*, in whole or in part, has been claimed for him by some (*A Tale of a Tub*, ed. Guthkelch and Nichol Smith, pp. xii-xvii). In 1710 he published a sermon on *Noah's Dove* (*post*, p. 405 n.<sup>11</sup>) with an absurd dedication to Harley—the reason for the jesting use of his name on this and other occasions. See also Nichols, *Lit. Anec.* i. 27.

<sup>5</sup> See p. 65 n.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Thomas Harley, cousin to the Lord Treasurer and a Secretary of the Treasury. During the reign of Queen Anne he was M.P. for Radnorshire, but lost his seat on the change of government, and thereafter lived in

the Park, and made me walk with them till nine, like unreasonable whelps: so I got not here till ten: but it was a fine evening, and the foot-path clean enough already after this hard rain.

27. Going this morning to town, I saw two old lame fellows walking to a brandy-shop, and when they got to the door, stood a long time complimenting who should go in first. Though this be no jest to tell, it was an admirable one to see. I dined to-day with my lord Oxford and the ladies, the new countess, and lady Betty,<sup>7</sup> who has been these three days a lady born. My lord left us at seven, and I had no time to speak to him about some affairs; but he promises in a day or two we shall dine alone; which is mighty likely, considering we expect every moment that the queen will give him the staff, and then he will be so crowded, he will be good for nothing: for aught I know he may have it to-night at council.

28. I had a petition sent me t'other day from one Stephen Gernon, setting forth that he formerly lived with Harry Tenison,<sup>8</sup> who gave him an employment of gauger; and that he was turned out after Harry's death, and came for England, and is now starving, or, as he expresses it, the staff of life has been of late a stranger to his appetite. To-day the poor fellow called, and I knew him very well, a young slender fellow with freckles in his face; you must remember him; he waited at table as a better sort of servant. I gave him a crown, and promised to do what I could to help him to a service, which I did for Harry Tenison's memory. I was bloody hot walking to-day, and I was so lazy I dined where my new gown was, at Mrs.

retirement. He died in 1738. In 1712 he was sent with instructions to the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht; and in 1714 he went to Hanover to reassure that Court on the succession (*Corresp.* i. 324; ii. 138, 149, 155; v. 196; vi. 83; *Portland MSS.* iii-vii, *passim*).

<sup>7</sup> Elizabeth, Harley's daughter, for whom see p. 135 n.<sup>72</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Henry Tenison, M.P. for co. Louth. From 1704 to his death in 1709 he was a Commissioner of the Revenue in Ireland (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, v. 381; vi. 523).

Vanhomrigh's, and came back like a fool, and the dean of Carlisle has sat with me till eleven. Lord Oxford has not the staff yet.

29. I was this morning in town by ten, though it was shaving-day, and went to the secretary about some affairs, then visited the duke and duchess of Ormond; but the latter was dressing to go out, and I could not see her. My lord Oxford had the staff given him this morning; so now I must call him lord Oxford no more, but lord treasurer: I hope he will stick there: this is twice he has changed his name this week; and I heard to-day in the city (where I dined) that he will very soon have the garter.—Prithee, don't you observe how strangely I have changed my company and manner of living? I never go to a Coffee-house; you hear no more of Addison, Steele, Henley, lady Lucy, Mrs. Finch,<sup>9</sup> lord Somers, lord Hallifax, &c. I think I have altered for the better. Did I tell you, the archbishop of Dublin has writ me a long letter of a squabble in your town about chusing a mayor, and that he apprehended some censure for the share he had in it.<sup>10</sup> I have not heard any thing of it here; but I shall not be always able to defend him. We hear your bishop Hickman is dead;<sup>11</sup> but nobody here will do any thing for me in Ireland; so they may die as fast or slow as they please.—Well, you are constant to your deans, and your Stoyte, and your Walls. Walls will have her tea soon; parson Richardson is either going or gone to Ireland, and has it with him. I hear Mr. Lewis has two letters for me: I could not call

<sup>9</sup> Anne Finch, daughter of Sir William Kingsmill of Sidmanton, married in 1684 Heneage Finch, second son of Heneage, second Earl of Winchelsea. He succeeded to the title as fourth Earl, 5 Aug. 1712, on the death of his nephew. She published a poem on the 'Spleen' in Gildon's *Miscellany*, 1701. Her collected *Miscellany Poems* appeared in 1713. She was a friend of Pope and other men of letters.

<sup>10</sup> See p. 277 n.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>11</sup> A false rumour. Charles Hickman, an Englishman, who had been chaplain to William III and Anne, and rector of Burnham, Bucks., became Bishop of Derry in 1703. He died in 1713.

for them to-day, but will to-morrow; and perhaps one of them may be from our little MD, who knows, man? who can tell? Many more unlikely thing has happened.—Pshaw, I write so plaguy little, I can hardly see it myself. *Write bigger, sirrah*<sup>12</sup> Presto. No, but I won't. Oh, you are a saucy rogue, Mr. Presto, you are so impudent. Come, dear rogues, let Presto go to sleep: I have been with the dean, and 'tis near twelve.

30. I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig are, and out of mere listlessness dine there very often, so I did to-day, but I got little MD's letter, N. 15 (you see, sirrahs, I remember to tell the number) from Mr. Lewis, and I read it in a closet they lend me at Mrs. Van's, and I find Stella is a saucy rogue and a great writer, and can write finely still when her hand's in, and her pen good. When I came here to-night, I had a mighty mind to go swim after I was cool, for my lodging is just by the river, and I went down with only my night-gown and slippers on at eleven, but came up again; however, one of these nights I will venture.

31.<sup>13</sup> I was so hot this morning with my walk, that I resolve to do so no more during this violent burning weather. It is comical, that now we happen to have such heat to ripen the fruit, there has been the greatest blast that was ever known, and almost all the fruit is despaired of. I dined with lord Shelburn; lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt are going to Ireland. I went this evening to lord treasurer, and sat about two hours with him in mixt company; he left us, and went to Court, and carried two staves with him, so I suppose we shall have a new lord steward, or

<sup>12</sup> 'These words in *Italicks* are written in a large round hand.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>13</sup> In *The Examiner*, No. 44 (43), 31 May, Swift gave a brief historical sketch of the application of the names Whig and Tory and of the changes which had taken place in the political attitude of the two parties, and concluded by stating his own understanding of the two terms.

comptroller to-morrow; I smoakt that state secret out by that accident. I won't answer your letter yet, sirrahs, no I won't, Madam.

June 1. I wish you a merry month of June. I dined again with the Vans and Sir Andrew Fountain. I always give them a flask of my Florence, which now begins to spoil, but 'tis near an end. I went this afternoon to Mrs. Vedeau's, and brought away Madam Dingley's parchment and letter of attorney. Mrs. Vedeau tells me, she has sent the bill a fortnight ago. I will give the parchment to Ben. Tooke, and you shall send him a letter of attorney at your leisure, inclosed to Mr. Presto.<sup>14</sup> Yes, I now think your mackarel is full as good as ours, which I did not think formerly. I was bit about the two staves, for there is no new officer made to-day. This letter will find you still in Dublin, I suppose, or at Donnybrook, or losing your money at Walls' (how does she do?)

2. *I missed this day by a blunder and dining in the city.*<sup>15</sup>

3. No boats on Sunday, never: so I was forced to walk, and so hot by the time I got to Ford's lodging, that I was quite spent; I think the weather is mad. I could not go to church. I dined with the secretary as usual, and old colonel Graham<sup>16</sup> that lived at Bagshot-Heath, and they said it was colonel Graham's house. Pshaw, I remember it very well, when I used to go for a walk to London

<sup>14</sup> See p. 231 n.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>15</sup> 'This interlined in the original.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>16</sup> Colonel James Graham, 1649–1730, brother of Sir Richard Graham, Viscount Preston (*D.N.B.*). After serving in two other regiments James Graham became a Captain in the Coldstreamers, 30 Oct. 1675. In 1678 he held the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in Lord Morpeth's regiment of foot (Dalton's *Army Lists*, i. 140, 180, 184, 216). His sympathies, like those of his brother, were Jacobite. He held several offices under James II; and was granted the lease of a lodge in Bagshot Park. Under Queen Anne and George I he was M.P. for Appleby and Westmorland. In *Polite Conversation* he is referred to by Swift as the inventor of 'a set of words and phrases' (*Prose Works*, xi. 207).

from Moor-park. What, I warrant you don't remember the golden farmer<sup>17</sup> neither, *Figgarkick Soley*?<sup>18</sup>

4. When must we answer this letter, this N. 15. of our little MD? Heat and laziness, and Sir Andrew Fountain made me dine to-day again at Mrs. Van's; and, in short, this weather is insupportable; how is it with you? Lady Betty Butler, and lady Ashburnham sat with me two or three hours this evening in my closet at Mrs. Van's. They are very good girls, and if lady Betty went to Ireland you should let her be acquainted with you. How does Dingley do this hot weather? Stella, I think, never complains of it, she loves hot weather. There has not been a drop of rain since Friday sennight. Yes, you do love hot weather, naughty Stella, you do so, and Presto can't abide it. Be a good girl then, and I'll love you; and love one another, and don't be quarrelling girls.

5. I dined in the city to-day, and went from hence early to town, and visited the duke of Ormond, and Mr. secretary. They say, my lord treasurer has a dead warrant in his pocket, they mean, a list of those who are to be turned out of employment, and we every day now expect those changes. I past by the treasury to-day, and saw vast crowds waiting to give lord treasurer petitions as he passes by. He is now at the top of power and favour: he keeps no levees yet. I am cruel thirsty this hot weather.— I am just this minute going to swim. I take Patrick down

<sup>17</sup> William Davis, 1627–90, who lived a double life for many years as a respectable and unsuspected farmer and a daring highwayman, went by the name of 'The Golden Farmer'. He was executed for shooting a man in London and his body hung in chains on Bagshot Heath. An inn near Frimley, between Bagshot and Farnborough, was called the Golden Farmer.

<sup>18</sup> Aitken suggests, and with probability, that '*soley*' is a misreading by Deane Swift for '*sollah*', a form often used by Swift in the sense of '*sirrah*', as will be found when that part of the *Journal* which is preserved in the original is reached. '*Figgarkick*' may perhaps be '*pilgarlick*', a word used by Swift (*post*, p. 388) as a compassionate description of Stella, in the sense of 'poor creature'. See O.E.D.; Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*; and cf. *Gulliveriana*, 1728, p. 73.



with me to hold my nightgown, shirt and slippers, and borrow a napkin of my landlady for a cap.—So farewell till I come up; but there's no danger, don't be frightened—I have been swimming this half-hour and more; and when I was coming out I dived, to make my head and all through wet, like a cold bath; but as I dived, the napkin fell off and is lost, and I have that to pay for. O faith, the great stones were so sharp, I could hardly set my feet on them as I came out. It was pure<sup>19</sup> and warm. I got to bed, and will now go sleep.

6. Morning. This letter shall go to-morrow; so I will answer yours when I come home to-night. I feel no hurt from last night's swimming. I lie with nothing but the sheet over me, and my feet quite bare. I must rise and go to town before the tide is against me. Morrow, sirrahs; dear sirrahs, morrow.—At night. I never felt so hot a day as this since I was born. I dined with lady Betty Germain, and there was the young earl of Berkeley and his fine lady. I never saw her before, nor think her near so handsome as she passes for.—After dinner Mr. Bertue<sup>20</sup> would not let me put ice in my wine; but said my lord Dorchester<sup>21</sup> got the bloody-flux with it, and that it was the worst thing in the world. Thus are we plagued, thus are we plagued; yet I have done it five or six times this summer, and was but the drier and the hotter for it. Nothing makes me so excessively peevish as hot weather. Lady Berkeley after dinner clapt my hat on another lady's head, and she in roguery put it upon the rails. I minded

<sup>19</sup> See p. 28 n.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Probably a mistake for 'Bertie'. Aitken makes the likely suggestion that he was the Hon. James Bertie, second son of James, younger son of Montagu, second Earl of Lindsey, who was created Earl of Abingdon in 1682. Or he may have been a Bertie more nearly related to Robert, fourth Earl of Lindsey, who was created Duke of Ancaster and Kesteven in 1715.

<sup>21</sup> Evelyn Pierrepont, 1665?–1726, fifth Earl of Kingston, was created Marquis of Dorchester in 1706. As a Whig he found favour under the new dynasty, and in 1715 he was created Duke of Kingston-upon-Hull. He was the father of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

them not; but in two minutes they called me to the window, and lady Carteret<sup>22</sup> shewed me my hat out of her window five doors off, where I was forced to walk to it, and pay her and old lady Weymouth<sup>23</sup> a visit, with some more beldames. Then I went and drank coffee, and made one or two puns with lord Pembroke, and designed to go to lord treasurer; but it was too late, and beside I was half broiled, and broiled without butter; for I never sweat after dinner, if I drink my wine. Then I sat an hour with lady Betty Butler at tea, and every thing made me hotter and drier. Then I walkt home, and was here by ten, so miserably hot, that I was in as perfect a passion as ever I was in my life at the greatest affront or provocation. Then I sat an hour, till I was quite dry and cool enough to go swim; which I did, but with so much vexation, that I think I have given it over: for I was every moment disturbed by boats, rot them; and that puppy Patrick, standing ashore, would let them come within a yard or two, and then call sneakingly to them. The only comfort I proposed here in hot weather is gone; for there is no jesting with those boats after 'tis dark: I had none last night. I dived to dip my head, and held my cap on with both my hands, for fear of losing it.—Pox take the boats! Amen. 'Tis near twelve, and so I'll answer your letter (it strikes twelve now) to-morrow morning.

7. Morning. Well, now let us answer MD's letter N. 15, 15, 15, 15. Now have I told you the number? 15, 15; there, impudence to call names in the beginning of your letter, before you say, How do you do, Mr. Presto?—There's your breeding. Where's your manners, sirrah, to a gentleman? Get you gone, you couple of jades.—No,

<sup>22</sup> Frances, 1694–1743, only surviving daughter of Sir Robert Worsley, Bart. (p. 170 n.<sup>9</sup>) was married, 17 Oct. 1710, to Lord Carteret. In later years, when Carteret was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, she and Swift met again (*Poems*, pp. 374–80).

<sup>23</sup> Frances, eldest daughter of Heneage Finch, second Earl of Winchilsea, married Thomas Thynne, 1640–1714, first Viscount Weymouth. She died 17 Apr. 1712.

I never sit up late now; but this abominable hot weather will force me to eat or drink something that will do me hurt. I do venture to eat a few strawberries.—Why then, do you know in Ireland that Mr. St. John talkt so<sup>24</sup> in parliament? Your Whigs are plaguily bit; for he is intirely for their being all out.—And are you as vicious in snuff as ever? I believe, as you say, it does neither hurt nor good; but I have left it off, and when any body offers me their box, I take about a tenth part of what I used to do, and then just smell to it, and privately fling the rest away. I keep to my tobacco still,<sup>25</sup> as you say; but even much less of that than formerly, only mornings and evenings, and very seldom in the day.—As for Joe,<sup>26</sup> I have recommended his case heartily to my lord lieutenant; and, by his direction, given a memorial of it to Mr. Southwell, to whom I have recommended it likewise. I can do no more, if he were my brother. His business will be to apply himself to Southwell. And you must desire Raymond, if Price<sup>27</sup> of Galway comes to town, to desire him to wait on Mr. Southwell, as recommended by me for one of the duke's chaplains, which was all I could do for him; and he must be presented to the duke, and make his court, and ply about and find out some vacancy, and solicit early for it. The bustle about your mayor<sup>28</sup> I had before, as I told you, from the archbishop of Dublin. Was Raymond not come till May 18? So he says fine things of me? Certainly he lies. I'm sure I used him indifferently enough, and we never once dined together, or walkt, or

<sup>24</sup> See p. 252 n.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>25</sup> 'He does not mean smoaking, which he never practised, but snuffing up cut-and-dry tobacco, which sometimes was just coloured with *Spanish* snuff; and this he used all his life, but would not own that he took snuff.'—Deane Swift. See p. 31 n.<sup>25</sup>

<sup>26</sup> Beaumont (p. 1).

<sup>27</sup> The Rev. John Price, c. 1675–1729. He matriculated at Trinity College, Dublin, in 1692. Prebendary of Kilmore (Achonry) from 1711 to the year of his death. Son of the Rev. Edward Price, Prebendary of Kilmoylan, co. Galway, and Chancellor of Kilfenora (1676–1706).

<sup>28</sup> See p. 277 n.<sup>26</sup>



ESTHER JOHNSON (STELLA)

*From an oil picture by an unknown artist in the National Portrait Gallery of Ireland*



were in any third place, only he came sometimes to my lodgings, and even there was oftener denied than admitted.—What an odd bill<sup>29</sup> is that you sent of Raymond's? A bill upon one Murry in Chester, which depends entirely not only upon Raymond's honesty, but his discretion; and in money matters he is the last man I would depend on. Why should Sir Alexander Cairnes<sup>30</sup> in London pay me a bill, drawn by God knows who, upon Murry in Chester? I was at Cairnes's, and they can do no such thing. I went among some friends, who are merchants, and I find the bill must be sent to Murry, accepted by him, and then returned back, and then Cairnes may accept or refuse it as he pleases. Accordingly I gave Sir Thomas Frankland the bill, who has sent it to Chester, and ordered the post-master there to get it accepted, and then send it back, and in a day or two I shall have an answer; and therefore this letter must stay a day or two longer than I intended, and see what answer I get. Raymond should have written to Murry at the same time, to desire Sir Alexander Cairnes to have answered such a bill, if it come. But Cairnes's clerks (himself was not at home) said, they had received no notice of it, and could do nothing; and advised me to send to Murry.—I have been six weeks to-day at Chelsea, and you know it but just now. And so dean —— thinks I write the *Medley*.<sup>31</sup> Pox of his judgment; 'tis equal to his honesty. Then you han't seen the *Miscellany*<sup>32</sup> yet. Why, 'tis a four shilling book: has nobody carried it over?—No, I believe Manley will not lose his place: for his friend in England<sup>33</sup> is so far from being out, that he has

<sup>29</sup> A bill for £200. Cf. p. 301.

<sup>30</sup> Sir Alexander Cairnes, of Monaghan, was the grandson of Thomas Cairnes, who came to Ireland from Scotland. He engaged successfully in the business of banking, was created a baronet, 6 May 1708, died at Dublin in Oct. 1732, without male issue, and was succeeded by his brother, Henry (Wotton's *Baronetage*, 1741, iv. 130–1).

<sup>31</sup> See p. 254 n.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>32</sup> *Miscellanies in Prose and Verse*. See p. 62 n.<sup>52</sup>

<sup>33</sup> Sir Thomas Frankland, p. 12 n.<sup>5</sup>; cf. pp. 37, 125;

taken a new patent since the post-office act;<sup>34</sup> and his brother Jack Manley here takes his part firmly; and I have often spoken to Southwell in his behalf, and he seems very well inclined to him. But the Irish folks here in general are horribly violent against him. Besides, he must consider he could not send Stella wine if he were put out. And so he is very kind, and sends you a dozen bottles of wine *at a time*, and you win eight shillings *at a time*; and how much do you lose? No, no, never one syllable about that, I warrant you.—Why this same Stella is so unmerciful a writer, she has hardly left any room for Dingley. If you have such Summer there as here, sure the Wexford waters are good by this time. I forgot what weather we had May 6th; go look in my journal. We had terrible rain the 24th and 25th, and never a drop since. Yes, yes, I remember Berested's bridge,<sup>35</sup> the coach sosses up and down as one goes that way, just as at Hockley in the Hole.<sup>36</sup> I never impute any illness or health I have to good or ill weather, but to want of exercise, or ill air, or something I have eaten, or hard study, or sitting up; and so I fence against those as well as I can: but who a deuce can help the weather? Will Seymor,

<sup>34</sup> The Act of 1710 whereby the offices for England and Scotland were reunited and the various postal systems reorganized under the control of a Postmaster-General.

<sup>35</sup> Perhaps a misreading of the manuscript. Possibly Berford's bridge. A family named Berford lived close to a bridge on the high road near Trim.

<sup>36</sup> Hockley-in-the-Hole, Clerkenwell, a place chiefly resorted to by the less respectable for bear and bull baiting and other rough diversions. See Gay's *Trivia*, ii. 407-12:

When through the Town, with slow and solemn Air,  
Led by the Nostril, walks the muzled Bear;  
Behind him moves majestically dull,  
The Pride of *Hockley-hole*, the surly Bull;  
Learn hence the Periods of the Week to name,  
*Mondays* and *Thursdays* are the Days of Game.

The resort was closed towards the end of the eighteenth century; but baiting was not suppressed by Act of Parliament till 1835.

the general,<sup>37</sup> was excessively hot with the sun shining full upon him; so he turns to the sun, and says, Hearkee, friend, you had better go and ripen cucumbers than plague me at this rate, &c. Another time fretting at the heat, a gentleman by said, It was such weather as pleased God: Seymor said, Perhaps it may; but I'm sure it pleases no body else. Why, madam Dingley, the First-Fruits are done. Southwell told me they went to enquire about them, and lord treasurer said they were done, and had been done long ago. And I'll tell you a secret you must not mention, that the duke of Ormond is ordered to take notice of them in his speech in your parliament: and I desire you will take care to say on occasion, that my lord treasurer Harley did it many months ago, before the duke was lord lieutenant. And yet I cannot possibly come over yet: so get you gone to Wexford, and make Stella well.—Yes, yes, I take care not to walk late; I never did but once, and there are five hundred people on the way as I walk.—Tisdall is a puppy, and I will excuse him the half hour he would talk with me. As for the *Examiner*, I have heard a whisper, that after that of this day, which tells what this parliament has done, you will hardly find them so good. I prophecy they will be trash for the future; and methinks in this day's *Examiner* the author talks doubtfully, as if he would write no more.<sup>38</sup> Observe whether the change

<sup>37</sup> William Seymour was the second son of Sir Edward Seymour, fourth baronet of Bury Pomeroy in Devon, an active politician throughout four reigns. William served in the army, reached the rank of Lieut.-General, retired in 1717, and died in 1727 (Dalton's *Army Lists*, ii. 73; iii. 239; Wotton's *Baronetage*, 1741, i. 110–11).

<sup>38</sup> With No. 45 (although he wrote the first part of No. 46) Swift severed his editorial connexion with *The Examiner*. In this number he recounted the successful measures carried through by the new government, adding, 'And now I conceive the main design I had in writing these papers is fully executed. A great majority of the nation is at length thoroughly convinced, that the Queen proceeded with the highest wisdom, in changing her ministry and Parliament.' Deane Swift, *Essay*, 1755, p. 291 n., quoting this letter from the original, adds between 'no more' and 'Observe' the words: 'so that if they go on, they may probably



be discovered in Dublin, only for your own curiosity, that's all. Make a mouth there. Mrs. Vedeau's business I have answered, and I hope the bill is not lost. Morrow. 'Tis stewing hot, but I must rise, and go to town between fire and water. Morrow, sirrahs both, morrow.—At night. I dined to-day with colonel Crowe, governor of Jamaica, and your friend Sterne. I presented Sterne to my lord treasurer's brother,<sup>39</sup> and gave him his case, and engaged him in his favour. At dinner there fell the swingingest long shower, and the most grateful to me, that ever I saw: it thundered fifty times at least, and the air is so cool, that a body is able to live; and I walkt home to-night with comfort, and without dirt. I went this evening to lord treasurer, and sat with him two hours, and we were in very good humour, and he abused me, and called me Dr. Thomas Swift fifty times: I have told you he does that when he has mind to make me mad. Sir Thomas Frankland gave me to-day a letter from Murry, accepting my bill; so all is well: only by a letter from Parvisol, I find there are some perplexities.—Joe has likewise written to me, to thank me for what I have done for him; and desires I would write to the bishop of Clogher, that Tom Ashe<sup>40</sup> may not hinder his father <sup>41</sup> from being portreef. I have written, and sent to Joe several times, that I will not trouble myself at all about Trim. I wish them their liberty; but they do not deserve it: so tell Joe, and send to him. I am mighty happy with this rain: I was at the end of my patience, but now I live again. This cannot go till Saturday; and perhaps I may go out of town with lord Shelburn and lady Kerry to-morrow for two or three days.

be by some other hand, which in my opinion is a thousand pities; but who can help it?

<sup>39</sup> Edward Harley (*ante*, p. 162 n.<sup>26</sup>).

<sup>40</sup> p. 28 n.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>41</sup> Even Mr. *Joseph Beaumont*, the son, was at this time an old man, whose grey locks were venerable; consequently his father was very ancient; and yet the father lived until about the year 1719.<sup>2</sup>—Deane Swift. The elder Beaumont sought election as portreeve of Trim. Cf. p. 309.

Lady Kerry has written to desire it; but to-morrow I shall know further.—O this dear rain, I cannot forbear praising it: I never felt myself to be revived so in my life. It lasted from three till five, hard as a horn, and mixt with hail.

8.<sup>42</sup> Morning. I am going to town, and will just finish this there, if I go into the country with lady Kerry and lord Shelburn: so morrow, till an hour or two hence.—In town. I met Cairnes, who, I suppose, will pay me the money; though he says, I must send him the bill first, and I will get it done in absence. Farewel, &c. &c.

## LETTER XXV

Chelsea, June 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14,  
15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20.

I HAVE been all this time at Wicomb, between Oxford and London, with lord Shelburn, who has the squire's house at the town's end, and an estate there in a delicious country. Lady Kerry and Mrs. Pratt were with us, and we passed our time well enough; and there I wholly disengaged myself from all publick thoughts, and every thing but MD, who had the impudence to send me a letter there; but I'll be revenged: I'll answer it. This day, the 20th, I came from Wicomb with lady Kerry after dinner, lighted at Hyde-Park corner, and walkt: it was twenty-seven miles, and we came it in about five hours.

21. I went at noon to see Mr. secretary at his office, and there was lord treasurer: so I killed two birds, &c. and we were glad to see one another, and so forth. And the secretary and I dined at Sir William Wyndham's,<sup>1</sup> who married lady Catharine Seymor, your acquaintance, I

<sup>42</sup> On 8 June Swift appears to have written a letter to Archbishop King which has been lost. In a letter of 25 July King acknowledged receipt of the letter (*Corresp.* i. 268).

<sup>1</sup> Sir William Wyndham, Bart., 1687–1740, Tory M.P. for Somerset, became Secretary at War in 1712, and Chancellor of the Exchequer, 1713–14. He supported Bolingbroke against Oxford; and to him Bolingbroke addressed his famous *Letter (Works, 1754, i. 3 ff.)*. Wyndham

suppose. There were ten of us at dinner. It seems in my absence they had erected a Club,<sup>2</sup> and made me one; and we made some laws to-day, which I am to digest, and add to, against next meeting. Our meetings are to be every Thursday: we are yet but twelve: lord keeper and lord treasurer were proposed; but I was against them, and so was Mr. secretary, though their sons are of it, and so they are excluded; but we design to admit the duke of Shrewsbury. The end of our Club is to advance conversation and friendship, and to reward deserving persons with our interest and recommendation. We take in none but men of wit or men of interest; and if we go on as we begin, no other Club in this town will be worth talking of. The solicitor general, Sir Robert Raymond, is one of our Club; and I ordered him immediately to write to your lord chancellor in favour of Dr. Raymond: so tell Raymond, if you see him; but I believe this will find you at Wexford. This letter will come three weeks after the last; so there is a week lost; but that is owing to my being out of town; yet I think it is right, because it goes inclosed to Mr. Reading:<sup>3</sup> and why should he know how often Presto writes to MD, pray?—I sat this evening with lady Betty<sup>4</sup> Butler<sup>5</sup> and lady Ashburnham, and then came home by

married in 1708 Catherine, second daughter of Charles Seymour, sixth Duke of Somerset (p. 332 n.<sup>6</sup>). She died in 1731.

<sup>2</sup> St. John, writing to the Earl of Orrery, 12 June 1711, speaks of 'a club which I am forming' to be composed of members who have 'wit and learning' or 'power and influence', and of others 'who from accidental reasons may properly be taken in' (*Letters*, 1798, i. 150, 171). There are many later references in the *Journal* to this club, better known as 'The Society', and to its membership. See further p. 505 n.<sup>43</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Almost certainly Daniel Reading, M.P. for the pocket borough of Newcastle, co. Dublin. Reading had been befriended by Sir William Temple, and it was thus that Swift came to know him (*Corresp.* i. 55 n., 382-4).

<sup>4</sup> Sheridan, Nichols, Scott, Ryland, omit 'Betty'.

<sup>5</sup> 'Her ladyship, who had a very great appetite, and ate hearty suppers every night, lived to be above ninety years of age. She never was married.' —Nichols.

eleven, and had a good cool walk; for we have had no extream hot weather this fortnight, but a great deal of rain at times, and a body can live and breathe. I hope it will hold so. We had peaches to-day.

22. I went late to-day to town, and dined with my friend Lewis. I saw Will. Congreve attending at the treasury, by order, with his brethren, the commissioners of the wine licences. I had often mentioned him with kindness to lord treasurer; and Congreve told me, that after they had answered to what they were sent for, my lord called him privately, and spoke to him with great kindness, promising his protection, &c. The poor man said, he had been used so ill of late years, that he was quite astonished at my lord's goodness, &c. and desired me to tell my lord so; which I did this evening, and recommended him heartily. My lord assured me he esteemed him very much, and would be always kind to him; that what he said was to make Congreve easy, because he knew people talked as if his lordship designed to turn every body out, and particularly Congreve; which indeed was true, for the poor man told me he apprehended it. As I left my lord treasurer, I called on Congreve (knowing where he dined) and told him what had passed between my lord and me: so I have made a worthy man easy, and that is a good day's work.<sup>6</sup> I am proposing to my lord to erect a society or academy for correcting and settling our language, that we may not perpetually be changing as we do. He enters mightily into it, so does the dean of Carlisle;<sup>7</sup> and I design to write a letter to lord treasurer with the

<sup>6</sup> Congreve was early provided for by Halifax with a place in the Pipe Office and another in the Customs. Later he held a commissionership of hackney coaches, 1695-1707, and of wine licences, 1705-14. He was afraid of losing his sinecure offices under the new government. At a later date, in his *Libel on Doctor Delany*, Swift, as he thought of Congreve, wrote bitterly of patronage bestowed in return for the adoption of party principles (*Poems*, p. 481 and note).

<sup>7</sup> Atterbury. He was not installed at Christ Church till 27 Sept. (p. 152 n.<sup>41</sup>).

proposals of it, and publish it;<sup>8</sup> and so I told my lord, and he approves it. Yesterday's was a sad *Examiner*,<sup>9</sup> and last week was very indifferent, though some little scraps of the old spirit, as if he had given some hints; but yesterday's is all trash. It is plain the hand is changed.

23. I have not been in London to-day: for Dr. Gastrell<sup>10</sup> and I dined, by invitation, with the dean of Carlisle, my neighbour; so I know not what they are doing in the world, a meer country gentleman. And are not you ashamed both to go into the country just when I did, and stay ten days, just as I did, saucy monnies? But I never rode; I had no horses, and our coach was out of order, and we went and came in a hired one. Do you keep your lodgings when you go to Wexford? I suppose you do; for you will hardly stay above two months. I have been walking about our town to-night, and it is a very scurvy place for walking. I am thinking to leave it, and return to town, now the Irish folks are gone. Ford goes in three days. How does Dingley divert herself while Stella is riding? work, or read, or walk? Does Dingley ever read to you? Had you ever a book with you in the country? Is all that left off? confess. Well, I'll go sleep, 'tis past eleven, and I go early to sleep; I write nothing at night but to MD.

<sup>8</sup> This pamphlet occupied Swift's thoughts for some time, and finally appeared as *A Proposal for Correcting, Improving and Ascertaining the English Tongue; In a Letter To the Most Honourable Robert Earl of Oxford and Mortimer, Lord High Treasurer of Great Britain*. London: Printed for Benj. Tooke, at the Middle-Temple-Gate, Fleetstreet. 1712. It is dated 'Feb. 22. 1711, 12.', and was published on 17 May 1712 (*The Post Boy*, 15-17 May; *The London Gazette*, 17 May). There are further references to it in the *Journal*. See also *Corresp.* i. 267-8.

<sup>9</sup> No. 47.

<sup>10</sup> Francis Gastrell, 1662-1725, had been chaplain to Harley, when Speaker, 1700. He became a Canon of Christ Church in 1703, and Bishop of Chester in 1714. He compiled the *Notitia Cestriensis*, which has been printed by the Chetham Society. Hearne described him as 'a Man of little or no Learning', and of 'a proud haughty temper' (*Collections*, iv. 316). See *Tale of a Tub*, ed. Guthkelch and Nichol Smith, p. 3 n.<sup>3</sup>

24. Stratford and I, and pastoral Philips (just come from Denmark)<sup>11</sup> dined at Ford's to-day, who paid his way, and goes for Ireland on Tuesday. The earl of Peterborough is returned from Vienna without one servant: he left them scattered in several towns of Germany.<sup>12</sup> I had a letter from him, four days ago, from Hanover, where he desires I would immediately send him an answer to his house at Parson's-Green, about five miles off. I wondered what he meant, till I heard he was come. He sent expresses, and got here before them. He is above fifty, and as active as one of five and twenty. I have not seen him yet, nor know when I shall, or where to find him.

25. Poor duke of Shrewsbury has been very ill of a fever: we were all in a fright about him: I thank God, he is better. I dined to-day at lord Ashburnham's with his lady, for he was not at home: she is a very good girl and always a great favourite of mine. Sterne tells me, he has desired a friend to receive your box in Chester, and carry it over. I fear he will miscarry in his business, which was

<sup>11</sup> In Jan. 1708-9 Ambrose Philips went to Denmark as secretary to the British Envoy, Daniel Pulteney. But on this occasion he seems to have come from Italy, where he had been acting for a short time as tutor to Simon Harcourt, son of the Lord Keeper. He left Copenhagen in Feb. 1710-11. See *Poems of Ambrose Philips*, ed. M. G. Segar, pp. xxviii, xxxiii.

<sup>12</sup> Two stanzas in Swift's verses to Peterborough (*Poems*, pp. 396-8) may be a recollection of this return to England:

Mordanto gallops on alone,  
The Roads are with his Foll'wers strown,  
This breaks a Girth, and that a Bone.

So wonderful his Expedition,  
When you have not the least Suspicion,  
He's with you like an Apparition.

The letter (*Corresp.* i. 262) was dated 21 June, N.S., and requested an answer, the moment it was received, 'directed to Parson's Green', where Peterborough had a residence near London. On Peterborough's return to England see also Swift's letter to Archbishop King of 12 July (*Corresp.* i. 265).

sent to the treasury before he was recommended; for I was positive only to second his recommendations, and all his other friends failed him. However, on your account, I will do what I can for him to-morrow with the secretary of the treasury.

26. We had much company to-day at dinner at lord treasurer's. Prior never fails: he is a much better courtier than I; and we expect every day that he will be a commissioner of the customs, and that in a short time a great many more will be turned out. They blame lord treasurer for his slowness in turning people out; but I suppose he has his reasons. They still keep my neighbour Atterbury in suspense about the deanry of Christ-Church,<sup>13</sup> which has been above six months vacant, and he is heartily angry. I reckon you are now preparing for your Wexford expedition; and poor Dingley is full of carking and caring, scolding. How long will you stay? Shall I be in Dublin before you return? Don't fall and hurt yourselves, nor overturn the coach. Love one another, and be good girls; and drink Presto's health in water, madam Stella; and in good ale,<sup>14</sup> madam Dingley.

27. The secretary appointed me to dine with him to-day, and we were to do a world of business: he came at four, and brought Prior with him, and had forgot the appointment, and no business was done. I left him at eight, and went to change my gown at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's; and there was Sir Andrew Fountain at ombre, with lady Ashburnham and lady Frederick Schomberg, and lady Mary Schomberg,<sup>15</sup> and lady Betty Butler, and others, talking:

<sup>13</sup> See p. 295 n.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>14</sup> "The *Wexford* ale is highly esteemed, which is hinted at in this passage; and the *Wexford* waters were prescribed to *Stella*."—Deane Swift.

<sup>15</sup> Lady Frederica Schomberg, daughter of Meinhardt Schomberg, Duke of Leinster and third Duke of Schomberg, was twice married, first, in 1715, to the Earl of Holderness, and secondly, in 1724, to Benjamin Mildmay, who was, in 1730, created Earl Fitzwalter. Her sister, Mary, married Christoph Martin von Degenfeld, Prussian envoy to the court of

and it put me in mind of the dean, and Stoyte, and Walls, and Stella at play, and Dingley and I looking on. I staid with them till ten, like a fool. Lady Ashburnham is something like Stella; so I helped her, and wished her good cards. It is late, &c.

28. Well, but I must answer this letter of our MD's. Saturday approaches, and I han't written down this side. O faith, Presto has been a sort of a lazy fellow: but Presto will remove to town this day sennight: the secretary has commanded me to do so; and I believe he and I shall go for some days to Windsor, where he will have leisure to mind some business we have together. To-day our Society (it must not be called a Club) dined at Mr. secretary's; we were but eight, the rest sent excuses, or were out of town. We sat till eight, and made some laws and settlements; and then I went to take leave of lady Ashburnham, who goes out of town to-morrow, as a great many of my acquaintance are already, and left the town very thin. I shall make but short journies this Summer, and not be long out of London. The days are grown sensibly short already, all<sup>16</sup> our fruit blasted. Your duke of Ormond is still at Chester; and perhaps this letter will be with you as soon as he. Sterne's business is quite blown up: they stand to it to send him back to the commissioners of the revenue in Ireland for a reference, and all my credit could not alter it, though I almost fell out with the secretary of the treasury,<sup>17</sup> who is my lord treasurer's cousin-german, and my very good friend. It seems every step he has hitherto taken hath been wrong; at least they say so, and

St. James. In 1729 Swift addressed a letter to the Countess of Holderness asking for a 'moderate sum' for the erection of a monument to her grandfather in St. Patrick's Cathedral. In default of response a stone was erected at the expense of the Chapter (*Corresp.* iv. 85, *et passim*; and, for the Latin epitaph, Delany, *Observations*, 1754, pp. 274-5; *Corresp.* iv. 230, and notes).

<sup>16</sup> Deane Swift and Aitken read 'short already, all'; Sheridan, Nichols, Scott, Ryland, Moorhead, 'shorter already, and all'. The true reading is probably 'shorter already, all our'. <sup>17</sup> Thomas Harley (p. 280 n.6).



that is the same thing. I am heartily sorry for it; and I really think they are in the wrong, and use him hardly; but I can do no more.

29. Steele has had the assurance to write to me,<sup>18</sup> that I would engage my lord treasurer to keep a friend of his in an employment: I believe I told you how he and Addison served me for my good offices in Steele's behalf; and I promised lord treasurer never to speak for either of them again. Sir Andrew Fountain and I dined to-day at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's. Dilly Ashe has been in town this fortnight: I saw him twice; he was four days at lord Pembroke's in the country, punning with him; his face is very well.<sup>19</sup> I was this evening two or three hours at lord treasurer's, who called me doctor Thomas Swift twenty times; that's his way of teasing. I left him at nine, and got home here by ten, like a gentleman; and to-morrow morning I'll answer your little letter, sirrahs.

30. Morning. I am terrible sleepy always in a morning; I believe it is my walk over-night that disposes me to sleep; faith 'tis now striking eight, and I am but just awake. Patrick comes early, and wakes me five or six times, but I have excuses, though I am three parts asleep. I tell him I sat up late, or slept ill in the night, and often it is a lie. I have now got little MD's letter before me, N. 16, no more, nor no less, no mistake. Dingley says, 'This letter won't be above six lines,' and I was afraid it was true, though I saw it filled on both sides. The bishop of Clogher writ me word you were in the country, and that he heard you were well: I am glad at heart MD rides, and rides, and rides. Our hot weather ended in May, and all this month has been moderate: it was then so hot, I was not able to endure it; I was miserable every moment, and found myself disposed to be peevish and quarrelsome; I believe a very hot country would make me stark mad.—Yes, my head continues pretty tolerable, and I impute it all to walking. Does Stella eat fruit? I eat a little; but I

<sup>18</sup> This letter has not been preserved.

<sup>19</sup> Cf. p. 239.

always repent, and resolve against it. No, in very hot weather I always go to town by water; but I constantly walk back, for then the sun is down. And so Mrs. Proby goes with you to Wexford; she's admirable company: you'll grow plaguy wise with those you frequent. Mrs. Taylor,<sup>20</sup> and Mrs. Proby; take care of infection. I believe my two hundred pounds will be paid; but that Sir Alexander Cairnes is a scrupulous puppy: I left the bill with Mr. Stratford, who is to have the money. Now, madam Stella, what say you? you ride every day; I know that already, sirrah; and if you rid every day for a twelve-month, you would be still better and better. No, I hope Parvisol will not have the impudence to make you stay an hour for the money; if he does I'll un-parvisol him; pray let me know. O Lord, how hasty we are, Stella can't stay writing and writing; she must write and go a cock-horse, pray now. Well; but the horses are not come to the door; the fellow can't find the bridle; your stirrup is broken; where did you put the whips, Dingley? Marg'et, where have you laid Mrs. Johnson's ribband to tie about her? reach me my mask: sup up this before you go. So, so, a gallop, a gallop: sit fast, sirrah, and don't ride hard upon the stones.—Well, now Stella is gone, tell me, Dingley, is she a good girl? and what news is that you are to tell me?—No, I believe the box is not lost: Sterne says, it is not.—No faith, you must go to Wexford without seeing your duke of Ormond, unless you stay on purpose; perhaps you may be so wise.—I tell you this is your sixteenth letter; will you never be satisfied? No, no, I'll walk late no more; I ought less to venture it than other people, and so I was told:<sup>21</sup> but I'll return to lodge in town next Thursday. When you come from Wexford I would have you send a letter of attorney to Mr. Benjamin Tooke, bookseller in London, directed to me; and he shall manage

<sup>20</sup> Possibly Mrs. Samuel Taylor, wife of a prosperous Dublin brewer who died in 1728.

<sup>21</sup> Lest he should be set upon in revenge for his political activities.

your affair. I have your parchment safely lockt up in London.—O madam Stella, welcome home; was it pleasant riding? did your horse stumble? how often did the man light to settle your stirrup? ride nine miles? faith you have galloped indeed. Well, but where's the fine thing you promised me? I have been a good boy, ask Dingley else. I believe you did not meet the fine-thing-man: faith you are a cheat. So you'll see Raymond and his wife in town. Faith that riding to Laracor gives me short sighs, as well as you. All the days I have passed here, have been dirt to those. I have been gaining enemies by the scores, and friends by the couples, which is against the rules of wisdom; because they say, one enemy can do more hurt, than ten friends can do good. But I have had my revenge at least, if I get nothing else. And so let Fate govern.—Now I think your letter is answered; and mine will be shorter than ordinary, because it must go to-day. We have had a great deal of scattering rain for some days past, yet it hardly keeps down the dust.—We have plays acted in our town, and Patrick was at one of them, oh, ho. He was damnably mauled one day when he was drunk; he was at cuffs with a brother footman, who dragged him along the floor upon his face, which lookt for a week after as if he had the leprosy; and I was glad enough to see it. I have been ten times sending him over to you; yet now he has new cloaths, and a laced hat, which the hatter brought by his orders, and he offered to pay for the lace out of his wages.—I am to dine to-day with Dilly at Sir Andrew Fountain's, who has bought a new house, and will be weary of it in half a year. I must rise and shave, and walk to town, unless I go with the dean<sup>22</sup> in his chariot at twelve, which is too late: and I have not seen that lord Peterborow yet. The duke of Shrewsbury is almost well again, and will be abroad in a day or two: what care you? There it is now; you don't care for my friends. Farewell, my dearest lives, and delights, I love you better than ever,

<sup>22</sup> Atterbury.

if possible, as hope saved, I do, and ever will. God Almighty bless you ever, and make us happy together; I pray for this twice every day; and I hope God will hear my poor hearty prayers.—Remember if I am used ill and ungratefully, as I have formerly been, 'tis what I am prepared for, and shall not wonder at it. Yet, I am now envied, and thought in high favour, and have every day numbers of considerable men teasing me to solicit for them. And the ministry all use me perfectly well, and all that know them, say they love me. Yet I can count upon nothing, nor will, but upon MD's love and kindness.—They think me useful; they pretended they were afraid of none but me; and that they resolved to have me; they have often confessed this: yet all makes little impression on me.—Pox of these speculations! They give me the spleen; and that is a disease I was not born to.<sup>23</sup> Let me alone, sirrahs, and be satisfied: I am, as long as MD and Presto are well: Little wealth, And much health, And a life by stealth: that is all we want; and so farewell, dearest MD; Stella, Dingley, Presto, all together, now and for ever all together. Farewel again and again.

## LETTER XXVI

[SATURDAY]

Chelsea, June 30, 1711.

SEE what large paper I am forced to take to write to MD; Patrick has brought me none clipt; but faith the next shall be smaller. I dined to-day, as I told you, with Dilly at Sir Andrew Fountain's: there were we wretchedly punning, and writing together to lord Pembroke.<sup>1</sup> Dilly is just such

<sup>23</sup> A noteworthy remark about himself in view of a common misconception of Swift's character. On the spleen see 'The English Malady of the Eighteenth Century', by Oswald Doughty, *Review of English Studies*, ii. 257-69.

<sup>1</sup> Swift converted Lord Pembroke, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to the love of punning; and the three Ashes were inveterate punsters. For a story of Swift and Pembroke and examples of the talent, see Forster, *Life*, pp. 192-8; *Corresp.* i. 373-81.

a puppy as ever; and it is so uncouth, after so long an intermission. My twenty-fifth is gone this evening to the post. I think I will direct my next, (which is this) to Mr. Curry's, and let them send it to Wexford, and then the next inclosed to Reading. Instruct me how I shall do. I long to hear from you from Wexford, and what sort of place it is. The town grows very empty and dull. This evening I have had a letter from Mr. Phillips the pastoral poet, to get him a certain employment from lord treasurer. I have now had almost all the Whig poets my solicitors; and I have been useful to Congreve, Steele, and Harrison: but I will do nothing for Phillips; I find he is more a puppy than ever; so don't solicit for him. Besides, I will not trouble lord treasurer, unless upon some very extraordinary occasion.

July 1. Dilly lies conveniently for me when I come to town from Chelsea of a Sunday, and go to the secretary's; so I called at his lodgings this morning, and sent for my gown, and dressed myself there. He had a letter from the bishop, with an account that you were set out for Wexford the morning he writ, which was June 26, and he had the letter the 30th; that was very quick: the bishop says, you design to stay there two months or more. Dilly had also a letter from Tom. Ashe, full of Irish news: that your lady Linden<sup>2</sup> is dead, and I know not what besides, of Dr. Coghill<sup>3</sup> losing his drab, &c. The secretary was

<sup>2</sup> The widow of Sir John Lyndon, who was appointed a Justice of the King's Bench in Ireland in 1682 and died in 1699 (Ball, *Judges in Ireland*, i. 304-5, 359).

<sup>3</sup> Marmaduke Coghill, LL.D., Judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. He died in 1739. His correspondence with Edward Southwell, Chief Secretary for Ireland, is preserved in the British Museum (Add. MSS. 21122 and 21123) and in the National Library of Ireland. Deane Swift has a footnote explanatory of Swift's remark: 'Dr. *Marmaduke Coghill* was judge of the prerogative court in *Ireland*. About this time he courted a lady, and was soon to have been married to her; but unfortunately a cause was brought to trial before him, wherein a man was sued for beating his wife. When the matter was agitated, the Doctor gave his opinion,

gone to Windsor, and I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Lord treasurer is at Windsor too; they will be going and coming all Summer, while the queen is there, and the town is empty, and I fear I shall be sometimes forced to stoop beneath my dignity, and send to the ale-house for a dinner. Well, sirrahs, had you a good journey to Wexford? did you drink ale by the way? were you never overturned? how many things did you forget? do you lie on straw in your new town where you are? Cudsho,<sup>4</sup> the next letter to Presto will be dated from Wexford. What fine company have you there? what new acquaintance have you got? you are to write constantly to Mrs. Walls and Mrs. Stoyte: and the dean said, Shall we never hear from you? Yes, Mr. dean, we'll make bold to trouble you with a letter. Then at Wexford; when you meet a lady; Did your waters pass well this morning, madam? Will Dingley drink them too? Yes, I warrant; to get her a stomach. I suppose you are all gamesters at Wexford. Don't lose your money, sirrah, far from home. I believe I shall go to Windsor in a few days; at least, the secretary tells me so. He has a small house there, with just room enough for him and me; and I would be satisfied to pass a few days there sometimes. Sirrahs, let me go to sleep, 'tis past twelve in our town.

2. Sterne came to me this morning, and tells me he has yet some hopes of compassing his business: he was with Tom Harley, the secretary of the treasury, and made him doubt a little he was in the wrong; the poor man tells me, it will almost undo him, if he fails. I called this morning to see Will Congreve, who lives much by himself, is forced to

That although a man had no right to beat his wife unmercifully, yet that, with such a little cane or switch as he then held in his hand, a husband was at liberty, and was invested with a power, to give his wife moderate correction: which opinion determined the lady against having the doctor. He died an old man and a bachelor, about thirty years ago.'

<sup>4</sup> 'Cuds', or 'Cods', used as a variant of 'Gods' in oaths. The exclamation stands for 'God so'.

a most covetous curr, and I fell a railing against avarice, and turned it so that he smoakt me, and named Bellasis. I went on, and said it was a shame to send him, to which he agreed, but desired I would name some who understood business, and do not love money, for he could not find them. I said, there was something in a treasurer different from other men; that we ought not to make a man a bishop who does not love divinity, or a general who does not love war; and I wondered why the queen would make a man lord treasurer who does not love money. He was mightily pleased with what I said. He was talking of the First-Fruits of England: and I took occasion to tell him, that I would not for a thousand pounds, any body but he had got them for Ireland, who got them for England too. He bid me consider what a thousand pounds was; I said, I would have him to know, I valued a thousand pounds as little as he valued a million.—Is it not silly to write all this? but it gives you an idea what our conversation is with mixt company. I have taken a lodging in Suffolk-street,<sup>8</sup> and go to it on Thursday; and design to walk the Park and the town to supply my walking here: yet I will walk here sometimes too, in a visit now and then to the dean.<sup>9</sup> When I was almost at home, Patrick told me he had two letters for me, and gave them to me in the dark, yet I could see one of them was from saucy MD. I went to visit the dean for half an hour; and then came home, and first read the other letter, which was from the bishop of Clogher,<sup>10</sup> who tells me the archbishop of Dublin mentioned in a full assembly of the clergy, the queen's granting the First-Fruits; said it was done by the lord co. Durham, reached the rank of Lieut.-General in 1694. In 1702 he was second in command of the expedition to Cadiz, but was dismissed in consequence of the looting of Port St. Mary. He was later M.P. for Durham; and in 1713 he was appointed Governor of Berwick. He died in 1717, and was buried in Westminster Abbey (*Dalton's Army Lists*, i. 51; ii. 228).

<sup>8</sup> For Swift's changes of lodging see p. 142 n.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>9</sup> Atterbury.

<sup>10</sup> This letter has not been preserved.

treasurer; and talked much of my merit in it; but reading your's I find nothing of that: perhaps the bishop lies, out of a desire to please me. I dined with Mrs. Vanhomrigh. Well, sirrahs, you are gone to Wexford, but I'll follow you.

4. Sterne came to me again this morning to advise about reasons and memorials he is drawing up; and we went to town by water together; and having nothing to do, I stole into the city to an instrument of mine,<sup>11</sup> and then went to see poor Patty Rolt, who has been in town these two months with a cousin of hers. Her life passes with boarding in some country town as cheap as she can, and when she runs out, shifting to some cheaper place, or coming to town for a month. If I were rich I would ease her, which a little thing would do. Some months ago I sent her a guinea, and it patched up twenty circumstances. She is now going to Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire. It has rained and hailed prodigiously to-day, with some thunder. This is the last night I lie at Chelsea; and I got home early, and sat two hours with the dean,<sup>12</sup> and eat victuals, having had a very scurvy dinner. I'll answer your letter when I come to live in town. You shall have a fine London answer: but first I'll go sleep, and dream of MD.

*London*, July 5. This day I left Chelsea for good (that's a genteel phrase) and am got into Suffolk-street. I dined to-day at our Society, and we are adjourned for a month, because most of us go into the country: we dined at lord keeper's with young Harcourt, and lord keeper was forced to sneak off, and dine with lord treasurer, who had invited the secretary and me to dine with him; but we scorned to leave our company, as George Granville did, whom we have threatened to expel: however, in the evening I went to lord treasurer, and, among other company, found a couple of judges with him; one of them, judge Powel,<sup>13</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Perhaps Mrs. Manley.

<sup>12</sup> Atterbury.

<sup>13</sup> Sir John Powell, not to be confused with two contemporary judges, was called to the Bar in 1671. In 1691 he was appointed a Baron of the



an old fellow with gray hairs, was the merriest old gentleman I ever saw, spoke pleasant things, and laughed and chuckled till he cried again. I staid till eleven, because I was not now to walk to Chelsea.

6. An ugly rainy day; I was to visit Mrs. Barton, then called at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where Sir Andrew Fountain and the rain kept me to dinner; and there did I loiter all the afternoon, like a fool, out of perfect laziness, and the weather not permitting me to walk; but I'll do so no more. Are your waters at Wexford good in this rain? I long to hear how you are established there, how and whom you visit, what is your lodging, what are your entertainments. You are got far southwards; but I think you must eat no fruit while you drink the waters. I eat some Kentish cherries t'other day, and I repent it already; I have felt my head a little disordered. We had not a hot day all June, nor since, which I reckon a mighty happiness. Have you left a direction with Reading for Wexford? I will, as I said, direct this to Curry's, and the next to Reading, or suppose I send this at a venture straight to Wexford? It would vex me to have it miscarry. I had a letter to-night from Parvisol, that White has paid me most of my remaining money; and another from Joe, that they have had their election at Trim, but not a word who is chosen portrieve.<sup>14</sup> Poor Joe is full of complaints, says he has enemies, and fears he will never get his two hundred pounds, and I fear so too, although I have done what I could—I'll answer your letter when I think fit, when saucy Presto thinks fit, sirrahs. I an't at leisure yet; when I have nothing to do, perhaps I may vouchsafe.—O Lord, the two Wexford ladies; I'll go dream of you both.

7. It was the dismallest rainy day I ever saw; I went to the secretary in the morning, and he was gone to Windsor.

Exchequer and knighted. In the first year of Queen Anne he was transferred to the Queen's Bench. An erudite lawyer, generally respected, he died in 1713.

<sup>14</sup> See p. 292 n.<sup>41</sup>

Then it began raining, and I struck in to Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, and dined, and staid till night very dull and insipid. I hate this town in Summer; I'll leave it for a while if I can have time.

8. I have a fellow of your town, one Tisdall,<sup>15</sup> lodges in the same house with me. Patrick told me, Squire Tisdall and his lady lodged here; I pretended I never heard of him, but I knew his ugly face, and saw him at church in the next pew to me, and he often looked for a bow, but it would not do. I think he lives in Capel-street, and has an ugly fine wife in a fine coach. Dr. Freind and I dined in the city by invitation, and I drank punch, very good, but it makes me hot. People here are troubled with agues by this continuance of wet cold weather; but I am glad to find the season so temperate. I was this evening to see Will Congreve, who is a very agreeable companion.

9. I was to-day in the city, and dined with Mr. Stratford, who tells me Sir Alexander Cairnes makes difficulties about paying my bill, so that I cannot give order yet to Parvisol to deliver up the bond to Dr. Raymond. Tomorrow I shall have a positive answer: that Cairnes is a shuffling scoundrel; and several merchants have told me so: what can one expect from a Scot and a fanatic? I was at Bateman's the bookseller's, to see a fine old library he has bought; and my fingers itched, as yours would do at a china shop; but I resisted, and found every thing too dear, and I have fooled away too much money that way already. So go and drink your waters, saucy rogue, and make your self well; and pray walk while you are there: I have a notion there is never a good walk in Ireland.<sup>16</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Aitken is probably right in surmising that this was Richard Tisdall, Registrar of the Irish Court of Chancery, M.P. for Dundalk, 1707-13, and for county Louth, 1713-27. On his death in 1742 he was succeeded in office by his son, Philip, who took a prominent part in politics, and in 1763 became principal Secretary of State and manager of the Irish House of Commons.

<sup>16</sup> 'In *Ireland* there are not public paths from place to place, as in *England*.'—Deane Swift.

Do you find all places without trees? Pray observe the inhabitants about Wexford; they are old English;<sup>17</sup> see what they have particular in their manners, names, and language: magpies have been always there, and no where else in Ireland,<sup>18</sup> till of late years. They say the cocks and dogs go to sleep at noon, and so do the people. Write your travels, and bring home good eyes, and health.

10. I dined to-day with lord treasurer: we did not sit down till four. I dispatched three businesses with him, and forgot a fourth. I think I have got a friend an employment; and besides I made him consent to let me bring Congreve to dine with him. You must understand I have a mind to do a small thing, only turn out all the queen's physicians; for in my conscience they will soon kill her among them. And I must talk over that matter with some people. My lord treasurer told me, the queen and he between them have lost the paper about the First-Fruits;<sup>19</sup> but desires I will let the bishops know it shall be done with the first opportunity.

11. I dined to-day with neighbour Van, and walkt pretty well in the Park this evening. Stella, hussy, don't you remember, sirrah, you used to reproach me about meddling in other folks affairs. I have enough of it now: two people came to me to-night in the Park to engage [me] to speak to lord treasurer in their behalf; and I believe they make up fifty who have asked me the same favour. I am hardened, and resolved to trouble him, or any other minister, less than ever. And I observe those who have ten times more credit than I, will not speak a word for any body. I met yesterday the poor lad I told

<sup>17</sup> Wexford was largely colonized by settlers from Wales, with the result that the inhabitants of the baronies of Forth and Bargo spoke an old form of English till within living memory. See *Gabriel Beranger* (1880), by Sir William Wilde, p. 151, who thus refers to South Wexford: 'They had a language peculiar to themselves which was the old English of Chaucer's time.'

<sup>18</sup> 'They are now common every where.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>19</sup> Cf. *Corresp.* i. 267.

you of, who lived with Mr. Tenison,<sup>20</sup> who has been ill of an ague ever since I saw him. He lookt wretchedly, and was exceeding thankful for half a crown I gave him. He had a crown from me before.

12.<sup>21</sup> I dined to-day with young Manley<sup>22</sup> in the city, who is to get me out a box of books and a hamper of wine from Hamburgh.<sup>23</sup> I enquired of Mr. Stratford, who tells me that Cairnes has not yet paid my two hundred pounds, but shams and delays from day to day. Young Manley's wife is a very indifferent person of a young woman, goggle-eyed, and looks like a fool: yet he is a handsome fellow, and married her for love after long courtship, and she refused him until he got his last employment.—I believe I shall not be so good a boy for writing as I was, during your stay at Wexford, unless I may send my letters every second time to Curry's; pray, let me know. This, I think, shall go there, or why not to Wexford itself? That's right, and so it shall this next Tuesday, although it costs you ten pence. What care I?

13. This toad of a secretary is come from Windsor, and I can't find him; and he goes back on Sunday, and I can't see him to-morrow. I dined scurvily to-day with Mr. Lewis and a parson; and then went to see lord treasurer, and met him coming from his house in his coach: he smiled, and I shrugged, and we smoakt each other; and so my visit is paid. I now confine myself to see him only twice a week: he has invited me to Windsor, and betwixt two stools, &c. I'll go live at Windsor, if possible, that's pozzz. I have always the luck to pass my Summer in London. I called this evening to see poor Sir Matthew Dudley, a commissioner of the customs; I know he is to be out for certain: he is in hopes of continuing: I would not tell him bad news, but advised him to prepare

<sup>20</sup> See p. 281 n.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>21</sup> On 12 July Swift wrote to Archbishop King a long and important letter on the political situation (*Corresp.* i. 264–8).

<sup>22</sup> See p. 159 n.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>23</sup> See p. 334 n.<sup>14</sup>

for the worst. Dilly was with me this morning, to invite me to dine at Kensington on Sunday with lord Mountjoy, who goes soon for Ireland. Your late chief justice Broderick is here, and they say violent as a tiger. How is party among you at Wexford? Are the majority of ladies for the late or present ministry? Write me Wexford news, and love Presto, because he's a good boy.

14. Although it was shaving-day I walkt to Chelsea, and was there by nine this morning; and the dean of Carlisle and I crossed the water to Battersea, and went in his chariot to Greenwich, where we dined at Dr. Gastrell's, and passed the afternoon at Lewsham, at the dean of Canterbury's;<sup>24</sup> and there I saw Moll Stanhope, who is grown monstrously tall, but not so handsome as formerly. It is the first little rambling journey I have had this Summer about London, and they are the agreeablest past-times one can have, in a friend's coach, and to good company. Bank stock is fallen three or four *per cent.*<sup>25</sup> by the whispers about the town of the queen's being ill, who is however very well.

15. How many books have you carried with you to Wexford? What, not one single book? Oh, but your time will be so taken up; and you can borrow of the parson. I dined to-day with Sir Andrew Fountain and Dilly at Kensington with lord Mountjoy; and in the afternoon Stratford came there, and told me my two hundred pounds was paid at last; so that business is over, and I am at ease about it: and I wish all your money was in the bank too. I'll have my t'other hundred pounds there, that is in Hawkshaw's hands. Have you had the interest of it paid yet? I ordered Parvisol to do it. What makes Presto

<sup>24</sup> Dr. George Stanhope, 1660-1728, a noted preacher, Dean of Canterbury from 1704 to his death. He published translations of Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Thomas à Kempis. For his daughter, 'Moll', see p. 17 n.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>25</sup> On 29 June Bank Stock was quoted at 105, on 9 July at 104½, on 13 July at 103¾, on 23 July at 102½. It then began to rise, and by the beginning of August stood at 104.

write so crooked? I'll answer your letter to-morrow, and send it on Tuesday. Here's hot weather come again, yesterday and to-day; fine drinking waters now. We had a sad pert dull parson at Kensington to-day. I almost repent my coming to town; I want the walks I had.

16. I dined in the city to-day with a hedge acquaintance, and the day passed without any consequence. I'll answer your letter to-morrow.

17. Morning. I have put your letter before me, and am going to answer it. Hold your tongue: stand by. Your weather and ours were not alike; we had not a bit of hot weather in June, yet you complain of it on the 19th day. What, you used to love hot weather then? I could never endure it: I detest and abominate it. I would not live in a hot country to be king of it. What a splutter you keep about my bonds with Raymond, and all to affront Presto? Presto will be suspicious of every thing but MD, in spight of your little nose. Soft and fair, madam Stella, how you gallop away in your spleen and your rage about repenting my journey, and preferment here, and six-pence a dozen, and nasty England, and Laracor all my life. Hey dazy, will you never have done? I had no offers of any living. Lord keeper told me some months ago, he would give me one when I pleased; but I told him, I would not take any from him: and the secretary told me t'other day, he had refused a very good one for me; but it was in a place he did not like; and I know nothing of getting any thing here, and, if they would give me leave, I would come over just now. Addison, I hear, has changed his mind about going over;<sup>26</sup> but I have not seen him these four months.—O aye, that's true, Dingley; that's like herself: millions of businesses to do before she goes. Yes, my head has been pretty well, but threatening within these two or three days, which I impute to some fruit I ate; but I will eat no more:

<sup>26</sup> In a letter to Wortley Montagu, 21 July 1711, Addison writes, 'I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer' (Aikin, *Life of Addison*, ii. 44; *Letters*, ed. W. Graham, p. 264). See p. 342.

not a bit of any sort. I suppose you had a journey without dust, and that was happy. I long for a Wexford letter; but must not think of it yet: your last was finished but three weeks ago. It is d—d news you tell me of Mrs. F——;<sup>27</sup> it makes me love England less a great deal. I know nothing of the trunk being left or taken; so 'tis odd enough, if the things in it were mine; and I think I was told that there were some things for me, that my mother left particularly to me. I am really sorry for ——; that scoundrel —— will have his estate after his mother's death. Let me know if Mrs. Walls has got her tea: I hope Richardson staid in Dublin till it came. Mrs. Walls needed not have that blemish in her eye; for I am not in love with her at all. No, I don't like any thing in the *Examiner* after the 45th, except the first part of the 46th;<sup>28</sup> all the rest is trash; and if you like them, especially the 47th, your judgment is spoiled by ill company and want of reading; which I am more sorry for than you think: and I have spent fourteen years<sup>29</sup> in improving you to little purpose. (Mr. Tooke is come here, and I must stop.)—At night. I dined with lord treasurer to-day, and he kept me till nine; so I cannot send this to-night, as I intended, nor write some other letters. Green, his surgeon, was there, and dressed his breast; that is, put on a plaister, which is still requisite: and I took an opportunity to speak to him of the queen; but he cut me short with this saying, *Laissez faire à don Antoine*; which is a French proverb, expressing, *Leave that to me*. I find he is against her taking much physick; and I doubt he cannot persuade her to take Dr. Radcliffe.<sup>30</sup> However, she is very well now, and all

<sup>27</sup> The allusion may be to Mrs. Fenton, Swift's sister (p. 101 n.<sup>38</sup>), for he passes on to speak of 'some things' in a trunk, which he had not received, although he understood them to have been left to him by his mother.

<sup>28</sup> p. 291 n.<sup>38</sup>

<sup>29</sup> An understatement. See Introduction, p. xxiv and note.

<sup>30</sup> Radcliffe had attended Anne when young; but she disliked and abandoned him. When finally he was summoned to her deathbed he was suffering from gout and excused himself, an act which aroused popular

the story of her illness, except the first day or two, was a lie. We had some business, that company hindered us from doing, though he is earnest for it, yet would not appoint me a certain day, but bids me come at all times till we can have leisure. This takes up a great deal of my time, and I can do nothing I would do for them. I was with the secretary this morning, and we both think to go next week to Windsor for some days, to dispatch an affair, if we can have leisure. Sterne met me just now in the street by his lodgings, and I went in for an hour to Jemmy Leigh, who loves London dearly: he asked after you with great respect and friendship.—To return to your letter. Your bishop Mills<sup>31</sup> hates me mortally: I wonder he should speak well of me, having abused me in all places where he went. So you pay your way. Cudsho:<sup>32</sup> you had a fine supper, I warrant; two pullets, and a bottle of wine, and some currants.—It is just three weeks to-day since you set out to Wexford; you were three days going, and I don't expect a letter these ten days yet, or rather this fortnight. I got a grant of the *Gazette* for Ben Tooke this morning from Mr. secretary: it will be worth him a hundred pounds a year.

18. To-day I took leave of Mrs. Barton, who is going into the country; and I dined with Sir John Stanley, where I have not been this great while. There dined with us lord Rochester,<sup>33</sup> and his fine daughter, lady

indignation and censure in the House of Commons. The event seems to have preyed on his mind, and he died three months later (*Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. Nichol Smith, p. 40 n.4; *Wentworth Papers*, p. 410).

<sup>31</sup> Thomas Milles, 1671–1740, a man of learning, Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, 1695–1707, and Regius Professor of Greek, 1707, came over to Ireland with Lord Pembroke and was appointed Bishop of Waterford and Lismore in 1708. Swift evidently entertained hopes of the bishopric himself (*Corresp.* i. 73). Sheridan (*Life*, p. 435) tells us that Swift conceived a 'particular dislike' for Milles and relates the story of a Latin jest upon him.

<sup>32</sup> p. 305 n.4

<sup>33</sup> Henry, Lord Hyde (p. 37 n.<sup>13</sup>), succeeded his father as second Earl of Rochester, 2 May 1711.



Jane,<sup>34</sup> just growing a top toast. I have been endeavouring to save Sir Matthew Dudley, but fear I cannot. I walkt the Mall six times to-night for exercise, and would have done more; but as empty as the town is, a fool got hold of me, and so I came home, to tell you this shall go to-morrow, without fail, and follow you to Wexford, like a dog.

19. Dean Atterbury sent to me to dine with him at Chelsea: I refused his coach, and walkt, and am come back by seven, because I would finish this letter, and some others I am writing. Patrick tells me, the maid says one Mr. Walls, a clergyman, a tall man, was here to visit me. Is it your Irish archdeacon? I shall be sorry for it; but I shall make a shift to see him seldom enough, as I do Dilly. What can he do here? or is it somebody else? The duke of Newcastle is dead by the fall he had from his horse.<sup>35</sup> God send poor Stella her health, and keep MD happy. Farewel, and love Presto, who loves MD above all things ten million of times. God bless the dear Wexford girls. Farewel again, &c. &c.

## LETTER XXVII

[THURSDAY]

London, July 19, 1711.

I HAVE just sent my 26th, and have nothing to say, because I have other letters to write; (pshaw, I began too high) but I must lay the beginning like a nest-egg; to-

<sup>34</sup> Jane, elder daughter of the Earl of Rochester was married, 27 Nov. 1718, to William Capel, third Earl of Essex. Her younger sister, Catherine, became the famous Duchess of Queensberry, the patron of Gay, the correspondent of Swift, the friend of Congreve, Prior, Pope, and other men of letters. She and her sister are jointly celebrated in 'The Female Phaeton', which has been ascribed to Prior but may be by Simon Harcourt.

<sup>35</sup> John Holles, 1662-1711, Duke of Newcastle, had been Lord Privy Seal since 1705. He died, 15 July 1711, from a fall off his horse while out stag-hunting. His only daughter married Edward, Lord Harley, the Earl of Oxford's son (p. 407 n.<sup>15</sup>).

morrow I'll say more, and fetch up this line to be straight. This is enough at present for two dear saucy naughty girls.

20. Have I told you that Walls has been with me, and leaves the town in three days? He has brought no gown with him. Dilly carried him to a play. He has come upon a foolish errand, and goes back as he comes. I was this day with lord Peterborow, who is going another ramble: I believe I told you so. I dined with lord treasurer, but cannot get him to do his own business with me; he has put me off till to-morrow.

21, 22. I dined yesterday with lord treasurer, who would needs take me along with him to Windsor, although I refused him several times, having no linen, &c. I had just time to desire lord Forbes<sup>1</sup> to call at my lodging, and order my man to send my things to-day to Windsor by his servant. I lay last night at the secretary's lodgings at Windsor, and borrowed one of his shirts to go to court in. The queen is very well. I dined with Mr. Masham; and not hearing any thing of my things, I got lord Winchelsea to bring me to town. Here I found that Patrick had broke open the closet to get my linen and night-gown, and sent them to Windsor, and there they are; and he not thinking I would return so soon, is gone upon his rambles: so here I am left destitute, and forced to borrow a night-gown of my landlady, and have not a rag to put on to-morrow: faith, it gives me the spleen.

23. Morning. It is a terrible rainy day, and rained prodigiously on Saturday night. Patrick lay out last night, and is not yet returned: faith, poor Presto is a desolate creature; neither servant, nor linen, nor any thing.—Night. Lord Forbes's man has brought back my portmantua, and Patrick is come; so I am in Christian circumstances: I shall hardly commit such a frolick again. I just crept out

<sup>1</sup> Alexander Forbes, 1678–1762, fourth and last Baron Forbes of Pitsligo. He took part in the rising of 1715, after which he lived abroad for five years. He was out again in 1745, was attainted, and lived in hiding for many years. In 1734 he published *Essays Moral and Philosophical*.

to Mrs. Van's, and dined, and staid there the afternoon: it has rained all this day. Windsor is a delicious place: I never saw it before, except for an hour about seventeen years ago.<sup>2</sup> Walls has been here in my absence, I suppose to take his leave; for he designed not to stay above five days in London. He says, he and his wife will come here for some months next year; and, in short, he dares not stay now for fear of her.

24. I dined to-day with a hedge<sup>3</sup> friend in the city; and Walls overtook me in the street, and told me he was just getting on horseback for Chester. He has as much curiosity as a cow: he lodged with his horse in Aldersgate-street: he has bought his wife a silk gown, and himself a hat. And what are you doing? what is poor MD doing now? how do you pass your time at Wexford? how do the waters agree with you? Let Presto know soon; for Presto longs to know, and must know. Is not madam Proby curious company? I am afraid this rainy weather will spoil your waters. We have had a great deal of wet these three days. Tell me all the particulars of Wexford; the place, the company, the diversions, the victuals, the wants, the vexations. Poor Dingley never saw such a place in her life; sent all over the town for a little parsley to a boiled chicken, and it was not to be had: the butter is stark naught, except an old English woman's; and it is such a favour to get a pound from her now and then. I am glad you carried down your sheets with you, else you must have lain in sackcloth. O Lord!

25. I was this forenoon<sup>4</sup> with Mr. secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is con-

<sup>2</sup> If seventeen years is right Swift may have visited Windsor in May 1694, at the end of his second residence with Temple at Moor Park. He was on his way to Ireland, with a view to ordination, and made the journey by Leicester to see his mother (Craig, *Life*, 2nd edn. i. 60). Cf. p. 350.

<sup>3</sup> p. 75 n.<sup>38</sup>

<sup>4</sup> The reading of Deane Swift, Sheridan, Aitken, and Moorhead. Nichols, Scott, and Ryland read 'afternoon'.

demned for a rape. The under-secretary<sup>5</sup> was willing to save him, upon an old notion that a woman cannot be ravished: but I told the secretary, he could not pardon him without a favourable report from the judge; besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else; and so he shall swing. What; I must stand up for the honour of the fair sex? 'Tis true, the fellow had lain with her a hundred times before; but what care I for that? What! must a woman be ravished because she is a whore?—The secretary and I go on Saturday to Windsor for a week. I dined with lord treasurer, and staid with him till past ten. I was to-day at his levee, where I went against my custom, because I had a mind to do a good office for a gentleman: so I talked with him before my lord, that he might see me, and then found occasion to recommend him this afternoon. I was forced to excuse my coming to the levee, that I did it to see the sight; for he was going to chide me away: I had never been there but once, and that was long before he was treasurer. The rooms were all full, and as many Whigs as Tories. He whispered me a jest or two, and bid me come to dinner. I left him but just now, and 'tis late.

26. Mr. Addison and I have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele to-day at young Jacob Tonson's. The two Jacobs<sup>6</sup> think it is I who have made the secretary take from them the printing of the *Gazette*, which they are going to lose, and Ben. Tooke and another<sup>7</sup> are to

<sup>5</sup> Thomas Hare, Under Secretary of State in Bolingbroke's office (cf. p. 332).

<sup>6</sup> Jacob Tonson, the elder, who became one of the chief booksellers of his time, was Dryden's publisher from 1679 till the poet's death. About 1720 he retired in favour of his nephew, the second Jacob Tonson, who published works by Steele, Pope, and others. The uncle, who was for long secretary of the Kit-Cat Club, outlived his nephew, dying in 1737. See Nichols, *Lit. Anec.* i. 292-7; Plomer's *Dictionary of Booksellers and Printers, 1668-1725*; Macdonald, *Dryden Bibliography*, p. 120.

<sup>7</sup> John Barber (p. 140 n.<sup>10</sup>). According to Steele it was Arthur Moore

have it. Jacob came to me t'other day, to make his court; but I told him it was too late, and that it was not my doing. I reckon they will lose it in a week or two. Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday; and Steele and I were very easy, although I writ him lately a biting letter, in answer to one of his,<sup>8</sup> where he desired me to recommend a friend of his to lord treasurer. Go, get you gone to your waters, sirrah. Do they give you a stomach? Do you eat heartily?—We have had much rain to-day and yesterday.

27. I dined to-day in the city, and saw poor Patty Rolt, and gave her a pistole<sup>9</sup> to help her a little forward against she goes to board in the country. She has but eighteen pounds a year to live on, and is forced to seek out for cheap places. Sometimes they raise their price, and sometimes they starve her, and then she is forced to shift. Patrick the puppy put too much ink in my standish, and carrying too many things together, I spilled it on my paper and floor. The town is dull, wet<sup>10</sup> and empty: Wexford is worth two of it; I hope so at least, and that poor little MD finds it so. I reckon upon going to Windsor to-morrow with Mr. secretary, unless he changes his mind, or some other business prevents him. I shall stay there a week, I hope.

28. Morning. Mr. secretary sent me word, he will call at my lodgings by two this afternoon, to take me to Windsor, so I must dine no where; and I promised lord treasurer to dine with him to-day; but I suppose we shall dine at Windsor at five, for we make but three hours there.<sup>11</sup> I am going abroad, but have left Patrick to put who was largely responsible for pressing the claims of Barber. See Rae Blanchard, *Correspondence of Richard Steele*, p. 48 and notes.

<sup>8</sup> Neither letter has been preserved.

<sup>9</sup> A gold coin current in Spain, taken at variant values at different times in different countries. See p. 160 n.<sup>21</sup>

<sup>10</sup> Deane Swift, followed by Aitken, reads 'dull, wet'. Sheridan, Nichols, Scott, Ryland, and Moorhead read 'dull, and wet'.

<sup>11</sup> i.e. We take only three hours to get there.

up my things, and to be sure to be at home half an hour before two.—*Windsor*, at night. We did not leave London till three, and dined here between six and seven; at nine I left the company, and went to see lord treasurer, who is just come. I chid him for coming so late; he chid me for not dining with him; said, he staid an hour for me. Then I went and sat<sup>12</sup> with Mr. Lewis till just now, and 'tis past eleven. I lie in the same house with the secretary, one of the prebendary's houses. The secretary is not come from his apartment in the Castle. Do you think that abominable dog Patrick was out after two to-day, and I in a fright every moment for fear the chariot should come? and when he came in he had not put up one rag of my things: I never was in a greater passion, and would certainly have cropt one of his ears, if I had not lookt every moment for the secretary, who sent his equipage to my lodging before, and came in a chair from Whitehall to me, and happened to stay half an hour later than he intended. One of lord treasurer's servants gave me a letter to-night; I found it was from \*\*\*\*\*; with an offer of fifty pounds,<sup>13</sup> to be paid me in what manner I pleased; because, he said, he desired to be well with me. I was in a rage: but my friend Lewis cooled me, and said, it is what the best men sometimes meet with; and I have been not seldom served in the like manner, although not so grossly. In these cases I never demur a moment; nor ever found the least inclination to take any thing. Well, I'll go try to sleep in my new bed, and to dream of poor Wexford MD, and Stella that drinks water, and Dingley that drinks ale.

29. I was at Court and church to-day, as I was this day sennight: I generally am acquainted with about thirty in the drawing-room, and I am so proud I make all the lords come up to me; one passes half an hour pleasant enough. We had a dunce to preach before the queen to-day, which

<sup>12</sup> Sheridan, Nichols, Scott, and Ryland read 'sat an hour'.

<sup>13</sup> Cf. p. 182 n.<sup>14</sup> But this offer can hardly have been from Oxford.

often happens. Windsor is a delicious situation, but the town is scoundrel. I have this morning got the *Gazette* for Ben Tooke and one Barber a printer; it will be about three hundred pounds a year between them. T'other fellow<sup>14</sup> was printer of the *Examiner*, which is now laid down. I dined with the secretary, we were a dozen in all, three Scotch lords, and lord Peterborow. Duke Hamilton<sup>15</sup> would needs be witty, and hold up my train as I walked up stairs. It is an ill circumstance, that on Sundays much company always meet at the great tables. Lord treasurer told at Court, what I said to Mr. secretary on this occasion. The secretary shewed me his bill of fare to encourage me to dine with him. Poh, said I, shew me a bill of company, for I value not your dinner. See how this is all blotted,<sup>16</sup> I can write no more here, but to tell you I love you MD dearly, and God bless them.

30. In my conscience I fear I shall have the gout. I sometimes feel pains about my feet and toes; I never drank till within these two years, and I did it to cure my head. I often sit evenings with some of these people, and drink in my turn; but I am now resolved to drink ten times less than before; but they advise me to let what I drink be all wine, and not to put water to it.<sup>17</sup> Tooke and the printer stayed to-day to finish their affair, and treated me, and two of the under-secretaries, upon their getting the *Gazette*. Then I went to see lord treasurer, and chid him for not taking notice of me at Windsor: he said, he kept a place for me yesterday at dinner, and expected me

<sup>14</sup> John Barber (p. 140 n.<sup>10</sup>).

<sup>15</sup> James Douglas, 1658-1712, fourth Duke of Hamilton, one of the sixteen Scottish representative peers. He supported Sacheverell, and was rewarded with the lord-lieutenancy of Lancashire. In a copy of Macky's *Characters* Swift described him as 'a worthy good-natured person, very generous, but of a middle understanding' (*Prose Works*, x. 286).

<sup>16</sup> 'This refers to the ink mentioned above, which blotted his papers.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>17</sup> Deane Swift has a solemn note on this subject with references to Aristotle.

there; but I was glad I did not come, because the duke of Buckingham<sup>18</sup> was there, and that would have made us acquainted; which I have no mind to. However, we appointed to sup at Mr. Masham's, and there stayed till past one o'clock; and that is late, sirrahs: and I have much business.

31. I have sent a noble haunch of venison this afternoon to Mrs. Vanhomrigh: I wish you had it, sirrahs: I dined gravely with my landlord the secretary. The queen was abroad to-day in order to hunt, but finding it disposed to rain, she kept in her coach; she hunts in a chaise with one horse, which she drives herself, and drives furiously, like Jehu, and is a mighty hunter, like Nimrod. Dingley has heard of Nimrod, but not Stella, for it is in the Bible. I was to-day at Eton, which is but just cross the bridge, to see my lord Kerry's son,<sup>19</sup> who is at school there. Mr. secretary has given me a warrant for a buck; I can't send it to MD. It is a sad thing faith, considering how Presto loves MD, and how MD would love Presto's venison for Presto's sake. God bless the two dear Wexford girls.

Aug. 1. We had for dinner the fellow of that haunch of venison I sent to London; 'twas mighty fat and good, and eight people at dinner; that was bad. The queen and I were going to take the air this afternoon, but not together; and were both hindered by a sudden rain. Her coaches and chaises all went back, and the guards too: and I scoured into the market-place for shelter. I intended to have walked up the finest avenue I ever saw, two miles long, with two rows of elms on each side. I walked in the evening a little upon the terrace, and came home at eight: Mr. secretary came soon after, and we were engaging in deep discourse, and I was endeavouring to settle some points of the greatest consequence; and had wormed my-

<sup>18</sup> On Swift's dislike of the Duke see p. 273 n. Upon the death of Lord Rochester Buckingham had been appointed Lord President of the Council, 12 June 1711.

<sup>19</sup> See p. 122 n.<sup>24</sup>



self pretty well into him, when his under-secretary<sup>20</sup> came in (who lodges in the same house with us) and interrupted all my scheme. I have just left him; 'tis late, &c.

2. I have been now five days at Windsor, and Patrick has been drunk three times that I have seen, and oftener I believe. He has lately had cloaths that have cost me five pounds, and the dog thinks he has the whip hand of me; he begins to master me; so now I am resolved to part with him, and will use him without the least pity. The secretary and I have been walking three or four hours to-day. The duchess of Shrewsbury<sup>21</sup> asked him, was not that Dr. Dr. and she could not say my name in English, but said Dr. *Presto*, which is Italian for Swift. Whimsical enough, as Billy Swift says.<sup>22</sup> I go to-morrow with the secretary to his house at Buckleberry,<sup>23</sup> twenty-five miles from hence, and return early on Sunday morning. I will leave this letter behind me lockt up, and give you an account of my

<sup>20</sup> See p. 320 n.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>21</sup> The Duke of Shrewsbury (p. 21 n.<sup>41</sup>) married, 20 Aug. 1705, at Augsburg (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, v. 595), Adelaide, then a widow, daughter of the Marchese Andrea Paleotti of Bologna. Her first husband was a noble in the household of Maria Christina, Queen of Sweden. Lady Cowper (*Diary*, pp. 8-9) says the Duke was forced into the marriage after an intrigue. She describes the Duchess as possessed of 'a wonderful Art at entertaining and diverting People, though she would sometimes exceed the Bounds of Decency'. See also *Wentworth Papers*, *passim*; Hearne's *Remarks and Collections*, i. 48, 50, 140; Lady M. W. Montagu's sketch in 'Roxana, or, the Drawing-Room', *Poetical Works*, 1768, p. 9, *Letters and Works*, ed. Wharnccliffe, ii. 434; and *Reminiscences of Mr. Horace Walpole*, ed. Paget Toynbee, p. 133. The Duchess's brother, Ferrante, was hanged at Tyburn, 28 Mar. 1718, for murdering his servant. She died in 1726.

<sup>22</sup> William Swift, the son of Swift's paternal uncle, William Swift, a solicitor in Ireland. The younger William was born in 1687, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He died in Aug. 1711, and was buried in St. Bride's Church, Dublin. His death is referred to *post*, p. 367. See *Corresp.* i. 8 n.<sup>4</sup>; vi. 215-16.

<sup>23</sup> St. John enjoyed the estate of Bucklebury, in Berkshire, in the right of his wife (p. 160 n.<sup>23</sup>), eldest daughter of Sir Henry Winchcombe, Bart., who died in 1703. His property was divided between three daughters. See *Victoria History of Berkshire*, iii. 292.

journey when I return. I had a letter yesterday from the bishop of Clogher,<sup>24</sup> who is coming up to Dublin to his parliament. Have you any correspondence with him to Wexford? Methinks, I now long for a letter from you, dated Wexford, July 24, &c. O Lord, that would be so pretending; and then says you, Stella can't write much, because it is bad to write when one drinks the waters; and I think, says you, I find myself better already, but I cannot tell yet, whether it be the journey or the waters. Presto is so silly to-night; yes he be; but Presto loves MD dearly, as hope saved.

3. Morning. I am to go this day at noon, as I told you, to Buckleberry; we dine at twelve, and expect to be there in four hours; I cannot bid you good-night now, because I shall be twenty-five miles from this paper to-night, and so my journal must have a break; so good morrow, &c.

4, 5. I dined yesterday at Buckleberry, where we lay two nights, and set out this morning at eight, and were here at twelve, in four hours we went twenty-six miles. Mr. secretary was a perfect country gentleman at Buckleberry; he smoakt tobacco with one or two neighbours; he enquired after the wheat in such a field; he went to visit his hounds; and knew all their names; he and his lady<sup>25</sup> saw me to my chamber just in the country fashion. His house is in the midst of near three thousand pounds a year he had by his lady, who is descended from Jack Newbury,<sup>26</sup> of whom books and ballads are written; and there is an old picture of him in the house. She is a great favourite of mine. I lost church to-day; but I dressed, and shaved, and went to Court, and would not dine with

<sup>24</sup> This letter has not been preserved.

<sup>25</sup> p. 160 n.<sup>23</sup>

<sup>26</sup> John Winchcombe, or Smalwode, d. 1520, a prosperous master weaver, known as Jack of Newbury, whom legend credits with marching to Flodden Field at the head of a hundred of his own workmen. His story is told by Thomas Deloney. See *The Pleasant Historie of John Winchcomb*, ed. Halliwell, 1859; and *Works of Deloney*, ed. F. O. Mann, 1912.

the secretary, but engaged myself to a private dinner with Mr. Lewis, and one friend<sup>27</sup> more. We go to London to-morrow; for lord Dartmouth, the other secretary, is come, and they are here their weeks by turns.

6. Lord treasurer comes every Saturday to Windsor, and goes away on Monday or Tuesday. I was with him this morning at his levee, for one cannot see him otherwise here, he is so hurried: we had some talk, and I told him I would stay this week at Windsor by myself, where I can have more leisure to do some business that concerns them. Lord treasurer and the secretary thought to mortify me, for they told me, they had been talking a great deal of me to-day to the queen, and she said, she had never heard of me; I told them, That was their fault, and not hers, &c. and so we laughed. I dined with the secretary, and let him go to London at five without me; and here am I all alone in the prebendary's house, which Mr. secretary has taken; only Mr. Lewis is in my neighbourhood, and we shall be good company. The vice-chamberlain,<sup>28</sup> and Mr. Masham, and the green-cloth,<sup>29</sup> have promised me dinners. I shall want but four till Mr. secretary returns. We have a musick meeting in our town to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita,<sup>30</sup> and her sister, and another drab, and a parcel of fiddlers; I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for,

<sup>27</sup> Possibly Arbuthnot. Lewis, Swift, and Arbuthnot, as the *Journal* shows, were accustomed to meet.

<sup>28</sup> Thomas Coke, M.P. for Derbyshire, who was appointed a Teller of the Exchequer in 1704, and Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen in 1706 (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, v. 411, 422-3; vi. 113).

<sup>29</sup> Sir William Foster and Charles Scarborow were, at this time, Clerks of the Board of Green Cloth, a body to which was committed the management of the royal household.

<sup>30</sup> Francesca Margherita de l'Epine, who was, apparently, a native of Tuscany, came to England about 1692, where she sang in Italian opera. She retired in 1718, married Dr. Pepusch, and died in 1746. Her sister, Maria Gallia, who joined her in 1703, never attained the same popularity. See *Grove's Dictionary of Music*; and Aitken's edition of *The Tatler*, iii. 191 n.<sup>3</sup>

because I heard it was a great assembly. Mr. Lewis came from it, and sat with me till just now; and 'tis late.

7. I can do no business, I fear, because Mr. Lewis, who has nothing or little to do here, sticks close to me. I dined to-day with the gentlemen ushers, among scurvy company; but the queen was hunting the stag till four this afternoon, and she drove in her chaise above forty miles, and it was five before we went to dinner. Here are fine walks about this town. I sometimes walk up the avenue.

8. There was a drawing-room to-day at Court; but so few company, that the queen sent for us into her bed-chamber, where we made our bows, and stood about twenty of us round the room, while she looked at us round with her fan in her mouth, and once a minute said about three words to some that were nearest her, and then she was told dinner was ready, and went out. I dined at the green-cloth, by Mr. Scarborow's<sup>31</sup> invitation, who is in waiting. It is much the best table in England, and costs the queen a thousand pounds a month while she is at Windsor or Hampton-court; and is the only mark of magnificence or hospitality I can see in the queen's family: it is designed to entertain foreign ministers, and people of quality, who come to see the queen, and have no place to dine at.

9. Mr. Coke, the vice-chamberlain, made me a long visit this morning, and invited me to dinner, but the toast, his lady,<sup>32</sup> was unfortunately engaged to lady Sunderland.<sup>33</sup>

<sup>31</sup> Charles Scarborow, one of the Clerks of the Board of Green Cloth. His daughter was a maid of honour.

<sup>32</sup> Thomas Coke married in 1709, as his second wife, Miss Hale, one of the maids of honour and a celebrated beauty (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, vi. 462; Lady Cowper's *Diary*, pp. 15-16). She was painted by Jervas; and Steele described her under the name of Chloe in *The Tatler*, No. 4.

<sup>33</sup> Lady Anne Churchill, second daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, became the second wife of Charles Spencer, fourth Earl of Sunderland (p. 5 n.<sup>2</sup>), in Jan. 1699-1700. This match gradually drew Marlborough and his wife towards the Whigs. Lady Sunderland, very beautiful, but small, was often known as 'the little Whig'. She died 15 Apr. 1716.

Lord treasurer stole here last night, but did not lie in his lodgings in the Castle; and after seeing the queen, went back again. I just drank a dish of chocolate with him. I fancy I shall have reason to be angry with him very soon: but what care I; I believe I shall die with ministries in my debt.—This night I received a certain letter from a place called Wexford, from two dear naughty girls of my acquaintance; but faith I won't answer it here, no in troth. I will send this to Mr. Reading, supposing it will find you returned; and I hope better for the waters.

10. Mr. vice-chamberlain lent me his horses to ride about and see the country this morning. Dr. Arbuthnott, the queen's physician and favourite, went out with me to shew me the places: we went a little after the queen, and overtook Miss Forester,<sup>34</sup> a maid of honour, on her palfry taking the air; we made her go along with us. We saw a place they have made for a famous horse-race<sup>35</sup> tomorrow, where the queen will come. We met the queen coming back, and Miss Forester stood, like us, with her hat off while the queen went by. The Dr. and I left the lady where we found her, but under other conductors, and we dined at a little place he has taken, about a mile off.—When I came back, I found Mr. Scarborough had sent all about to invite me to the green-cloth, and lessened

<sup>34</sup> Mary, the eldest daughter of Sir William Forester, of Dothill, near Wellington, Shropshire, who, as uncle and guardian of George Downing, son of Sir George Downing, Bart., of Gamlingay, Cambridgeshire, in 1700 married his daughter, then thirteen, to the young man, then only fifteen. After an absence abroad Downing refused to acknowledge his wife, and she presented a petition for dissolution of the marriage (*Journals of the House of Lords*, xx. 41-2, 45). She died in 1734. Downing, who succeeded to the baronetcy in 1711, died in 1749, having devised his estates in trust for the foundation of a college at Cambridge. The first stone of Downing College was not laid till 1807.

<sup>35</sup> Under royal patronage, during the seventeenth century, horse-racing developed into a national institution. The sport was fostered by James I. Charles II was a constant visitor to race-meetings at Newmarket and elsewhere. Queen Anne gave royal cups to be run for, and kept racehorses of her own. Ascot was opened as a race-course on 11 Aug. 1711.

his company on purpose to make me easy. It is very obliging, and will cost me thanks. Much company is come to town this evening, to see to-morrow's race. I was tired with riding a trotting mettlesome horse a dozen miles, having not been on horse-back this twelve-month. And Miss Forester did not make it easier; she is a silly true maid of honour, and I did not like her, although she be a toast, and was dressed like a man.<sup>36</sup>

11. I will send this letter to-day. I expect the secretary by noon. I will not go to the race, unless I can get room in some coach. It is now morning. I must rise, and fold up and seal my letter. Farewel, and God preserve dearest MD.

I believe I shall leave this town on Monday.

## LETTER XXVIII

[SATURDAY]

Windsor, Aug. 11, 1711.

I SENT away my twenty-seventh this morning in an express to London, and directed to Mr. Reading: this shall go to your lodgings, where I reckon you will be returned before it reaches you. I intended to go to the race to-day, but was hindered by a visit, I believe I told you so in my last. I dined to-day at the green-cloth, where every body had been at the race but myself, and we were twenty in all; and very noisy company: but I made the vice-chamberlain and two friends more sit at a side-table, to be a little quiet. At six I went to see the secretary, who is returned; but lord keeper sent to desire I would sup with him, where I stayed till just now; lord treasurer and secretary were to come to us, but both failed. 'Tis late, &c.

12. I was this morning to visit lord keeper, who made me reproaches that I had never visited him at Windsor.

<sup>36</sup> Riding habits for women, following masculine models, were coming into fashion. Budgell's *Spectator* paper, No. 331, 20 Mar. 1712, remarks on the growing habit of ladies taking 'the air on horseback' in 'hats and feathers, coats and periwigs'. See also Nos. 104, 435, and 485.

He had a present sent him of delicious peaches, and he was champing and champing, but I durst not eat one; I wished Dingley had some of them, for poor Stella can no more eat fruit than Presto. Dilly Ashe is come to Windsor; and after church I carried him up to the drawing-room, and talked to the keeper and treasurer, on purpose to shew them to him, and he saw the queen and several great lords, and the duchess of Montague;<sup>1</sup> he was mighty happy, and resolves to fill a letter to the bishop.<sup>2</sup> My friend Lewis and I dined soberly with Dr. Adams,<sup>3</sup> the only neighbour prebendary. One of the prebendaries here is lately a peer, by the death of his father. He is now lord Willoughby of Brook, and will sit in the house of lords with his gown.<sup>4</sup> I supped to-night at Masham's with lord treasurer, Mr. secretary, and Prior. The treasurer made us stay till twelve, before he came from the queen, and 'tis now past two.

13. I reckoned upon going to London to-day; but by an accident the cabinet council did not sit last night, and sat to-day, so we go to-morrow at six in the morning. I miss'd the race to-day by coming out too late, when every body's coach was gone, and ride I would not; I felt my last riding three days after. We had a dinner to-day at the

<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, celebrated for her beauty, married 2 Mar. 1705 Lord Monthermer, who succeeded his father, 9 Mar. 1709, as second Duke of Montagu. See *Poems*, p. 311.

<sup>2</sup> To the Bishop of Clogher, whose brother he was.

<sup>3</sup> John Adams, 1662-1720, educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. He had travelled abroad and was a good linguist. After holding several ecclesiastical preferments he became a Canon of Windsor in 1708. He was an eloquent preacher and a favourite with Queen Anne. In 1712 he was elected Provost of King's College.

<sup>4</sup> The Hon. and Rev. George Verney, 1674-1728, educated at Winchester and New College, Oxford, took orders, and in 1701 became a Canon of Windsor. The second but first surviving son of the eleventh Lord Willoughby de Broke, he succeeded to the title 18 July 1711. In 1714 he was installed Dean of Windsor, and also became Registrar of the Order of the Garter.

secretary's lodgings without him: Mr. Hare, his under-secretary, Mr. Lewis, brigadier Sutton<sup>5</sup> and I dined together, and I made the vice-chamberlain take a snap with us, rather than stay till five for his lady, who was gone to the race. The reason why the cabinet council was not held last night, was because Mr. secretary St. John would not sit with your duke of Somerset.<sup>6</sup> So to-day the duke was forced to go to the race while the cabinet was held. We have musick-meetings in our town, and I was at the rehearsal t'other day, but I did not value it, nor would go to the meeting. Did I tell you this before?

*London*, 14. We came to town this day in two hours and forty minutes: twenty miles are nothing here. I found a letter from the archbishop of Dublin,<sup>7</sup> sent me the Lord knows how. He says some of the bishops will hardly

<sup>5</sup> Richard Sutton was the second son of Robert Sutton, the nephew of Robert Sutton who was created Viscount Lexington by Charles I. In 1701 he was a Major in Col. Richmond Webb's Foot; and was promoted Lt.-Col. in 1704. He served in Flanders under William III and Marlborough. In 1710 he became Brig.-General; and in the same year he was elected M.P. for Newark. On 3 Oct. 1713 he was appointed C.-in-C. of the troops at Bruges. He died in 1737 with the rank of Lieut.-General (Dalton's *Army Lists*, iii. 153; v, Part ii. 43).

<sup>6</sup> Charles Seymour, 1662-1748, sixth Duke of Somerset, whose wife (p. 206 n.<sup>16</sup>) was the Queen's confidant. Although a Whig he began, in May 1710, to enter into a political intrigue with Harley against Godolphin and Marlborough (*Portland MSS.* iv. 542, 545, 548, 552, 553, 557), and assisted in bringing about the fall of the Whig Ministry. He was not, however, at home with his new friends, and particularly an object of suspicion to St. John. In a letter to Archbishop King, Swift says that St. John refused to sit with Somerset on the ground that he 'had so often betrayed them' (*Corresp.* i. 278-9; and see i. 312-13). He repeated the story in the *Four Last Years of the Queen* (*Prose Works*, x. 33). The accuracy of Swift's account of the incident was questioned by Erasmus Lewis (*Corresp.* vi. 79).

<sup>7</sup> The Archbishop's letter (*Corresp.* i. 268), written on 25 July, informed Swift that 'both in the House of Lords and Convocation, some laboured to ascribe' to Ormonde credit for the remission of the first-fruits. King urged that should Oxford send an answer to the bishops he should 'take some occasion to mention you in it'.



believe that lord treasurer got the queen to remit the First-Fruits before the duke of Ormond was declared lord lieutenant; and that the bishops have written a letter to lord treasurer, to thank him. He has sent me the address of the convocation, ascribing, in good part, that affair to the duke, who had less share in it than MD; for if it had not been for MD, I should not have been so good a solicitor. I dined to-day in the city, about a little bit of mischief,<sup>8</sup> with a printer.—I found Mrs. Vanhomrigh all in combustion, squabbling with her rogue of a landlord; she has left her house, and gone out of our neighbourhood a good way.<sup>9</sup> Her eldest daughter is come of age, and going to Ireland to look after her fortune, and get it in her own hands.<sup>10</sup>

15. I dined to-day with Mrs. Van, who goes to-night to her new lodgings. I went at six to see lord treasurer, but his company was gone, contrary to custom, and he was busy, and I was forced to stay some time before I could see him. We were together hardly an hour, and he went away, being in haste. He desired me to dine with him on Friday, because there would be a friend of his that I must see: my lord Harley told me when he was gone, that it was Mrs. Masham his father meant, who is come to town to lie-in, and whom I never saw, though her husband is one of our Society. God send her a good time; her death would be a terrible thing.<sup>11</sup>—Do you

<sup>8</sup> See p. 340 n.<sup>27</sup>

<sup>9</sup> The lodging to which the Vanhomrighs removed is not ascertainable. They moved again in October (*post*, p. 382). In Aug. and Sept. 1712 their lodgings were 'over against Park Place, in St. James's Street' (*Corresp.* i. 340, 343).

<sup>10</sup> This is the third and last reference to Vanessa in the *Journal* (p. 179 n.<sup>8</sup>). The intention of going to Ireland at this time was not pursued. Swift was evidently misled as to Vanessa's age, for she was born towards the close of 1687 or beginning of 1688, and was now in her twenty-fourth year. He also gives her age inaccurately in *Cadenus and Vanessa*; and he is equally uncertain in his references to Stella's age (*Poems*, pp. 684, 721).

<sup>11</sup> On account of her influence with the Queen in favour of Harley and

know, that I have ventured all my credit with these great ministers to clear some misunderstandings betwixt them; and if there be no breach, I ought to have the merit of it? 'Tis a plaguy ticklish piece of work, and a man hazards losing both sides. 'Tis a pity the world does not know my virtue.—I thought the clergy in convocation in Ireland would have given me thanks for being their solicitor, but I hear of no such thing. Pray talk occasionally on that subject, and let me know what you hear. Do you know the greatness of my spirit, that I value their thanks not a rush? but at my return shall freely let all people know, that it was my lord treasurer's action, wherein the duke of Ormond had no more share than a cat.<sup>12</sup> And so they may go whistle, and I'll go sleep.

16. I was this day in the city, and dined at Pontack's<sup>13</sup> with Stratford, and two other merchants. Pontack told us, although his wine was so good, he sold it cheaper than others, he took but seven shillings a flask. Are not these pretty rates? The books he sent for from Hamburgh, are come, but not yet got out of the custom-house.<sup>14</sup> My the Tory Ministry. Writing to Archbishop King on 21 Aug. Swift says 'Pray God preserve her life, which is of great importance' (*Corresp.* i. 278).

<sup>12</sup> On 15 Aug. Swift began a long letter (*Corresp.* i. 274) to Archbishop King, in reply to his letter of 25 July, and continued it on the 21st. He made light of the general disregard of his part in obtaining the remission of the first-fruits; but it is clear that he was sore in spirit.

<sup>13</sup> Pontack's was a tavern situated on the east side of Abchurch Lane. It was famous for its wines, and there are many references in contemporary literature to the expensive and luxurious character of the entertainment provided. There the Royal Society dined annually till 1746. The presumption that the founder, Pontack, was a son of Arnaud de Pontac, President of the Parliament of Bordeaux (*D.N.B.*), must be dismissed. E. S. De Beer (*Notes and Queries*, clxxv. 74) has shown that Arnaud de Pontac's only known son, François-Auguste de Pontac, died in 1694, and Pontack, the tavern-keeper, was alive in London in 1695 (Luttrell, *Brief Relation*, iii. 513). The 'Monsieur Pontac' mentioned by Evelyn (*Diary*, 13 July 1683) was François-Auguste de Pontac. See Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, i. 186–7. Cf. also *Notes and Queries*, clxxix. 421.

<sup>14</sup> When Swift referred to this transaction on 12 July it was 'young

library will be at least double when I come back. I shall go to Windsor again on Saturday, to meet our Society, who are to sup at Mr. secretary's; but I believe I shall return on Monday, and then I will answer your letter, that lies safe here underneath;—I see it; lie still; I'll answer you, when the ducks have eaten up the dirt.<sup>15</sup>

17. I dined to-day at lord treasurer's with Mrs. Masham, and she is extremely like one Mrs. Malolly, that was once my landlady in Trim. She was used with mighty kindness and respect like a favourite. It signifies nothing going to this lord treasurer about business, although it be his own. He was in haste, and desires I will come again, and dine with him to-morrow. His famous lying porter<sup>16</sup> is fallen sick, and they think he will die: I wish I had all my half-crowns again. I believe I have told you, he is an old Scotch fanatick, and the damn'dest liar in his office alive. I have a mind to recommend Patrick to succeed him: I have trained him up pretty well. I reckon for certain, you are now in town. The weather now begins to alter to rain.

Windsor, 18. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, and he would make me go with him to Windsor, although I was engaged to the secretary, to whom I made my excuses; we had in the coach besides, his son and son-in-law, lord Harley, and lord Dupplin, who are two of our Society, and seven of us met by appointment, and supped this night with the secretary. It was past nine before we got here; but a fine moon-shiny night. I shall go back, I believe, on Monday. 'Tis very late.

19. The queen did not stir out to-day, she is in a little fit of the gout. I dined at Mr. Masham's; we had none but our society members, six in all, and I supped with lord

Manley' who was getting a box of books from Hamburg (pp. 312, 352, 388). Nothing more is known of these books.

<sup>15</sup> See p. 137 n.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>16</sup> His name was Read, as we learn from Swift's imitation of *Part of the Seventh Epistle of the First Book of Horace*, 1713 (*Poems*, p. 174).

treasurer. The queen has ordered twenty thousand pounds to go on with the building at Blenheim, which has been starved till now, since the change of the ministry. I suppose it is to reward his last action of getting into the French lines.<sup>17</sup> Lord treasurer kept me till past twelve.

London, 20. It rained terribly every step of our journey to-day; I returned with the secretary after a dinner of cold meat, and went to Mrs. Van's, where I sat the evening. I grow very idle, because I have a great deal of business. Tell me how you passed your time at Wexford; and an't you glad at heart you have got home safe to your lodgings at St. Mary's, pray? And so your friends come to visit you; and Mrs. Walls is much better of her eye; and the dean is just as he used to be: and what does Walls say of London? 'tis a reasoning coxcomb. And goody Stoyte, and Hannah what d'ye call her; no, her name en't Hannah, Catherine I mean; they were so glad to see the ladies again; and Mrs. Manley<sup>18</sup> wanted a companion at ombre.

21. I writ to-day to the archbishop of Dublin,<sup>19</sup> and inclosed a long politick paper by itself. You know the bishops are all angry that (smoak the wax candle drop at the bottom of this paper) I have let the world know the First-Fruits were got by lord treasurer before the duke of Ormond was governor. I told lord treasurer all this, and he is very angry; but I pacified him again by telling him they were fools, and knew nothing of what passed here, but thought all was well enough, if they complimented the duke of Ormond. Lord treasurer gave me t'other day a letter of thanks he received from the bishops of Ireland, signed by seventeen, and says he will write

<sup>17</sup> By brilliant stratagem and forced marching Marlborough, with inferior numbers, on 4-5 Aug., N.S., cut the famous defensive works, running from Oppy through Arras and Bouchain to Valenciennes, constructed by Villars and boastfully named the *Ne Plus Ultra* (Winston Churchill, *Marlborough*, iv. 421-39).

<sup>18</sup> Mrs. Isaac Manley.

<sup>19</sup> See p. 334 n.<sup>12</sup>

them an answer. The dean of Carlisle sat with me to-day till three, and I went to dine with lord treasurer, who dined abroad, so did the secretary, and I was left in the suds. 'Twas almost four, and I got to Sir Matthew Dudley, who had half dined. Thörnhill, who killed Sir Cholmley Dering, was murdered by two men on Turnham-Green last Monday night: as they stabbed him, they bid him remember Sir Cholmley Dering. They had quarrelled at Hampton-Court, and followed and stabbed him on horse-back. We have only a Grubstreet paper of it, but I believe it is true. I went myself through Turnham-Green the same night, which was yesterday.

22. We have had terrible rains these two or three days. I intended to dine at lord treasurer's, but went to see lady Abercorn, who is come to town, and my lord; and I dined with them, and visited lord treasurer this evening. His porter is mending. I sat with my lord about three hours, and am come home early to be busy. Passing by White's Chocolate-house,<sup>20</sup> my brother Masham called me, and told me his wife was brought to-bed of a boy, and both very well. (Our Society, you must know, are all brothers.) Dr. Garth told us, that Mr. Henley<sup>21</sup> is dead of an apoplexy. His brother-in-law, earl Poulet, is gone down to the Grange to take care of his funeral. The earl of Danby,<sup>22</sup>

<sup>20</sup> White's Chocolate House was founded by Francis White in 1693 on the east side of St. James's Street. In 1697 he moved to the opposite side of the street. He died in Feb. 1711. From these beginnings arose the famous White's Club. See Algernon Bourke's *History of White's*, 1892; and Beresford Chancellor's *Memorials of St. James's Street*, pp. 122-37.

<sup>21</sup> See p. 54 n.<sup>16</sup> Henley and Earl Poulett (p. 239 n.<sup>10</sup>) had married sisters, daughters of Peregrine Bertie, second son of Montagu Bertie, second Earl of Lindsey. See p. 153 n.<sup>45</sup>, p. 286 n.<sup>20</sup> The Grange, near Alresford, Hampshire, was Henley's seat.

<sup>22</sup> William Henry Osborne, eldest son of the second Duke of Leeds, born in 1690, died of the small-pox at Utrecht, 16 Aug. 1711. He was known as Viscount Latimer till 1694, and as Earl of Danby from 1694 till his death. His younger brother Peregrine Hyde Osborne, who succeeded to the dukedom in 1729, married, 16 Dec. 1712, Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Oxford. See also p. 505 n.<sup>42</sup>

the duke of Leeds's eldest grandson, a very hopeful young man of about twenty, is dead at Utrecht of the small-pox. —I long to know whether you begin to have any good effect by your waters.—Methinks this letter goes on slowly; 'twill be a fortnight next Saturday since it was begun, and one side not filled. O fye for shame, Presto. Faith, I'm so tosticated to and from Windsor, that I know not what to say; but faith, I'll go to Windsor again on Saturday, if they ask me, not else. So lose your money again, now you are come home; do, sirrah.

Take your magnifying glass, madam Dingley.

You shan't read this, sirrah Stella; don't read it for your life, for fear of your dearest eyes.

There's enough for this side; these ministers hinder me.

Pretty, dear, little, naughty, saucy MD.

Silly, impudent loggerhead Presto.

23. Dilly and I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and had a fine fat haunch of venison, that smelt rarely on one side: and after dinner Dilly won half a crown of me at backgammon at his lodgings, to his great content. It is a scurvy empty town this melancholy season of the year; but I think our weather begins to mend. The roads are as deep as in Winter. The grapes are sad things; but the peaches are pretty good, and there are some figs. I sometimes venture to eat one, but always repent it. You say nothing of the box sent half a year ago. I wish you would pay me for Mrs. Walls's tea. Your mother is in the country, I suppose. Pray send me the account of MD, madam Dingley, as it stands since November,<sup>23</sup> that is to say, for this year, (excluding the twenty pounds lent Stella for Wexford) for I cannot look in your letters. I think I ordered that Hawkshaw's interest should be paid to you. When you think proper, I will let Parvisol know you have paid that twenty pounds, or part of it; and so go play with the dean, and I will answer your letter to-morrow. Good night, sirrahs, and love Presto, and be good girls.

<sup>23</sup> See p. 78 n.<sup>2</sup>

24. I dined to-day with lord treasurer, who chid me for not dining with him yesterday, for it seems I did not understand his invitation: and their Club of the ministry dined together, and expected me. Lord Radnor and I were walking the Mall this evening; and Mr. secretary met us and took a turn or two, and then stole away, and we both believed it was to pick up some wench; and to-morrow he will be at the cabinet with the queen: so goes the world. Prior has been out of town these two months, nobody knows where, and is lately returned. People confidently affirm he has been in France, and I half believe it. It is said, he was sent by the ministry, and for some overtures towards a Peace. The secretary pretends he knows nothing of it.<sup>24</sup> I believe your parliament will be dissolved. I have been talking about the quarrel between your lords and commons with lord treasurer; and did, at the request of some people, desire that the queen's answer to the commons address might express a dislike of some principles, &c. but was answered dubiously.—And so now to your letter, fair ladies. I know drinking is bad; I mean writing is bad in drinking the waters; and was angry to see so much in Stella's hand. But why Dingley drinks them I cannot imagine; but truly she'll drink waters as well as Stella: why not? I hope you now find the benefit of them since you returned: pray let me know particularly. I am glad you are forced upon exercise, which, I believe, is as good as the waters for the heart of them. 'Tis now past the middle of August; so by your

<sup>24</sup> Since Aug. 1710 Harley, through the Earl of Jersey (p. 345 n.<sup>1</sup>), had been employing the Abbé Gaultier, a French priest, for some years resident in London, to negotiate terms of peace with the Marquis de Torcy. After Guiscard's attack on Harley in Mar. 1711 St. John was admitted into the secret and took control. In July he sent Prior, an experienced diplomatist as well as a poet, to debate terms with Torcy in Paris. In August Prior was back in London accompanied by Gaultier, and by Mesnager, who had special knowledge of commercial affairs. See Wickham Legg, *Matthew Prior*, pp. 144–67; Trevelyan, *England under Queen Anne*, iii. 176 et seq.; Churchill, *Marlborough*, iv. 458–71; and further pp. 349, 357, and notes.

reckoning you are in Dublin. It would vex me to the dogs that letters should miscarry between Dublin and Wexford, after scaping the salt seas. I will write no more that nasty town in haste again I warrant you. I have been four Sundays together at Windsor, of which a fortnight together; but I believe I shall not go to-morrow; for I will not, unless the secretary asks me. I know all your news about the mayor:<sup>25</sup> it makes no noise here at all, but the quarrel of your parliament does; it is so very extraordinary, and the language of the commons so very pretty.<sup>26</sup> The *Examiner* has been down this month, and was very silly the five or six last papers; but there is a pamphlet come out, in answer to a letter to the seven lords who examined Gregg.<sup>27</sup> The Answer is by the real author of the *Examiner*, as I believe; for it is very well written. We had Trap's poem<sup>28</sup> on the duke of Ormond printed here, and the printer sold just eleven of them. 'Tis a dull piece, not half so good as Stella's; and she is very modest to compare herself with such a poetaster. I am heartily sorry for poor Mrs. Parnel's<sup>29</sup> death; she seemed to be an excellent good-

<sup>25</sup> See p. 277 n.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>26</sup> See pp. 344, 414 n.<sup>33</sup>

<sup>27</sup> William Gregg was a clerk in Harley's office when Harley was Secretary of State under the Whig administration. In 1707 Gregg entered into treasonable communication with M. de Chamillart, the War Minister at Versailles. He was detected, made a full confession, and was condemned. The House of Lords appointed seven Whig noblemen, the Dukes of Devonshire, Somerset, and Bolton, Lords Wharton, Townshend, Somers, and Halifax to make further inquiry. They sought unavailingly to inculpate Harley, whose innocence Gregg protested to the last. The conduct of the Whig peers aroused indignation, trenchantly expressed in Francis Hoffman's *Secret Transactions*, 1711. A pamphlet in their defence appeared under the title *A Letter to the Seven Lords of the Committee appointed to examine Gregg*, published 16 July 1711 (*The Daily Courant* and *The Spectator*). Swift entered the controversy with *Some Remarks upon a Pamphlet, Entitl'd A Letter to the Seven Lords*, published 18 Aug. (*The Daily Courant*, 18 Aug.; *The Post-Man*, *The Post Boy*, 16-18 Aug.). See *Prose Works*, v. 29-53; Howell's *State Trials*, xiv. 1371-96; *Portland MSS.* iv. 481-4, 487-8; v. 647-8.

<sup>28</sup> p. 158 n.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>29</sup> Thomas Parnell, the poet and Archdeacon of Clogher, married in



natured young woman, and I believe the poor lad is much afflicted; they appeared to live perfectly well together. Dilly is not tired at all with England, but intends to continue here a good while: he is mighty easy to be at distance from his two sisters-in-law.<sup>30</sup> He finds some sort of scrub acquaintance; goes now and then in disguise to a play; smoaks his pipe; reads now and then a little trash, and what else the Lord knows. I see him now and then; for he calls here, and the town being thin, I am less pestered with company than usual. I have got rid of many of my solicitors, by doing nothing for them: I have not above eight or nine left, and I'll be as kind to them. Did I tell you of a knight, who desired me to speak to lord treasurer to give him two thousand pounds, or five hundred pounds a year, until he could get something better? I honestly delivered my message to the treasurer, adding, The knight was a puppy, whom I would not give a groat to save from the gallows. Cole Reading's<sup>31</sup> father-in-law has been two or three times at me to recommend his Lights to the ministry; assuring me, that a word of mine would, &c. Did not that dog use to speak ill of me, and profess to hate me? He knows not where I lodge, for I told him I lived in the country; and I have ordered Patrick to deny me constantly to him.—Did the bishop of London<sup>32</sup> die in Wexford? poor gentleman! Did he drink the waters? Were you at his burial? Was it a great funeral? So far

1706 Anne, daughter of Thomas Minchin of Tipperary. He was subject to fits of depression, and his wife's death seems to have led to a craving for relief in drink. His charm of character won him a large circle of friends. See Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, ed. Birkbeck Hill, ii. 49 ff.

<sup>30</sup> The wives severally of Thomas Ashe (*Corresp.* i. 375 n.<sup>3</sup>), his elder brother, and of Bishop Ashe.

<sup>31</sup> Deane Swift is followed by later editors in reading 'Cole Reading's'. Moorhead conjecturally introduces a comma between the two names. See p. 294 n.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>32</sup> Henry Compton, Bishop of London since 1675, was dangerously ill in the early part of 1711, but recovered and died at Fulham, 7 July 1713. He spent largely in charity.

from his friends? But he was very old: we shall all follow. And yet it was a pity, if God pleased. He was a good man; not very learned: I believe he died but poor. Did he leave any charity legacies? Who held up his pall? Was there a great sight of clergy? Do they design a tomb for him? Are you sure it was the bishop of London? because there is an elderly gentleman here that we give the same title to: or did you fancy all this in your water, as other do strange things in their wine? They say, these waters trouble the head, and make people imagine what never came to pass. Do you make no more of killing a bishop? Are these your whiggish tricks?—Yes, yes, I see you are in a fret. Oh faith, says you, saucy Presto, I'll break your head; what, can't one report what one hears, without being made a jest and a laughing-stock? Are these your English tricks, with a murrain? And Sacheverell will be the next bishop? He would be glad of an addition of two hundred pounds a year to what he has; and that is more than they will give him, for aught I see. He hates the new ministry mortally, and they hate him, and pretend to despise him too. They will not allow him to have been the occasion of the late change; at least some of them will not: but my lord keeper owned it to me t'other day. No, Mr. Addison does not go to Ireland this year:<sup>33</sup> he pretended he would; but he is gone to Bath with pastoral Philips, for his eyes.—So now I have run over your letter; and I think this shall go to-morrow, which will be just a fortnight from the last, and bring things to the old form again after your rambles to Wexford, and mine to Windsor. Are there not many literal faults in my letters? I never read them over, and I fancy there are. What do you do then? do you guess my meaning; or are you acquainted with my manner of mistaking? I lost my handkerchief in the Mall to-night with lord Radnor: but I made him walk with me to find it, and find it I did not. Tisdall (that lodges with me) and I have had no conversation, nor do we pull off our hats in

<sup>33</sup> See p. 314 n.

the streets. There is a cousin of his (I suppose) a young parson, that lodges in the house too; a handsome genteel fellow. Dick Tighe and his wife lodged over-against us; and he has been seen, out of our upper windows, beating her two or three times: they are both gone to Ireland, but not together; and he solemnly vows never to live with her. Neighbours do not stick to say, that she has a tongue: in short I am told, she is the most urging provoking devil that ever was born; and he a hot whiffing<sup>34</sup> puppy, very apt to resent. I'll keep this bottom till to-morrow: I'm sleepy.

25. I was with the secretary this morning, who was in a mighty hurry, and went to Windsor in a chariot with lord keeper; so I was not invited, and am forced to stay at home; but not at all against my will; for I could have gone, and would not. I dined in the city with one of my printers, for whom I got the *Gazette*,<sup>35</sup> and am come home early; and have nothing to say to you more, but finish this letter, and not send it by the bell-man. Days grow short, and the weather grows bad, and the town is splenetick, and things are so oddly contrived, that I cannot be absent; otherwise I would go for a few days to Oxford, as I promised.—They say, 'tis certain that Prior has been in France; nobody doubts it: I had not time to ask the secretary, he was in such haste. Well, I will take my leave of dearest MD for a while; for I must begin my next letter to-night: consider that, young women; and pray be merry, and good girls, and love Presto. There is now but one business the ministry wants me for; and when that is done, I will take my leave of them. I never got a penny from them, nor expect it. In my opinion, some things stand very ticklish; I dare say nothing at this distance. Farewel,

<sup>34</sup> To whiffle = to blow, or whistle, to make a disagreeable noise. Hence 'a whiffler' was used of a yelping cur (Grose, *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*). Further, on the analogy of an inconstant breeze, evasive, trifling, contemptible.

<sup>35</sup> See pp. 316, 320.

a place to dine in. I went to Frankland's, and he was abroad, and the drab his wife lookt out at window, and bowed to me without inviting me up: so I dined with Mr. Coote, my lord Monrath's brother; my lord is with you in Ireland. This morning at five my lord Jersey<sup>1</sup> died of the gout in his stomach, or apoplexy, or both: he was abroad yesterday, and his death was sudden: he was chamberlain to king William, and a great favourite, turned out by the queen as a Tory, and stood now fair to be privy-seal; and by his death will, I suppose, make that matter easier, which has been a very stubborn business at Court, as I have been informed. I never remember so many people of quality to have died in so short a time.<sup>2</sup>

27. I went to-day into the city to thank Stratford for my books, and dine with him, and settle my affairs of my money in the bank, and receive a bill for Mrs. Wesley for some things I am to buy for her; and the d— a one of all these could I do. The merchants were all out of town, and I was forced to go to a little hedge place for my dinner. May my enemies live here in Summer! and yet I am so unlucky that I cannot possibly be out of the way at this juncture. People leave the town so late in Summer, and return so late in Winter, that they have almost inverted the seasons. It is Autumn this good while in St. James's Park; the limes have been losing their leaves, and those remaining on the trees are all parched: I hate this season, where every thing grows worse and worse. The only good thing of it is the fruit, and that I dare not eat.

<sup>1</sup> Edward Villiers, born in 1656, was brother of Elizabeth Villiers, mistress of William III, and afterwards Countess of Orkney. Under William he was Master of the Horse to Queen Mary, and Knight-Marshal of the Household, and later Secretary of State, 1700-1, and Lord Chamberlain 1700-4. In 1704 he was dismissed from office. At the time of his death he was expecting the appointment of Lord Privy Seal. The Abbé Gaultier, through whom Harley opened secret negotiations with the French Court, was attached to Jersey's household.

<sup>2</sup> On 26 Aug. Swift wrote to Archbishop King a news letter on the posture of affairs in Court and State (*Corresp.* i. 278).

Had you any fruit at Wexford? A few cherries, and durst not eat them. I do not hear we have yet got a new privy-seal.<sup>3</sup> The Whigs whisper, that our new ministry differ among themselves, and they begin to talk out Mr. secretary: they have some reasons for their whispers, although I thought it was a greater secret. I do not much like the posture of things; I always apprehended, that any falling out would ruin them, and so I have told them several times. The Whigs are mighty full of hopes at present; and whatever is the matter, all kind of stocks fall. I have not yet talked with the secretary about Prior's journey. I should be apt to think it may fortel a peace; and that is all we have to preserve us. The secretary is not come from Windsor; but I expect him to-morrow. Burn all politicks!

28. We begin to have fine weather, and I walked to-day to Chelsea, and dined with the dean of Carlisle, who is laid up with the gout. It is now fixed that he is to be dean of Christ-church in Oxford.<sup>4</sup> I was advising him to use his interest to prevent any misunderstanding between our ministers; but he is too wise to meddle, though he fears the thing and the consequences as much as I. He will get into his own warm quiet deanry, and leave them to themselves; and he is in the right.—When I came home to-night I found a letter from Mr. Lewis, who is now at Windsor; and in it, forsooth, another which lookt like Presto's hand; and what should it be but a 19th from MD? O faith, I scaped narrowly, for I sent my 28th but on Saturday; and what should I have done if I had two letters to answer at once? I did not expect another from Wexford, that's certain. Well, I must be contented; but you are dear saucy girls, for all that, to write so soon again, faith; an't you?

29. I dined to-day with lord Abercorn, and took my leave of them; they set out to-morrow for Chester, and, I believe, will now fix in Ireland. They have made a pretty

<sup>3</sup> See pp. 345, 347, nn.

<sup>4</sup> See p. 152 n.<sup>41</sup>

good journey of it: his eldest son<sup>5</sup> is married to a lady with ten thousand pounds, and his second son<sup>6</sup> has, t'other day, got a prize in the lottery of four thousand pounds, beside two small ones of two hundred pounds each: nay, the family was so fortunate that my lord bestowing one ticket, which is a hundred pounds, to one of his servants, who had been his page, the young fellow got a prize, which has made it another hundred. I went in the evening to lord treasurer, who desires I will dine with him to-morrow, when he will shew me the answer he designs to return to the letter of thanks from your bishops in Ireland. The archbishop of Dublin desired me to get myself mentioned in the answer which my lord would send;<sup>7</sup> but I sent him word I would not open my lips to my lord upon it. He says, it would convince the bishops of what I have affirmed, that the First-Fruits were granted before the duke of Ormond was declared governor; and I writ to him, That I would not give a farthing to convince them. My lord treasurer began a health to my lord privy-seal; Prior punned, and said it was so privy, he knew not who it was; but I fancy they have fixed it all, and we shall know to-morrow. But what care you who is privy-seal, saucy sluttikins?

30. When I went out this morning, I was surprized with the news, that the bishop of Bristol is made lord privy-seal. You know his name is Robinson,<sup>8</sup> and that he

<sup>5</sup> Lord Paisley (p. 205 n.) was second but eldest surviving son of the Earl of Abercorn (p. 116 n.<sup>43</sup>).

<sup>6</sup> Cf. *Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. Nichol Smith, p. 7. The Hon. John Hamilton, second surviving son, who died in 1714, aged twenty and unmarried. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin (Collins, *Peerage of England*, 1812, ii. 530).

<sup>7</sup> *Corresp.* i. 270.

<sup>8</sup> John Robinson, 1650-1723, a fellow of Oriel College, was appointed chaplain to the English embassy at the court of Sweden about 1680, and remained there for over twenty-five years. On his return to England, an experienced diplomatist, he was appointed Dean of Windsor in 1709, Bishop of Bristol in 1710, and in 1711 Lord Privy Seal, and he was thus

was many years envoy in Sweden. All the friends of the present ministry are extreme glad, and the clergy above the rest. The Whigs will fret to death, to see a civil employment given to a clergyman. It was a very handsome thing in my lord treasurer, and will bind the church to him for ever. I dined with him to-day, but he had not written his letter;<sup>9</sup> but told me, he would not offer to send it without shewing it to me: he thought that would not be just, since I was so deeply concerned in the affair. We had much company; lord Rivers, Marr,<sup>10</sup> and Kinnoul,<sup>11</sup> Mr. secretary, George Granville, and Masham; the last has invited me to the christening of his son to-morrow sennight, and on Saturday I go to Windsor with Mr. secretary.

31. Dilly and I walked to-day to Kensington to lady Mountjoy, who invited us to dinner. He returned soon to go to a play, it being the last that will be acted for some time: he dresses himself like a beau, and no doubt makes a fine figure. I went to visit some people at Kensington; Ophy Butler's wife there lies very ill of an ague, which is a very common disease here and little known in Ireland. —I am apt to think we shall soon have a Peace, by the little words I hear thrown out by the ministry. I have just thought of a project to bite the town. I have told you, that it is now known that Mr. Prior has been lately in

the last English ecclesiastic to hold diplomatic and political office. Later (*post*, p. 417) he went to Utrecht as first English plenipotentiary at the peace conference. From 1714 to his death he was Bishop of London. See *Poems*, p. 147.

<sup>9</sup> To the Irish Bishops.

<sup>10</sup> John Erskine, 1675–1732, sixth Earl of Mar, who was attainted for his part in the rebellion of 1715, had married, 6 Apr. 1703, as his first wife, Margaret, first daughter of the seventh Earl of Kinnoull. Swift noted of Mar: 'He is crooked. He seemed to me to be a gentleman of good sense and good nature' (*Prose Works*, x. 287).

<sup>11</sup> Thomas Hay, c. 1660–1719, seventh Earl of Kinnoull, had been one of the Commissioners for the Union, and was a representative peer of Scotland, 1710–14. Suspected of favouring the rising of 1715, he was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle.

France. I will make a printer of my own sit by me one day, and I will dictate to him a formal relation of Prior's journey, with several particulars, all pure inventions;<sup>12</sup> and I doubt not but it will take.

Sept. 1. Morning. I go to-day to Windsor<sup>13</sup> with Mr. secretary; and lord treasurer has promised to bring me back. The weather has been fine for some time, and I believe we shall have a great deal of dust.—At night. *Windsor*. The secretary and I and brigadier Sutton dined to-day at Parson's-Green, at my lord Peterborow's house, who has left it and his gardens to the secretary during his absence. It is the finest garden I have ever seen about this town, and abundance of hot walls for grapes, where they are in great plenty, and ripening fast. I durst not eat any fruit but one fig; but I brought a basket full to my friend Lewis here at Windsor. Does Stella never eat any? what, no apricocks at Donnybrook? nothing but claret and ombre; I envy people maunching and maunching<sup>14</sup> peaches and grapes, and I not daring to eat a bit. My head is pretty well, only a sudden turn any time makes me giddy for a moment, and sometimes it feels very stuffy; but if it grows no worse, I can bear it very well. I take all opportunities of walking; and we have a delicious park here just joining to the castle, and an avenue in the great park very wide and two miles long, set with a double row

<sup>12</sup> Prior, returning from his mission to Paris, accompanied by Gaultier and Mesnager (p. 339 n.), landed at Deal. A custom-house official, John Macky, suspecting them for spies, took the three in charge. An order from St. John was required to effect their release. The affair got abroad, and the Ministry was placed in an embarrassing position by disquieting rumours which became the talk of the town. Swift came to the rescue with the ingenious idea of publishing a fictitious narrative of the event. The pamphlet appeared on 11 Sept. See further p. 357 n.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>13</sup> Before leaving for Windsor on 1 Sept. Swift wrote to Atterbury (*Corresp.* i. 287) congratulating him on his appointment as Dean of Christ Church.

<sup>14</sup> 'As the provincial word maunching echoes rather better to this action of the jaws than the proper term munching, it is therefore here retained.'—Deane Swift.



of elms on each side. Were you ever at Windsor? I was once a great while ago;<sup>15</sup> but had quite forgotten it.

2. The queen has the gout, and did not come to chapel, nor stir out from her chamber, but received the sacrament there: as she always does the first Sunday in the month. Yet we had a great Court, and among others, I saw your Ingoldsby, who seeing me talk very familiarly with the keeper, treasurer, &c. came up and saluted me, and began a very impertinent discourse about the siege of Bouchain.<sup>16</sup> I told him, I could not answer his questions, but I would bring him one that should; so I went and fetched Sutton (who brought over the express about a month ago) and delivered him to the general, and bid him answer his questions; and so I left them together. Sutton after some time comes back in rage; finds me with lord Rivers and Masham, and there complains of the trick I had played him, and swore he had been plagued to death with Ingoldsby's talk. But he told me, Ingoldsby askt him what I meant by bringing him; so, I suppose, he smooakt me a little. So we laughed, &c. My lord Willoughby, who is one of the chaplains, and prebendary of Windsor, read prayers last night to the family; and the bishop of Bristol, who is dean of Windsor, officiated last night at the cathedral. This they do to be popular, and it pleases mightily. I dined with Mr. Masham, because he lets me have a select company. For the Court here have got by the end a good thing I said to the secretary some weeks ago. He shewed me his bill of fare to tempt me to dine with him; Poh, said I, I value not your bill of fare, give me your bill of company. Lord treasurer was mightily pleased, and told it every body, as a notable thing. I reckon upon returning to-morrow; they say the bishop will then have the privy-seal delivered him at a great council.

3. *Windsor* still. The council was held so late to-day, that I do not go back to town till to-morrow. The bishop

<sup>15</sup> See p. 319 n.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>16</sup> See p. 336 n.<sup>17</sup>

was sworn privy-councillor, and had the privy-seal given him: and now the patents are passed for those who were this long time to be made lords or earls. Lord Raby, who is earl of Strafford, is on Thursday to marry a namesake of Stella's; the daughter of Sir H. Johnson in the city;<sup>17</sup> he has threescore thousand pounds with her, ready money; besides the rest at the father's death. I have got my friend Stratford to be one of the directors of the South-Sea company, who were named to-day. My lord treasurer did it for me a month ago; and one of those whom I got to be printer of the *Gazette*,<sup>18</sup> I am recommending to be printer to the same company. He treated Mr. Lewis and me to-day at dinner. I supped last night and this with lord treasurer, keeper, &c. and took occasion to mention the printer. I said, It was the same printer, whom my lord treasurer has appointed to print for the South-Sea company; he denied, and I insisted on it; and I got the laugh on my side.

*London*, 4. I came as far as Brentford in lord Rivers's chariot, who had business with lord treasurer; then I went into lord treasurer's: we stopt at Kensington, where lord treasurer went to see Mrs. Masham, who is now what they call in the straw.<sup>19</sup> We got to town by three, and I lighted at lord treasurer's; who commanded me not to stir: but I was not well; and when he went up, I begged the young lord to excuse me, and so went into the city by water, where I could be easier, and dined with the printer, and dictated to him some part of Prior's journey to France.<sup>20</sup> I walkt from the city, for I take all occasions of exercise. Our journey was horrid dusty.

<sup>17</sup> The Earl of Strafford (p. 216 n.<sup>7</sup>) married, 6 Sept. 1711, Anne, only daughter and heiress of Sir Henry Johnson of Bradenham, Buckinghamshire, a wealthy shipowner. Many of her letters to her husband appear in the *Wentworth Papers*. She died in 1754.

<sup>18</sup> See p. 320 n.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>19</sup> In childbed. The allusion is to the straw with which beds were at one time stuffed. See *O.E.D.*, and *Oxford Dictionary of English Proverbs*, p. 497.

<sup>20</sup> See p. 349 n.<sup>12</sup>

5. When I went out to-day, I found it had rained mightily in the night, and the streets were as dirty as Winter: it is very refreshing after ten days dry.—I went into the city and dined with Stratford, thanked him for his books,<sup>21</sup> gave him joy of his being director, of which he had the first notice by a letter from me. I ate sturgeon, and it lies on my stomach. I almost finished Prior's journey at the printer's, and came home pretty late with Patrick at my heels.

7.<sup>22</sup> Morning. But what shall we do about this letter of MD's N. 19? not a word answered yet, and so much paper spent? I cannot do any thing in it, sweet hearts, till night.—At night. O Lord, O Lord, the greatest disgrace that ever was has happened to Presto. What do you think; but when I was going out this forenoon a letter came from MD, N. 20, dated Dublin. O dear, O dear; O sad, O sad.—Now I have two letters together to answer: here they are, lying together. But I will only answer the first; for I came in late. I dined with my friend Lewis at his lodgings, and walked at six to Kensington to Mr. Masham's son's christening. It was very private; nobody there but my lord treasurer, his son, and son-in-law, that is to say, lord Harley, and lord Dupplin, and lord Rivers and I. The dean of Rochester<sup>23</sup> christened the child, but soon went away. Lord treasurer and lord Rivers were godfathers, and Mrs. Hill,<sup>24</sup> Mrs. Masham's sister, godmother. The child roared like a bull, and I gave Mrs. Masham joy of

<sup>21</sup> See p. 334 n.<sup>14</sup>

<sup>22</sup> The entry for the 6th follows that for the 7th.

<sup>23</sup> Samuel Pratt, 1659?–1723, after holding several ecclesiastical benefices and the post of sub-preceptor to Princess Anne's son, the Duke of Gloucester, was appointed a Canon of Windsor in 1697, and promoted Dean of Rochester and Clerk of the Closet in 1706. He published sermons, a pamphlet on the silver currency, and a Latin grammar.

<sup>24</sup> Alice Hill, younger sister of Abigail Hill, was given the post of laundress in the Duke of Gloucester's household through the influence of the Duchess of Marlborough. Later she became a woman of the bed-chamber to Queen Anne. She died in 1762 at the age of 77.

it; and she charged me to take care of my nephew; because Mr. Masham being a brother of our Society, his son you know is consequently a nephew.<sup>25</sup> Mrs. Masham sat up dressed in bed, but not as they do in Ireland with all smooth about her, as if she was cut off in the middle; for you might see the counterpain (what d'ye call it?) rise about her hips and body. There's another name of the counterpain, and you'll laugh now, sirrahs. George Granville came in at supper, and we stayed till eleven, and lord treasurer set me down at my lodgings in Suffolk-street. Did I ever tell you that lord treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? he always turns the right; and his servants whisper him at that only. I dare not tell him, that I am so too, for fear he should think I counterfeited, to make my court.

6. You must read this before the other; for I mistook, and forgot to write yesterday's journal, it was so insignificant: I dined with Dr. Cockburn, and sat the evening with lord treasurer, till ten o'clock. On Thursdays he has always a large select company, and expects me. So good night for last night, &c.

8. Morning. I go to Windsor with lord treasurer today, and will leave this behind me to be sent to the post. And now let us hear what says the first letter, N. 19. You are still at Wexford, as you say, madam Dingley. I think no letter from me ever yet miscarried. And so *Inish-Corthy*,<sup>26</sup> and the river *Slainy*; fine words those in a lady's mouth. Your hand like Dingley's, you scrambling, scattering, sluttekin. *Yes mighty like indeed, is not it?*<sup>27</sup> Pisshh, don't talk of writing or reading till your eyes are well, and

<sup>25</sup> On 8 Sept. Swift wrote to Ford (*Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. Nichol Smith, p. 6), mentioning the christening among other matters.

<sup>26</sup> Enniscorthy, co. Wexford. The town stands on the river Slaney, which flows into Wexford harbour.

<sup>27</sup> 'These words in *Italics* are written in strange mishapen letters, inclining to the right hand, in imitation of *Stella's* writing.'—Deane Swift. *Stella's* hand is upright, the letters carefully formed.

long well; only I would have Dingley read sometimes to you, that you may not lose the desire of it. God be thanked that the ugly numming is gone. Pray use exercise when you go to town. What game is that ombra<sup>28</sup> which Dr. Elwood<sup>29</sup> and you play at? is it the Spanish game ombre? Your card purse? you a card purse! you a fiddlestick. You have luck indeed; and luck in a bag. What a Devil is that eight shilling tea-kettle copper, or tin japanned? It is like your Irish politeness, raffling for tea-kettles. What a splutter you keep to convince me that Walls has no taste? My head continues pretty well. Why do you write, dear sirrah Stella, when you find your eyes so weak that you cannot see? what comfort is there in reading what you write, when one knows that? So Dingley can't write because of the clutter of new company come to Wexford? I suppose the noise of their hundred horses disturbs you; or do you lie in one gallery, as in an hospital? What; you are afraid of losing in Dublin the acquaintance you have got in Wexford; and chiefly the bishop of Rapho,<sup>30</sup> an old, doating, perverse coxcomb? Twenty at a time at breakfast. That is like five pounds at a time, when it was never but once. I doubt, madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your Travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells

<sup>28</sup> 'In *Stella's* spelling. It is an odd thing that a woman of *Stella's* understanding should spell extreamly ill'.—Deane Swift. *Ante*, pp. 33, 234 nn.

<sup>29</sup> Dr. John Elwood, a Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. He was sometime Vice-Provost and one of the representatives of the university in the Irish Parliament. He was reputed lazy and an epicure. In 1706 Swift had appealed, through John Temple (p. 9 n.<sup>15</sup>), to Henry Temple, later Viscount Palmerston, for the grant of a room in Trinity College to Elwood (*Corresp.* i. 56 n.<sup>2</sup>, 57; iii. 298–9).

<sup>30</sup> John Pooley, Bishop of Raphoe, scarcely deserved Swift's depreciatory characterization. He had shown himself a capable and generous administrator, and at this time he was only sixty-six. He was an Englishman, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, where he became a fellow. In 1675 he was installed Dean of Ossory. In 1697 he was raised to the see of Cloyne, and translated to Raphoe in 1702. He died 16 Oct. 1712 (*Fasti Eccl. Hib.* i. 298; ii. 74, 295; iii. 353–4).

thumpers, as I shall prove in my next, if I find this receives encouragement.—So, Dr. Elwood says, There are a world of pretty things in my Works. A pox on his praises! an enemy here would say more. The duke of Buckingham would say as much, tho' he and I are terribly fallen out; and the great men are perpetually inflaming me against him: they bring me all he says of me, and, I believe, make it worse out of roguery.—No 'tis not your pen is bewitched, madam Stella, but your old *scrawling, splay-foot pot hooks*,<sup>31</sup> s, f, aye that's it: there the s, f, f, there, there, that's exact. Farewel, &c.

Our fine weather is gone, and I doubt we shall have a rainy journey to-day. Faith, 'tis shaving day, and I have much to do.

When Stella says her pen is<sup>32</sup> bewitched, it was only because there was a hair in it. You know the fellow they call God-help-it had the same thoughts of his wife, and for the same reason. I think this is very well observed, and I unfolded the letter to tell you it.

Cut off those two notes above; and see the nine pounds indorsed, and receive the other; and send me word how my accounts stand, that they may be adjusted by Nov. 1.<sup>33</sup> Pray be very particular: but the twenty pounds I lend you is not to be included; so make no blunder. I won't wrong you; nor you shan't wrong me; that's the short. O Lord, how stout Presto is of late? But he loves MD more than his life a thousand times, for all his stoutness; tell him that; and I'll swear it, as hope saved, ten millions of times, &c. &c.

I open my letter once more to tell Stella, that if she does not use exercise after her waters, it will lose all the effects of them: I should not live, if I did not take all opportunities of walking. Pray, pray, do this to oblige poor Presto.

<sup>31</sup> "These words in *Italics* are miserably scrawled, in imitation of *Stella's* hand, and the two *Esses* that follow."—Deane Swift.

<sup>32</sup> Sheridan, Nichols, and Scott read 'is'; Ryland and Aitken 'was'.

<sup>33</sup> See p. 78 n.<sup>2</sup>

## LETTER XXX

[SATURDAY]

Windsor, Sept. 8, 1711.

I MADE the coachman stop, and put in my twenty-ninth at the post-office at two o'clock to-day, as I was going to lord treasurer, with whom I dined, and came here by a quarter past eight; but the Moon shone, and so we were not in much danger of overturning; which however he values not a straw, and only laughs when I chide at him for it. There was nobody but he and I, and we supped together, with Mr. Masham, and Dr. Arbuthnot, the queen's favourite physician, a Scotchman. I could not keep myself awake after supper, but did all I was able to disguise it, and thought I came off clear, but at parting he told me, I had got my nap already. It is now one o'clock; but he loves sitting up late.

9. The queen is still in the gout, but recovering; she saw company in her bed-chamber after church; but the crowd was so great, I could not see her. I dined with my brother, Sir William Windham, and some others of our Society, to avoid the great tables on Sunday at Windsor, which I hate. The usual company supped to-night at lord treasurer's, which was lord keeper, Mr. secretary, George Granville, Masham, Arbuthnot and I. But showers have hindered me from walking to-day, and that I don't love. —Noble fruit, and I dare not eat a bit. I ate one fig to-day, and sometimes a few mulberries, because it is said, they are wholesome, and you know, a good name does much. I shall return to town to-morrow, though I thought to have staid a week, to be at leisure for something I am doing.<sup>1</sup> But I have put it off till next; for I shall come here again on Saturday, when our Society are to meet at supper at Mr. secretary's. My life is very regular here: on Sunday morning I constantly visit lord keeper, and sup at lord treasurer's with the same set of company. I was not

<sup>1</sup> This probably refers to a beginning with the composition of *The Conduct of the Allies*.

sleepy to-night; I resolved I would not; yet it is past midnight at this present writing.

London, 10. Lord treasurer and Masham and I left Windsor at three this afternoon; we dropt Masham at Kensington with his lady, and got home by six. It was seven before we sat down to dinner, and I stayed till past eleven. Patrick came home with the secretary: I am more plagued with Patrick and my portmantua than with myself. I forgot to tell you, that when I went to Windsor on Saturday, I overtook lady Giffard and Mrs. Fenton<sup>2</sup> in a chariot going, I suppose, to Sheen. I was then in a chariot too, of lord treasurer's brother,<sup>3</sup> who had business with the treasurer; and my lord came after, and overtook me at Turnham-Green, four miles from London, and then the brother went back, and I went in the coach with lord treasurer: so it happened that those people saw me, and not with lord treasurer. Mrs. F. was to see me about a week ago; and desired I would get her son into the Charter-house.

11. This morning the printer sent me an account of Prior's journey; it makes a two-penny pamphlet;<sup>4</sup> I suppose you will see it, for I dare engage it will run; 'tis a formal grave lie, from the beginning to the end. I writ all but about the last page, that I dictated, and the printer writ. Mr. secretary sent to me to dine where he did; it was

<sup>2</sup> An account book kept by Lady Giffard, containing a dated list of her servants, has the entry: 'Fenton came to me Sept. ye 1st . . . 1711.' This was Swift's sister, Jane (p. 101 n.<sup>38</sup>). Another entry is, 'Martha, Fenton June ye 24 . . . 1722'. This was, presumably, a daughter (Julia Longe, *Martha Lady Giffard*, p. 352; and cf. p. 348).

<sup>3</sup> Edward Harley.

<sup>4</sup> *A New Journey to Paris: Together with some Secret Transactions Between the Fr—h K—g, And an Eng— Gentleman. By the Sieur du Baudrier. Translated from the French. London, Printed for John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall. 1711. (Price 2d.).* This pamphlet of sixteen pages was advertised in *The Daily Courant* of the same day. A second edition was advertised in *The Post Boy*, 18–20 Sept., and a third in *The Post Boy*, 1–3 Nov. See p. 349 n.<sup>12</sup>



at Prior's; when I came in Prior shewed me the pamphlet, seemed to be angry,<sup>5</sup> and said, Here is our English liberty: I read some of it, and said I liked it mightily, and envied the rogue the thought; for had it come into my head, I should have certainly done it myself. We stayed at Prior's till past ten, and then the secretary received a packet with the news of Bouchain being taken,<sup>6</sup> for which the guns will go off to-morrow. Prior owned his having been in France, for it was past denying; it seems he was discovered by a rascal at Dover, who had positive orders to let him pass. I believe we shall have a peace.

12. It is terrible rainy weather, and has cost me three shillings in coaches and chairs to-day, yet I was dirty into the bargain. I was three hours this morning with the secretary about some business of moment, and then went into the city to dine. The printer tells me he sold yesterday a thousand of Prior's journey, and had printed five hundred more. It will do rarely, I believe, and is a pure bite. And what is MD doing all this while? got again to their cards, their Walls, their deans, their Stoytes, and their claret? Pray present my service to Mr. Stoyte and Catherine. Tell goody Stoyte, she owes me a world of dinners, and I will shortly come over and demand them. —Did I tell you of the archbishop of Dublin's last letter? He had been saying in several of his former, that he would shortly write to me something about myself, and it looked to me as if he intended something for me: at last out it comes, and consists of two parts. First, he advises me to strike in for some preferment now I have friends; and secondly, he advises me, since I have parts, and learning,

<sup>5</sup> Prior's indignation may have been due to an element of fact mingled with fiction in Swift's story. Mesnager, writing from London, informed Torcy that, 'Le voyage de M. Prior est publié, quoyque la verité avec des circonstances fausses'. (Quoted by Wickham Legg, *Matthew Prior*, p. 161 n.4, from *Aff. Étr. Angl.*, vol. ccxxxiii).

<sup>6</sup> After forcing the lines (p. 336 n.17) Marlborough proceeded to invest Bouchain, which fell 12 Sept., N.S. 'It was his last conquest and command' (Winston Churchill, *Marlborough*, iv. 445-9).

and a happy pen, to think of some new subject in Divinity not handled by others, which I should manage better than any body. A rare spark this, with a pox! but I shall answer him as rarely. Methinks he should have invited me over, and given me some hopes or promises. But, hang him! and so good night, &c.<sup>7</sup>

13. It rained most furiously all this morning till about twelve, and sometimes thundered; I trembled for my shillings, but it cleared up, and I made a shift to get a walk in the Park, and then went with the secretary to dine with lord treasurer. Upon Thursdays there is always a select company; we had the duke of Shrewsbury, lord Rivers, the two secretaries,<sup>8</sup> Mr. Granville, and Mr. Prior. Half of them went to council at six; but Rivers, Granville, Prior and I stayed till eight. Prior was often affecting to be angry at the account of his journey to Paris; and indeed the two last pages, which the printer got somebody to add, are so romantick, they spoil all the rest.<sup>9</sup> Dilly Ashe pretended to me that he was only going to Oxford and Cambridge for a fortnight, and then would come back. I could not see him, as I appointed t'other day; but some of his friends tell me, he took leave of them as going to Ireland; and so they say at his lodging. I believe the rogue was ashamed to tell me so, because I advised him to stay the Winter, and he said he would. I find he had got into a good set of scrub acquaintance, and I thought passed his time very merrily; but I suppose he languished

<sup>7</sup> On 1 Sept. King wrote to Swift two letters (*Corresp.* i. 280-6), one giving him a long account of affairs in Ireland, the other urging him not to neglect using the 'favour and interest' he enjoyed to procure himself preferment, and, further, to employ his pen on an uncommon theological topic, which might serve to 'answer some objections' advanced against him. The ineptness of the letter is a curious illustration of King's misunderstanding of Swift's true character. Swift's answer to this advice, a month later (*Corresp.* i. 291-2), is a model of dignified restraint. Cf. *Letters of Swift to Ford*, ed. Nichol Smith, pp. 8-9.

<sup>8</sup> St. John and Lord Dartmouth.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. Swift's statement above, p. 357.

after Balderig,<sup>10</sup> and the claret of Dublin; and, after all, I think he is in the right; for he can eat, drink and converse better there than here. Bernage was with me this morning: he calls now and then; he is in terrible fear of a Peace. He said, he never had his health so well as in Portugal. He is a favourite of his colonel.

14. I was mortified enough to-day, not knowing where in the world to dine, the town is so empty; I met H. Coote, and thought he would invite me, but he did not: Sir John Stanley did not come into my head; so I took up with Mrs. Van, and dined with her and her damned landlady, who, I believe, by her eyebrows, is a bawd. This evening I met Addison and Pastoral Phillips in the Park, and supped with them at Addison's lodgings; we were very good company; and yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is. I sat with them till twelve, so you may think 'tis late, young women; however, I would have some little conversation with MD before your Presto goes to bed, because it makes me sleep and dream, and so forth. Faith this letter goes on slowly enough, sirrahs, but I can't write much at a time till you are quite settled after your journey you know, and have gone all your visits, and lost your money at ombre. You never play at chess now, Stella. That puts me in mind of Dick Tighe; I fancy I told you, he used to beat his wife here; and she deserved it; and he resolves to part with her; and they went to Ireland in different coaches. O Lord, I said all this before, I'm sure. Go to bed, sirrahs.

*Windsor*, 15. I made the secretary stop at Brentford, because we set out at two this afternoon, and fasting would not agree with me. I only designed to eat a bit of bread and butter, but he would light, and we ate roast beef like

<sup>10</sup> Perhaps in Dillon Ashe's parish of Finglas, though now unknown by that name. Deane Swift may have misread Swift's letter. Ballygall, referred to 23 Sept. 1710, was Thomas Ashe's residence in the parish of Finglas. Cf. p. 28 n.<sup>12</sup> Later, 8 Feb. 1711-12, Swift mentions 'Baligall', and, 13 Feb., 21 Mar. 1711-12, 'Balligawl'.

dragons. And he made me treat him and two more gentlemen; faith it cost me a guinea; I don't like such jesting, yet I was mightily pleased with it too. To-night our Society met at the secretary's, there were nine of us; and we have chosen a new member, the earl of Jersey,<sup>11</sup> whose father died lately. 'Tis past one, and I have stolen away.

16. I design to stay here this week by myself, about some business that lies on my hands, and will take up a great deal of time. Dr. Adams, one of the canons, invited me to-day to dinner. The tables are so full here on Sunday, that it is hard to dine with a few, and Dr. Adams knows I love to do so; which is very obliging. The queen saw company in her bed-chamber; she looks very well, but she sat down. I supped with lord treasurer as usual, and stayed till past one as usual, and with our usual company, except lord keeper, who did not come this time to Windsor. I hate these suppers mortally; but I seldom eat any thing.

17. Lord treasurer and Mr. secretary stay here till to-morrow; some business keeps them, and I am sorry for it, for they hinder me a day. Mr. Lewis and I were going to dine soberly with a little court friend<sup>12</sup> at one. But lord Harley and lord Dupplin kept me by force, and said we should dine at lord treasurer's, who intended to go at four to London; I stayed like a fool, and went with the two young lords to lord treasurer; who very fairly turned us all three out of doors. They both were invited to the duke of Somerset, but he was gone to a horse-race, and would not come till five: so we were forced to go to a tavern, and sent for wine from lord treasurer's, who at last we were told did not go to town till the morrow, and at lord

<sup>11</sup> William, Lord Villiers, c. 1682-1721, succeeded his father (p. 345 n.<sup>1</sup>) as second Earl of Jersey, 26 Aug. 1711. He was M.P. for Kent, 1705-8. His sympathies were strongly Jacobite, and in 1716 he received titular titles, including the Earldom of Jersey, from the old Pretender.

<sup>12</sup> Perhaps Arbuthnot.

treasurer's we supped again; and I desired him to let me add four shillings to the bill I gave him. We sat up till two, yet I must write to little MD.

18. They are all gone early this morning; and I am alone to seek my fortune; but Dr. Arbuthnot engages me for my dinners; and he yesterday gave me my choice of place, person, and victuals for to-day. So I chose to dine with Mrs. Hill, who is one of the dressers, and Mrs. Masham's sister, no company but us three, and to have a shoulder of mutton, a small one, which was exactly, only there was too much victuals besides; and the Dr.'s wife<sup>13</sup> was of the company. And to-morrow Mrs. Hill and I are to dine with the Doctor. I have seen a fellow often about Court, whom I thought I knew; I asked who he was, and they told me it was the gentleman porter; then I called him to mind; he was Killy's<sup>14</sup> acquaintance (I won't say yours) I think his name is Lovet, or Lovel,<sup>15</sup> or something like it. I believe he does not know me, and in my present posture I shall not be fond of renewing old acquaintance; I believe I used to see him with the Bradleys;<sup>16</sup> and by the way, I have not seen Mrs. Bradley since I came to England. I left your letter in London, like a fool; and cannot answer it till I go back, which will not be until Monday next: so this will be above a fortnight from my

<sup>13</sup> Her name is in doubt. In *Memories of the Arbuthnots of Kincardineshire and Aberdeenshire* (1902), p. 160, it is suggested that 'Wemyss' may have been her maiden name. The burial register of St. James's, Piccadilly, gives her christian name as Margaret. She died in 1730. See also L. M. Beattie, *John Arbuthnot*, p. 410 and note.

<sup>14</sup> Perhaps a mistake for Kelsey, who was physician to Sir William Temple. See Julia Longe, *Martha Lady Giffard*, pp. 212-14; H. E. Woodbridge, *Sir William Temple*, p. 236.

<sup>15</sup> John Lovet, one of the Yeomen Porters at Court. He seems at one time to have had some connexion with Moor Park (*post*, p. 375).

<sup>16</sup> Four members of the family are mentioned in the *Journal*. Mrs. Bradley was a servant to Lady Giffard (Julia Longe, *Martha Lady Giffard*, p. 213); and a daughter was later dismissed from her service (*post*, p. 543). Perhaps the 'Mrs. Brackley' mentioned in a letter of John Barber (*Corresp.* ii. 172) was Mrs. Bradley.

last; but I will fetch it up in my next; so go and walk to the dean's for your health this fine weather.

19. The queen designs to have cards and dancing here next week, which makes us think she will stay here longer than we believed. Mrs. Masham is not well after her lying-in: I doubt she got some cold; she is lame in one of her legs with a rheumatick pain. Dr. Arbuthnot and Mrs. Hill go to-morrow to Kensington to see her, and return the same night. Mrs. Hill and I dined with the Doctor to-day. I rode out this morning with the Doctor to see Cranburn, a house of lord Ranelagh's,<sup>17</sup> and the duchess of Marlborough's lodge, and the Park; the finest places they are for nature, and plantations, that ever I saw; and the finest riding upon artificial roads, made on purpose for the queen. Arbuthnot made me draw up a sham subscription for a book, called *A History of the Maids of honour since Harry the eighth*, shewing they make the best wives, with a list of all the maids of honour since, &c. to pay a crown in hand, and t'other crown upon delivery of the book; and all in the common forms of those things. We got a gentleman to write it fair, because my hand is known, and we sent it to the maids of honour, when they came to supper. If they bite at it, 'twill be a very good court jest; and the queen will certainly have it; we did not tell Mrs. Hill.

20. To-day I was invited to the green-cloth by colonel Godfrey,<sup>18</sup> who married the duke of Marlborough's sister,

<sup>17</sup> Richard Jones, 1641?–1712, third Viscount Ranelagh, created an Earl in 1674, came of a family long connected with Ireland. In 1668–74 he was Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer. As Paymaster-General, 1689–1702, he was convicted of defalcation, but escaped prosecution. In a letter to Archbishop King, 8 Jan. 1711–12 (*Corresp.* i. 314–15), Swift records his death in poverty. The famous Ranelagh Gardens were formed out of his estate at Chelsea. His house at Cranbourne (*Victoria Hist. of Berkshire*, iii. 86), near Windsor, was described by Lord Berkeley (*Wentworth Papers*, p. 293) as 'one of the prettiest places I ever saw'.

<sup>18</sup> Charles Godfrey, Lieut.-Col. of Sir T. Slingsby's regiment of foot, 1678; Major and Capt.-Lieut. of Lord Gerard's regiment of horse, 1679.

mother to the duke of Berwick by king James: I must tell you those things that happened before you were born: But I made my excuses, and young Harcourt (lord keeper's son) and I dined with my next neighbour Dr. Adams. Mrs. Masham is better, and will be here in three or four days. She had need; for the duchess of Somerset is thought to gain ground daily.—We have not yet sent you over all your bills; and I think we have altered your money-bill. The duke of Ormond is censured here by those in power for very wrong management in the affair of the mayoralty.<sup>19</sup> He is governed by fools; and has usually much more sense than his advisers, but never proceeds by it. I must know how your health continues after Wexford. Walk and use exercise, sirrahs both; and get somebody to play at shuttlecock with you, madam Stella, and walk to the dean's and Donnybrook.

21. Colonel Godfrey sent to me again to-day; so I dined at the green-cloth, and we had but eleven at dinner, which is a small number there, the Court being always thin of company till Saturday night.—This new ink and pen make a strange figure; *I must write larger, yes I must, or Stella won't be able to read this.*<sup>20</sup> S.S.S. there's your Ss for you, Stella. The maids of honour are bit, and have all contributed their crowns, and are teasing others to subscribe for the book. I will tell lord keeper and lord treasurer to-morrow; and I believe the queen will have it. After a little walk this evening, I squandered away the rest of it in sitting at Lewis's lodging, while he and Dr. Arbuthnot played at picquet. I have that foolish pleasure,

He married Arabella Churchill, sister of Marlborough, and mistress of the Duke of York, afterwards James II. By James she had two daughters and two sons. One son became the famous Duke of Berwick, the other, Henry Fitzjames, Grand Prior of France. Through the influence of Marlborough Godfrey became Clerk Comptroller of the Green Cloth and Master of the Jewel Office. He died in 1714.

<sup>19</sup> See p. 277 n.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>20</sup> "These words in *Italicks* are written enormously large."—Deane Swift.

which I believe nobody has beside me, except old lady Berkeley. But I fretted when I came away; I will loiter so no more, for I have a plaguy deal of business upon my hands,<sup>21</sup> and very little time to do it. The pamphleteers begin to be very busy against the ministry: I have begged Mr. secretary to make examples of one or two of them; and he assures me he will. They are very bold and abusive.

22. This being the day the ministry comes to Windsor, I ate a bit or two at Mr. Lewis's lodgings, because I must sup with lord treasurer; and at half an hour after one, I led Mr. Lewis a walk up the avenue, which is two miles long: we walkt in all about five miles; but I was so tired with his slow walking,<sup>22</sup> that I left him here, and walkt two miles towards London, hoping to meet lord treasurer, and return with him; but it grew darkish, and I was forced to walk back, so I walkt nine miles in all; and lord treasurer did not come till after eight; which is very wrong, for there was no Moon, and I often tell him how ill he does to expose himself so; but he only makes a jest of it. I supped with him, and staid till now, when it is half an hour after two. He is as merry, and careless, and disengaged as a young heir at one and twenty. 'Tis late indeed.

23. The secretary did not come last night, but at three this afternoon; I have not seen him yet; but I verily think they are contriving a Peace as fast as they can, without which it will be impossible to subsist. The queen was at church to-day, but was carried in a chair. I and Mr. Lewis dined privately with Mr. Lowman, clerk of the kitchen.<sup>23</sup> I was to see lord keeper this morning, and told him the jest of the maids of honour, and lord treasurer had it last night. That rogue Arbuthnot puts it all upon me.

<sup>21</sup> The composition of *The Conduct of the Allies*.

<sup>22</sup> For a description of Swift's fast walking see Mrs. Pilkington's *Memoirs*, London edition, 1748, i. 79; Goldsmith's *Parnell*, 1770, p. xxv; Forster, *Life*, pp. 101-2.

<sup>23</sup> Henry Lowman, First Clerk of the Kitchen.



The Court was very full to-day; I expected lord treasurer would have invited me to supper; but he only bowed to me, and we had no discourse in the drawing-room. 'Tis now seven at night, and I am at home; and I hope lord treasurer will not send for me to supper; if he does not, I will reproach him, and he will pretend to chide me for not coming.—So farewell till I go to bed, for I am going to be busy.—'Tis now past ten, and I went down to ask the servants about Mr. secretary; they tell me the queen is yet at council, and that she went to supper, and came out to the council afterwards. 'Tis certain they are managing a Peace. I will go to bed, and there's an end.—'Tis now eleven, and a messenger is come from lord treasurer to sup with them; but I have excused myself, and am glad I am in bed; for else I should sit up till two, and drink till I was hot. Now I'll go sleep.

*London, 24.* I came to town by six with lord treasurer, and have staid till ten. That of the queen's going out to sup, and coming in again, is a lie, as the secretary told me this morning: but I find the ministry are very busy with Mr. Prior, and I believe he will go again to France. I am told so much, that we shall certainly have a Peace very soon. I had charming weather all last week at Windsor; but we have had a little rain to-day, and yesterday was windy. *Prior's Journey*<sup>24</sup> sells still; they have sold two thousand, although the town is empty. I found a letter from Mrs. Fenton here, desiring me in lady Giffard's name to come and pass a week at Sheen, while she is at Moor-park. I will answer it with a vengeance: and now you talk of answering, there is MD's N. 20 is yet to be answered: I had put it up so safe I could hardly find it; but here it is, faith, and I am afraid I cannot send this till Thursday; for I must see the secretary to-morrow morning, and be in some other place in the evening.

25. Stella writes like an emperor, and gives such an account of her journey, never saw the like. Let me see;

<sup>24</sup> See p. 357 n.<sup>4</sup>

stand away, let us compute; you staid four days at Inish-Corthy; two nights at Mrs. Proby's mother's; and yet was but six days in journey; for your words are, 'We left Wexford this day sennight, and came here last night.' I have heard them say, that travellers may lie by authority. Make up this, if you can. How far is it from Wexford to Dublin? how many miles did you travel in a day?<sup>25</sup> Let me see — thirty pounds in two months, is nine score pounds a year; a matter of nothing in Stella's purse. I dreamed Billy Swift was alive, and that I told him, you writ me word he was dead, and that you had been at his funeral, and I admired at your impudence, and was in mighty haste to run and let you know what lying rogues you were. Poor lad, he is dead of his mother's former folly and fondness, and yet now I believe as you say, that her grief will soon wear off.—O yes, madam Dingley, mightily tired of the company, no doubt of it, at Wexford? And your description of it is excellent; clean sheets, but bare walls; I suppose then you lay upon the walls.—Mrs. Walls has got her tea; but who pays me the money? Come, I shall never get it; so I make a present of it to stop some gaps, &c. Where's the thanks of the house? So, that's well; why, it cost four and thirty shillings English.—You must adjust that with Mrs. Walls; I think that is so many pence more with you.<sup>26</sup>—No, Leigh and Sterne, I suppose, were not at the water-side; I fear Sterne's business will not be done; I have not seen him this good while. I hate him for the management of that box; and I was the greatest fool in nature for trusting to such a young jackanapes; I will speak to him once more about it, when I see him.

<sup>25</sup> "The doctor was always a bad reckoner, either of money or any thing else; and this is one of his rapid computations. For as *Stella* was seven days in journey, although Dr. *Swift* says only six, she might well have spent four days at *Inish-Corthy*, and two nights at Mrs. *Proby's* mother's, the distance from *Wexford* to *Dublin* being but two easy days journey."—Deane Swift. The distance is about 93 miles.

<sup>26</sup> By proclamation, in 1687, James II made an English shilling equivalent to thirteen pence in Ireland.



Mr. Addison and I met once more since, and I supped with him; I believe I told you so somewhere in this letter. The archbishop chose an admirable messenger in Walls to send to me; yet I think him fitter for a messenger than any thing.—The D— she has!<sup>27</sup> I did not observe her looks. Will she rot out of modesty with lady Giffard? I pity poor Jenny<sup>28</sup>—but her husband is a dunce, and with respect to him she loses little by her deafness. I believe, madam Stella, in your accounts you mistook one liquor for another, and it was a hundred and forty quarts of wine, and thirty-two of water.—This is all written in the morning before I go the secretary, as I am now doing. I have answered your letter a little shorter than ordinary; but I have a mind it should go to-day, and I will give you my journal at night in my next; for I'm so afraid of another letter before this goes: I will never have two together again unanswered.—What care I for Dr. Tisdall and Dr. Raymond, or how many children they have? I wish they had a hundred apiece.—Lord treasurer promises me to answer the bishops' letter to-morrow, and shew it me; and I believe it will confirm all I said, and mortify those that threw the merit on the duke of Ormond. For I have made him jealous of it; and t'other day talking of the matter, he said, I am your witness you got it for them before the duke was lord lieutenant. My humble service to Mrs. Walls, Mrs. Stoyte, and Catherine. Farewel, &c.

What do you do when you see any literal mistakes in my letters? how do you set them right? for I never read them over to correct them. Farewel again.

Pray send this note to Mrs. Brent, to get the money when Parvisol comes to town, or she can send to him.

<sup>27</sup> 'Somewhat or other which *Stella's* mother had consented to.'—Deane Swift.

<sup>28</sup> Mrs. Fenton, Swift's sister.